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John Webster

Edited by F. L. Lucas

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THE COMPLETE WORKS OF JOHN WEBSTER

VOLUME III

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF JOHN WEBSTER

Edited by

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FELLOW OF KING'S COLLEGE
CAMBRIDGE

Volume III

A Cure for a Cuckold
Appius and Virginia
Minor Works

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PLAYS
WRITTEN IN
COLLABORATION

A CURE FOR A CUCKOLD
APPIUS AND VIRGINIA

A CURE FOR A CUCKOLD

DATE

THE play can be dated fairly closely by internal evidence. Rupert Brooke assigned it to 1624–30, on the ground that the episode of the sea-fight with Spanish ships (III. 3) is rather more likely to have been written (and, we may add, allowed on the stage) during the war with Spain. Hostilities began in the summer of 1624, though the formal rupture was delayed till September 1625: thus we find Chamberlain writing to Carleton on Aug. 7th 1624: "The Dunkirkers rifle our ships at sea as familiarly as if open war were proclaimed, whilst we protect theirs in the Downs".

If, however, this topical evidence is valid at all, it can, I think, be made more precise. The English ship is described (II. 4. 150) as having letters of marque. Now these seem to have been first issued in February 1625 (*Cal. State Papers* (*Venet.*) 1623–5, pp. 591, 595, 606; see too J. Howell's Letter to Lord Colchester, Feb. 5th 1624–5).

Again, if the view is right which regards *A Cure for a Cuckold* as based on Massinger's *Parliament of Love* (licensed Nov. 1624), we have further reason for dating our play after 1624—though it always remains just possible, of course, that Webster saw Massinger's work in manuscript, especially as the two dramatists were about this time collaborating in *The Fair Maid of the Inn.*

In any case *A Cure for a Cuckold* was probably written after the middle of 1624, if not after the beginning of 1625. But not very long after. The war with Spain, indeed, went on till 1630. But in IV. 1. 118–9 there is an allusion (see Commentary) to Flood the informer's execution[1], which took place in Newgate on January 18th 1624 (or, rather less probably, 1623).

[1] This is settled by a pamphlet on that otherwise unknown rogue which the present writer was so lucky as to light on in the British Museum. See on IV. 1. 118–9. The pamphlet is indeed dated 1623, and merely refers to Flood's execution as having occurred on Jan. 18th "last past". But it is likely to have appeared within two months at most of the event it deals with: and since the year then ran from March to March, "March, 1623" probably = our "March, 1624".

Similarly in v. 1. 208–9 there is a hitherto unnoticed reference to the fine of twelvepence for swearing introduced by 21 Jac. I, c. 20 (1623–4)[1], which is also alluded to in Jonson's *Masque of Owls* (Aug. 19th 1624—wrongly dated 1626 in the Folio of Jonson; see Herford and Simpson's edition, II. 330).

Both these allusions forbid a date very long after the events they refer to. For though a play may have been written twenty years *before* some event to which it contains an allusion (the allusion being interpolated subsequently, as in *The Duchess of Malfi*, I. 1) it cannot have been written very long *after*, otherwise the allusion will become stale or even unintelligible. The value of such evidence thus differs a great deal accordingly as it is used: and in the present case it points clearly to the neighbourhood of 1625. Metrical evidence indeed, which however I should be loth to press, would seem to indicate that *A Cure for a Cuckold* was later than *The Fair Maid of the Inn* (written, probably, in 1625: licensed Jan. 1626: see Metrical Appendix). Only one feels that by that time the memory of Mr Flood might have been getting rather threadbare. At all events the year 1625 is for both plays, I think, as near as we are likely to get.

[1] The Parliament which passed it sat from Feb. 19th to May 29th 1624.

This point has been very fully argued by Stoll and Rupert Brooke. Both agree that the main-plot of *A Cure for a Cuckold* was probably suggested by Massinger's *Parliament of Love*, which treats a theme handled in *The Dutch Courtezan* of Marston, who used in his turn Bandello's story of the Countess of Cellant (*Novelle*, I. 4: whence Painter took the tale for his *Palace of Pleasure*, II. 24).

Bianca Maria Scappardona was the daughter of a rich old usurer in Casal di Monferrato, and his young Greek wife. After burying her first husband, and leaving her second, the Count of Cellant, Bianca removed to Padua and began to live with lovers. For a year she was devoted to Ardizzino Valperga, conte di Masino; then she began to cast eyes on his friend Roberto Sanseverino, conte di Gaiazzo. Ardizzino left her in anger and cried her ill-fame on the housetops wherever he went; the Countess in revenge urged Sanseverino to kill him. Sanseverino, however, hesitated; for Ardizzino was his friend and, after all, more sinned against than sinning. Seeing this, Bianca Maria broke off relations with Sanseverino and reconciled herself once more with Ardizzino; and, to round matters off, urged him in his turn to kill Sanseverino, who meant, she said, to murder him. Instead, the two friends met, compared notes, and combined in spreading the shameful story broadcast. Bianca's next move was to fascinate a third lover in Milan, Don Pietro di Cardona, and bid him kill both the others. He obeyed and actually murdered Ardizzino, but was arrested by the Constable of Bourbon, and confessed the whole truth: he then escaped, but the Countess of Cellant was beheaded before the citadel of Milan. I have told this story at perhaps needless length; but it is too interesting to spoil, and throws yet another ray of light on the ways of Webster's Italy.

On this theme Marston wrote his *Dutch Courtezan* (acted 1603: printed 1605); and was followed by Massinger and Webster twenty years later. In comparing the plots of their plays I have adopted Rupert Brooke's useful plan of symbols for the three essential characters common to all of them, although

not his exact notation. Let W be the woman, L her lover, F his friend.

In Bandello, then, W deserts L for F. She bids F kill L; he disobeys; she returns to L and bids him kill F. Instead he tells F. In revenge W has L killed by a third lover; but is herself convicted and put to death. In the three plays, on the other hand, the story develops as shown on p. 7.

When the plays are thus compared, the resemblance between *The Parliament of Love* and *A Cure for a Cuckold* is seen to be extraordinarily close—too close to be explained except by direct imitation. Further, both of them seem to be developments, directly or indirectly, of the simpler story found in *The Dutch Courtezan*; though of course, as Rupert Brooke points out, we cannot absolutely assume that Marston's play was the immediate source of either. Anyway, it matters little; more interesting is the question—did Webster copy Massinger or Massinger Webster?

Stoll and Brooke take the first view. Their arguments are very numerous but, in Stoll's case, though admirably ingenious, often of that mustard-seed variety which tries to make up for lack of weight by force of numbers.

The first evidence that naturally suggests itself is that of date. *The Parliament of Love* was licensed for performance on Nov. 3rd 1624; *if* we are right in putting *A Cure for a Cuckold* after the beginning of collisions with Spain in the summer of 1624, the four to five months intervening would hardly suffice both for Webster, who in earlier days, at all events, was such a slow worker, to write a play and for Massinger to write another copying it. While if 1625 is the right date for *A Cure for a Cuckold*, the whole question is settled.

But we cannot rely simply on the supposed date. The strongest internal evidence lies, I think, not in Stoll's argument that Webster was incapable of inventing such a plot by himself and so must have copied *The Parliament of Love* (how can one make such assertions?), but in his other point, that Webster's version elaborates on Massinger's. It is natural that the later-comer should find the easiest scope for his originality in working up his predecessor's details: in the same way Massinger had elaborated the still simpler version of Marston. Thus when Massinger's Leonora bids her lover kill his dearest friend, her

Marston *Dutch Courtezan*	Massinger *Parliament of Love*	Webster *Cure for a Cuckold*
W is jilted by F; and, in revenge, when L woos her, promises herself to him only on condition that he kills F.	W conceives a hatred for L because, when they were betrothed, he tried to ravish her; and, when L begs to be forgiven, promises herself to him only on condition that he finds out and kills his best friend.	W is hopelessly in love with F who is just being married; and, when L woos her, promises herself to him only on condition that he finds out and kills his best friend.
L agrees, then repents and reveals all to F. They pretend to fight a duel. L returns to W and says he has killed F. Her reply is to have L brought to trial as a murderer.	L reflects on the faithlessness of friends in general; then F appears, rejoicing over an assignation he has just received with his own mistress. He notices L's sadness and cross-questions him; L says he has to fight a duel and needs a second. F insists on being his second, even though it means missing his assignation.	L reflects on the faithlessness of friends in general; *and puts several of his acquaintance to the test*, saying that he has to fight a duel and needs a second, who must also fight. They excuse themselves; then F appears and cross-questions L on his sadness. L repeats his story. F insists on being his second, even though it means missing his marriage-night.
	At the duelling-ground L reveals that he is himself F's opponent, fights, and is worsted.	At the duelling-ground L reveals that he is himself F's opponent, and tries to insist on fighting; but F replies that he can already say he has killed his friend, for he is dead to L henceforth.
	L returns to W; but as he is reported to have killed F, she has him brought to trial as a murderer.	L returns to W and says he has killed F. Her reply is that F was the one man she loved; "however", she adds, with a sudden revulsion, "I am glad he is dead, since he could not be mine. And now I will be yours". L, filled with repulsion and jealousy, leaves her[1], and tries to poison F's relations with his bride. His plot fails, however; and W and L are happily married.
To punish L, F hides. L is condemned for murder. At the last moment F reveals himself; W is sent to prison; and L is cured of his passion.	L is condemned for murder, W herself for cruelty. F, however, having feigned death for L's sake, comes to life; and W and L are happily married.	

[1] There are further complications at this point: for which see p. 21.

words are perfectly straightforward; but Webster's Clare, by a far-fetched equivocation, really means that her lover is to kill *herself*. Again Massinger's lover merely reflects generally on the faithlessness of friends: in Webster the incident is expanded and the lover puts his friends actually to the test. In Webster the issue of the duel is complicated by a second quibble—the friend's declaration that Lessingham's killing of their friendship is tantamount to killing him. And it is, in general, hard not to feel that the slighter treatment of the subject in *The Parliament of Love*, where it provides only one intrigue among several, would be an anticlimax *after A Cure for a Cuckold*. And just as Webster's version seems a stage further removed in development from Marston than Massinger's, there are also points in which Massinger's seems a stage *nearer* to Marston—such as the indictment of the lover by the mistress for murder, his trial and condemnation, and the resurrection of the friend in the nick of time.

Further, if we find Massinger handling similar incidents elsewhere at an earlier date, it becomes rather more likely that he should have been repeating himself, and not imitating Webster, when he handles them again in *The Parliament of Love*. Now Stoll points out that in *The Little French Lawyer* (assigned to the years 1619–20 and to the hand of Massinger and Fletcher), which has four names of characters in common with *The Parliament of Love*, a lover is going to a duel, with his friend as his second, when an order comes from his mistress which entails missing his appointment on the duelling-ground. And here the lover sacrifices friendship to the call of love and obeys her. This, Stoll urges, may be regarded as a variation of the episode in our two plays; it is very possible, though certainly not an argument that can be heavily stressed.

Considering the probable date, however, and the trend of the internal evidence we may say that the main-plot of *A Cure for a Cuckold* is very probably based on Massinger's *Parliament of Love*. I have so far discussed the question on the supposition that Massinger wrote the Leonora-Claremond part of *The Parliament of Love*; if, however, it were Rowley's[1], the matter would be further simplified; and we should simply have to sup-

[1] Cf. C. W. Stork, *All's Lost by Lust and A Shoemaker, a Gentleman*, Introd. p. 50: *The Parliament of Love* is assigned to Rowley in the *Stationers' Register* for June 29th 1660, and in Warburton's list.

pose Rowley handing over for fresh treatment by Webster his own former theme. But I do not myself see any grounds for doubting Massinger's authorship of the whole play.

The source of Rowley's sub-plot of Compass and his cuckoldry has never been suggested. A sentence in *Anything for a Quiet Life* (II. 1. 120–2)—"when 'tis done (*i.e.* my cuckoldry), we will be married again wife, which some say is the onely *Supersedeas* about *Limehouse*, to remove Cuckoldry"—sounds like a reference to some actual local incident, or even custom. The date of that play (1621), which seems to me unusually certain, forbids the idea, once entertained, that the phrase was simply an allusion to the present comedy. It is worth noting, too, that Kirkman in his preface (24 ff.) remarks: "*The Expedient of Curing a Cuckold* (*after the maner set down in this* Play) *hath bin tried to my knowledge, and therefore I may say* Probatum est". But without more knowledge of the manners of Elizabethan Limehouse, this is as much as we can say.

AUTHORSHIP

The play was attributed by its first publisher Kirkman in 1661 to Webster and Rowley. But a good deal of doubt was long felt on this point; for Kirkman was a liar and the play did not seem much like Webster's earlier work[1]. Gosse indeed, on general grounds of style, accepted Kirkman's statement, and in 1885 at his suggestion S. Spring-Rice printed the main plot, as Webster's, by itself under the title *Love's Graduate* (cf. *C.C.* I. 1. 20–2). But even critics like Arthur Symons and Rupert Brooke continued to find in the play only the faintest signs of Webster's work. Their scepticism does indeed seem not unreasonable the first time one reads the play; but by the sixth reading or so, when parallels with Webster's other work have gradually revealed themselves by dozens, it becomes astonishing that anyone should ever have doubted his share in *A Cure for a Cuckold*. The credit of clearly proving in this way that Kirkman was not merely drawing on his imagination, belongs to Stoll and, still more, to Sykes. The evidence of parallel passages is of course easy to abuse (its dangers are pointed out in an able review in *Englische Studien*, 1925, p. 436); but, handled with commonsense, it remains usually the best available, especially with an author who repeats himself as much as Webster. The signs of his authorship collected by Stoll and Sykes, with some additions I have been able to make, will be found tabulated below. For Rowley, on the other hand, there are, it will be seen, few verbal parallels in the list. But apart from the general likelihood that if Kirkman was right about one partner, he was right also about the other, the whole treatment of the domestic troubles of Compass, with his robust, good-natured whimsicality, is so like the author of *A Woman Never Vext* that far less doubt has been felt from the beginning about Rowley's authorship.

It was however at first assumed, given this collaboration of Webster and Rowley, that Rowley simply wrote the sub-plot of Compass (II. 3, III. 2, IV. 1 and 3), and Webster all the rest. It was left to Sykes to show reason for seeing Webster's hand

[1] Fleay is at his best on a point like this. "Rowley's coadjutor was most likely Middleton, certainly not Webster. *They never worked together.*" Was ever question better begged? "*Ces érudits, à force d'étudier, ne doutent de rien.*"

also present in IV. 1; while C. W. Stork in the introduction to his edition of *All's Lost by Lust* and *A Shoemaker, a Gentleman*, suggested that the character of Rochfield was, on the other hand, more like Rowley than Webster (cf. young Foster in Heywood and Rowley's *Fortune by Land and Sea*). After all, there was nothing improbable in this. The far too common assumption that the joint plays of the Elizabethans can necessarily be divided up as neatly as an orange into quarters, with this scene wholly by A and that one entirely B's, has often no basis whatever beyond the convenience of critics who like compact results. Even where the style is clearly one partner's, a number of the ideas may be the other's: there are signs of that, for instance, in *F.M.I.* v. 3.

Here however a further complication has since been introduced by Professor H. D. Gray in a paper which he has very generously allowed me to see before its publication in the *Modern Language Review*. He brings evidence for a third partner—Heywood. In both *A Cure for a Cuckold* and *Appius and Virginia* there occur a number of words and some phrases which are undoubtedly characteristic of Heywood. These had been noticed in *Appius* by Rupert Brooke, who accordingly suggested that Heywood was the true author of that play; then, in his reply defending Webster's authorship, Sykes pointed out that similar signs of Heywood occurred also, though less obviously, in *A Cure for a Cuckold*, and explained them in both cases as borrowings from Heywood by Webster. Last of all Gray, while admitting that Webster's share of *Appius* was larger than Brooke had allowed, suggested that Heywood was the part-author not only of that play but of *A Cure for a Cuckold* as well. Accordingly he divides the play as follows:

I. 1–2. Heywood.
II. 1–4. Rowley.
III. 1. Webster.
III. 2. Rowley.
III. 3. Heywood (with some revision by Webster in III. 3. 1–40).
IV. 1. Rowley.
IV. 2. Webster.
IV. 3. Rowley.
V. 1 a (1–131). Heywood.
V. 1 b (132–352). Rowley, revised by Webster.
V. 1 c (353–end = Dyce's v. 2). Rowley.

The question thus raised is, I think, the most difficult to settle of all the problems of the Webster canon. Here are both of Webster's latest plays showing strong marks of Heywood's style. Is the answer that Webster was here imitating Heywood or that he was collaborating with him? Or was one of them revising the other's work? Clearly it is likely on the whole that the same answer is right for both plays, so similar is the problem they present, so close, as far as I can judge, their connection in time[1].

Gray's arguments for Heywood's share in *A Cure for a Cuckold* are based on general tone and atmosphere, on metre, and on diction. Towards evidence of the first kind I feel an extreme distrust. It may be, for instance, that "This is a place of feasting and of joy" is typical of Heywood; but if Webster was imitating Heywood in other ways, he could certainly imitate him in this sort of thing[2]. After reading Webster's share in *Anything for a Quiet Life* and *The Fair Maid of the Inn*, one feels indeed that there was hardly any metamorphosis of which he was incapable, so different are those scenes from the Webster of our imagination. And we may be sure that had not Webster written a prose preface to *The Devil's Law-Case* marking it as clearly his, that play too would long ago have been parcelled out, in part at least, among other Elizabethans.

The argument from metre (see Metrical Appendix) is more important. Unfortunately here my figures do not square very well with Gray's. To be more precise, the percentage of resolved feet (which I agree to be the best means of distinguishing between the two writers) is indeed markedly higher in the undoubted Webster scenes of *A Cure for a Cuckold*, like III. 2 and IV. 1, than in scenes which Gray attributes to Heywood, such as I. 1 and 2. But what would by itself be a strong argument is rather weakened when we find in the trial-scene in *Appius* (IV. 1), which is clearly Webster's, very much the same percentage of resolved feet as, at all events, in two of the four scenes here attributed to Heywood[3]. If Webster was imitating Heywood's diction, he might imitate his metre; and, apart from that, the

[1] Gray, indeed, pushes *Appius* right back to 1603–4: but this seems to me less likely.

[2] Cf. too *F.M.I.* v. 3. 1: "This well may be a day of joy long wish'd for".

[3] I. 1, v. 1a: the explanation may be I think that these scenes are partly Webster's, even if predominantly Heywood's.

number of resolved feet per hundred lines in his verse falls markedly and progressively after reaching its height in *The Devil's Law-Case*. The metrical evidence, in short, I regard as supporting Heywood's part-authorship to some extent, but not conclusively.

The really important evidence is, however, that of word and phrase. Gray has not only added to the already collected parallels with Heywood's known work, he has also shown what were supposed to be typical pieces of Webster's phraseology, to be in some cases equally typical of Heywood—words, for instance, like "noble" and "strange", the rhyme "sin—bin", phrases like "above merit", "you speak nobly", "breed a strange distraction". He falls himself, however, into exactly the same pitfall in bringing forward as evidence for Heywood such other phrases as "I'm full of thoughts" (I. 2. 25: to which a far closer parallel than any he brings from Heywood, is provided by *D.L.* II. 3. 188: "I am ful of thoughts, strange ones, but they'r no good ones"); or "a *thousand* oathes", as if Webster had not written "*ten thousand* curses on't" (*W.D.* IV. 2. 88: cf. v. 6. 67—"*millions* are now in graves"); or "'Tis confessed" (I. 1. 4, v. 1. 123), which he denies to occur in Webster at all, whereas it is to be found in *A.Q.L.* v. 1. 468 and *F.M.I.* v. 2. 3. As these are probably the two plays of Webster that immediately preceded *A Cure for a Cuckold*, the phrase is, if anything, an argument for Webster. The real point, however, is the danger of such evidence in general: I have no doubt that I have myself been guilty of similar oversights, which are indeed hardly to be avoided unless one knows all the Elizabethans equally by heart. All that one can do is to seek safety in the number of parallels used and to avoid basing conclusions on phrases as slight and as likely to be common property as "'Tis confessed". More weight, I think, attaches to Gray's argument that the contractions "o'th'", "i'th'" are typical of Webster as against Heywood.

It remains, then, to consider in detail the evidence of diction.

It has not been noticed that three of the names occur elsewhere in Heywood—Franckford in *A Woman Killed with Kindness*; Lessingham in *The Four Prentices* (Guy of Lessingham = Guy de Lusignan; cf. however Webster's Cressingham in *A.Q.L.*); and Bonvile in *The Royal King and Loyal Subject*.

I. 1.

Evidence for Webster.

22. "To become graduate." The metaphor is an obvious one; but cf. *F.M.I.* IV. 2. 61: I would be a Graduate sir, no freshman. Cf. also *D.L.* I. 2. 171–6, II. 3. 29.

125–6. 'Tis a strange difficulty,
And it will ask much councel.

Cf. *F.M.I.* IV. 2. 101–2: This is somewhat difficult, and will aske some conference with the divell.

212. The phrase "breed teeth" of course recalls *D.M.* IV. 2. 137, etc.; but it clearly cannot be stressed.

It may be noted that the "Labyrinth" (68), though also a Heywoodian metaphor, recurs in an undoubted piece of Webster's work later in the play—V. 1. 349.

For Heywood.

84, 98. "choice Beauties", "a choice Beauty": cf. *Eng. Trav.* I. (*Wks.* IV. 11), *Maidenhead Well Lost* (*Wks.* IV. 102)[1].

105, 186. "You are pleasant." (Common in Heywood.)

I. 2.

Evidence for Webster.

25. "I'm full of thoughts": see p. 13 above.

139–41. But pardon me, that being now a-dying
Which is so near to man, if part we cannot
With pleasant looks.

Cf. *W.D.* I. 1. 52 ff. I am patient,
I have seene some ready to be executed
Give pleasant lookes, and money, and growne familiar
With the knave hangman.

186–8. — Will you go then?
— I am resolved I will.
— And instantly?
— With all the speed celerity can make.

Cf. *D.L.* II. 1. 292–4. — You must fight with me.
— I will sir. — And instantly.
— I will haste before you.

Note also 47 (Crotchet), cf. V. 1. 263 below, *A.Q.L.* II. 1. 68, V. 1. 248; 50, 143 ("I protest"—a favourite tag of Webster's).

For Heywood.

21 (opinion'd); 37 (sads); 81 (Monomachy—the word, however, occurs also in the *Arcadia*).

[1] References are to Pearson's *Heywood*. For further details see Commentary in each case.

II. 1–2.

Both Stork and Gray have suggested that the episode of Rochfield is Rowley's. There is certainly little sign of Webster's work or of Heywood's. Note that the metaphor of I. 1. 19–22 recurs in II. 1. 30, II. 2. 42. The metre seems more regular than Rowley's usually is, but his partner or partners may have revised it.

II. 3.

Rowley.

II. 4.

Assigned by Gray to Rowley, but metrically it is much more anapaestic than II. 1–2. Part of it may be Rowley's, but hardly all.

Evidence for Webster.

50. There's some good luck yet.
Cf. *W.D.* v. 3. 79. There's some good lucke in that yet.
68. I have question'd with my meditations.
Cf. *D.L.* II. 3. 111, etc.
Cf. also 74–6 (goodness...ill cannot betide him), *D.M.* III. 2. 312–4; 176 (I am a little travell'd), *D.L.* I. 2. 210.

Note too that 146 ('Tis meant for Physick) is closely echoed in IV. 2. 142–3, which is admittedly Webster's.

For Rowley. "Gratulate" (54) is found both in Heywood and in Rowley: and Gray points out that "though I say't" is typical of Rowley (*A Shoemaker, a Gentleman*, II. 1, etc.).

III. 1.

The scene is too clearly Webster's to need detailed treatment.

Apart from the characteristic "equivocations" and the resemblance to the duel in *D.L.*, cf. 7–8, *A.&L.* IV. 1. 96–7; 12–4, *D.L.* V. 4. 78–9; 26, *W.D.* IV. 2. 173; 81–2, *D.L.* I. 2. 145–6; 101, *D.L.* II. 1. 331; 116, *D.M.* III. 2. 234, V. 3. 41–4 (also IV. 2. 102 below); 119, *D.L.* I. 2. 238–9; 140–1, *W.D.* II. 1. 201; 170, *W.D.* I. 2. 4.

III. 2.

Rowley.

III. 3.

The first part is clearly Webster's; the second may be Heywood's. The metre supports this.

Evidence for Webster.

Cf. 12, *W.D.* v. 3. 35, *D.L.* II. 3. 102; 29–32, *A.Y.L.* III. 1. 43–4; 44, *D.L.* I. 1. 116.

For Heywood.

109–10: never was, Gentlemen,
A Sea-fight better mannaged.

Cf. (Gray) *Fortune by Land and Sea* IV. (*Wks.* IV. 411):

a sea-fight
Was never better managed.

Note also 87 (mediate), 95 (unite consent—also in *Silver Age*, III).

IV. 1.

Rowley, with traces of Webster (not unnaturally in this legal connection).

Evidence for Rowley.

See Commentary on 123 (*Tweak* or *Bronstrops*) and 153 ff.

For Webster.

79 (cf. II. 4. 50 above).

Cf. also 95–6, *Char.* "Canting Rogue", 10–1; 108–9, *D.L.* IV. 1. 108–9; 206–7, *D.L.* I. 2. 300–1.

IV. 2.

Here Webster's hand remains undisputed.

Cf. 36, III. 3. 12 above; 57, *D.M.* III. 2. 131–3; 119, *D.M.* IV. 2. 402; 131–2, *D.M.* III. 2. 288–9; 177, *W.D.* II. 1. 202–3; 200–1, *Mon. Hon.* 298–9.

IV. 3.

Rowley.

V. 1a (1–131).

Gray assigns this to Heywood, while admitting that traces of Webster appear after 98; they do in fact, I think, appear rather earlier.

Evidence for Heywood.

49–50. — Sir, may I beg your name?
— 'Tis that I never yet denied to any.

Cf. *Challenge for Beauty*, II. (*Wks.* V. 24):

— Your name Ferrers?
— Rather than *deny*
My name and country....

Cf. also: 17 ("Apology" as a verb), *Eng. Trav.* III. 1 (a scene which contains also "asperse", as in 16 here, though that word is not confined to Heywood); 33 (unite consent), III. 3. 95 above.

For Webster.

73–4. Sir, you have cause to bless the lucky Planet
Beneath which you were born.

Cf. *W.D.* I. 2. 70–2: your *Ephemerides*
Which shewes you under what a smiling planet
You were first swadled.

(In both cases it is a question of cuckoldry.) Similarly, *D.M.* III. 2. 274.

Cf. also 100 (give him line), *D.L.* II. 1. 16; 129, *A.V.* III. 3. 32.

There are several other expressions very characteristic of Heywood and Webster in the scene; unfortunately they seem to be equally characteristic of both.

V. 1 b (132–352).

Gray regards this as Rowley's work, heavily revised by Webster; but it seems to me essentially Webster's throughout.

Cf. 132, *D.M.* V. 4. 92–3, etc.; 133 (my Master-piece; Foxes); 159–61 (a typical equivocation), *A.V.* I. 1. 100–15; 168, *W.D.* V. 6. 18; 182–4, *A.V.* III. 2. 265–6; 228, *W.D.* IV. 2. 108; 259, *W.D.* II. 1. 163–4; 263, I. 2. 47 above; 295, *D.M.* III. 2. 77; 300–1, *D.M.* II. 4. 26–7; 319, *D.M.* I. 1. 267; 328–30, *D.L.* II. 1. 324–6; 347–8, *D.L.* V. 5. 62–4.

It is worth noting, as H.D.S. has privately pointed out to me, that 351–2, like the closing couplet of IV. 2, are based on Daniel, *The Queen's Arcadia*, of 1605 (see Commentary).

V. 1 c (353–end; Dyce's V. 2).

Gray assigns to Rowley, with traces of Webster: this seems probable, though it is hard to be more definite. Lessingham's apology for his conduct (441–3) perhaps slightly resembles Bosola's (*D.M.* V. 5. 107). (Cf. too 480 ff., *A.Q.L.* V. 1. 485.)

Thus the general conclusion from the evidence of style seems to be that Heywood must be given a share in the play; but that Gray has tended to underestimate the traces of Webster's hand outside the three scenes essentially his—III. 1, IV. 2 and V. 1 b. Accordingly I should divide the play as follows:

I. 1–2. Webster and Heywood.
II. 1–2. ? Rowley.

*II. 3. Rowley.
II. 4. Rowley and Webster.
*III. 1. Webster.
*III. 2. Rowley.
III. 3. Webster, then Heywood.
*IV. 1. Rowley and Webster.
*IV. 2. Webster.
*IV. 3. Rowley.
V. 1 a. Heywood, then Webster.
V. 1 b. Webster.
V. 1 c. Rowley and Webster.

* These scenes are fairly certain.

The sum of the whole matter is, then, that Kirkman's attribution to Webster and Rowley has proved to be true, though not, probably, the whole truth; for a good case has also been made for Heywood's collaboration, especially if we believe that he had a hand in *Appius and Virginia* likewise. Further, considering that the names of three of the characters are typical of Heywood, it seems difficult to regard him as the reviser of a play originally written by Webster and Rowley alone; on the other hand, I find it hard to believe that Webster was, as Gray suggests, the reviser of Heywood and Rowley's work. For, as we have seen, the whole main plot of *A Cure for a Cuckold* strikingly resembles part of Massinger's *Parliament of Love*. And it seems so plausible to connect this resemblance with the fact that Webster was at this very time collaborating with Massinger in *The Fair Maid of the Inn*, that I should be slow to give Webster only a reviser's part in the play before us. Besides, his scenes are the real heart of the plot. The evidence points rather, I think, to an intimate collaboration between all three dramatists. In any case, Webster's share does of course dwindle from what it once seemed to be, when he and Rowley were thought of as the sole authors. Yet after all those who are jealous for Webster need not much regret this: for his reputation gains rather than loses, when it appears that his share, though thus diminished, still includes the two finest scenes in the whole play, the duel of the friends and their meeting with the heroine after it.

THE PLAY

Between *The Devil's Law-Case* and the present comedy Webster had probably written, in collaboration with Middleton, *Anything for a Quiet Life*, the lowest point reached by his dramatic work. With the Webster of the great plays it was impossible not to feel that here was a man whose love of the beautiful was indeed embittered by his hatred of the hideous, his love of the true half-poisoned by his loathing of the false; yet in him there breathed a quivering energy that made his work impressive even when imperfect. But as he comes to sink beneath the influence of Fletcher, what strikes us is the disappearance, after *The Devil's Law-Case*, of the energy, the love, and the hatred alike. He seems to cease to care. *Anything for a Quiet Life* is frivolous without light-heartedness and vulgar without vitality; and of its characters it is doubtful whether the virtuous or the wicked are the more repellent or the more unreal, as they drift like bubbles hither and thither upon a shallow stream of intrigue, that froths and dimples on its tortuous way. The brief age of Elizabethan tragedy was over: and in its twilight of romantic comedy such works were produced in hundreds. The same decline has happened in other times and lands.

> There tiny pleasures occupy the place
> Of glories and of duties; as the feet
> Of fabled fairies, when the sun goes down,
> Trip o'er the grass where wrestlers strove by day.

To the same class belongs *A Cure for a Cuckold*; but it is at least a far better specimen. Its gentlemen occasionally behave as such, notably in that fine duel-scene on Calais sands which takes us back to its companion-piece in *The Devil's Law-Case*; and its comic figure, the good Compass, is so alive and genuine that we feel Dickens himself might have enjoyed him, in an expurgated form. As in *The Devil's Law-Case*, however, the motivation of the play is sometimes so obscure that a summary of the plot may save the reader a good deal of trouble.

It is the wedding day of Annabel Woodroff and her lover Bonvile. But the piece begins by showing us first two less fortunate lovers, Bonvile's friend Lessingham and his mistress

Clare, who has long kept him in an unkind suspense with which he reproaches her in one of the best speeches of the play.

> I have loved you
> Beyond my self, mis-spended for your sake
> Many a fair hour, which might have been imployed
> To pleasure, or to profit, have neglected
> Duty to them from whom my being came,
> My parents; but my hopeful studies most.
> I have stol'n time from all my choice delights,
> And robb'd my self, thinking to enrich you.
> Matches I have had offered, some have told me,
> As fair, as rich—I never thought 'em so,
> And lost all these in hope to finde out you,
> Resolve me then for Christian charity.

Answering that she will send him in a moment a message that will end his suspense for ever, she withdraws; and her maid brings Lessingham these written words—

> Prove all thy friends, finde out the best and nearest,
> Kill for my sake that Friend that loves thee dearest.

Lessingham, much taken aback, is nevertheless prepared to pay any price for his mistress. But who is his best friend? There follows a scene of naïve but not ineffective irony in which, like the soul in *Everyman*, Lessingham puts his "friends" to the test. He needs, he says, a second in a duel—a duel where not only the principals but the seconds too must fight; and his opponents are dangerous men. At this, one after the other, his acquaintances invent hasty excuses and vanish; and the lonely Lessingham is soliloquizing on the hollowness of all friendship when Bonvile appears, learns how the case stands, and at once offers to leave his bride and come. So the newly-wedded Annabel is abandoned, without a word of explanation; and the two friends arrive at the rendezvous on Calais sands. There the astonished Bonvile discovers that he is himself the destined victim. This scene at least, whatever weakness besets the play, is moving both as drama and as poetry: though even here there is something slightly childish in the equivocation that ends this situation which an equivocation had begun. For now Bonvile, deeply and naturally resentful, refuses to fight and bids Lessingham go back and say he has duly killed his friend. He well may: for their friendship is dead indeed. The two men return separately; and Lessingham comes to Clare to claim his reward for killing

his dearest friend—Bonvile. In a strange hysteria she first curses him for misunderstanding her, then with a sudden change of mood accepts him. She will rejoice after all: for she had loved Bonvile passionately and now she has at least the satisfaction of knowing that no other woman shall enjoy him. But Lessingham in his turn is maddened with jealousy at this confession, and casts her off for ever. He goes away; and now Bonvile appears, as though risen from the dead; he explains his escape to Clare, and she owns her passion for him. She had really meant, she says, by her ambiguous message to Lessingham that he was to poison her with a drug she had procured in the despair of her love for Bonvile: only he had misunderstood. Bonvile, seeing how the situation stands, in order to estrange Clare's passion from himself, insults her as a "whore". But meanwhile Lessingham in his jealous rage against Bonvile tries to ruin his marriage by accusing Annabel to her husband of misconduct with a certain Rochfield, whom she had befriended, and Bonvile to his bride of similar misconduct with Clare. He succeeds in causing a violent quarrel; but Clare and Rochfield satisfactorily explain all and the play ends with the union of the unamiable Clare to the still less amiable Lessingham in a felicity as improbable as undeserved.

The sub-plot is at least simpler. The mariner Compass finds on his return from a four years' absence that his wife has just had a child: and the comedy consists in the whimsical behaviour of Compass, who insists on gaining possession of a child which is not his; and restores his own respectability by divorcing his wife and remarrying her an hour later.

The main-plot of the play is, as we have seen, both involved and far-fetched. But complications are not yet over: for in the text as it stands Clare's final explanation of her motives is not only improbable, but impossible. And to make it coherent it is necessary to accept Rupert Brooke's emendation of one passage (IV. 2. 165). But though I have printed his conjecture in order to make sense of the play, I cannot really accept his view that the text has simply been corrupted at that one point; and I am unwillingly driven, much as I dislike the "revisions" with which many Elizabethan critics so freely cut all their knots, to suggest that Webster first wrote a version in which Clare, like her prototypes in Webster's sources, the Countess of Cellant, Marston's

Courtezan, and Massinger's Leonora, actually meant her lover to murder his friend[1]; then however decided that this made Clare too odious, or that there was room for yet more equivocations (Webster's fondness for these is as bad and persistent as Shakespeare's for puns); and so changed Clare's intentions from murder to suicide, forgetting however to make all the necessary re-adjustments. Or we may explain it simply by bad collaboration, if we believe in Heywood's part-authorship. At all events, as the play stands, even with Rupert Brooke's emendation, it is absurd that Clare in her riddling message should describe herself as the person who loves Lessingham best, when it is clear she cares little for him and more in any case for Bonvile. For a fuller discussion on this point, however, I must refer the reader to the Textual Note on IV. 2. 165.

Thus the motivation is far from clear. But there is more amiss than that. The main weaknesses of the play may be said to be three—that several of its chief characters are obscure; that two in particular, Clare and Lessingham, are improbable; and that Lessingham, above all, is utterly ignoble. Of the first enough has been said, and of the second little needs saying; but the third requires explanation. There is no intrinsic reason why the characters of a play should not be mean; nor is there any need for the author to express moral disapproval of their meanness. But it is fatal if once the reader begins to suspect that the author is less aware of this meanness than he himself is. In a book like Maupassant's *Bel Ami* the dispassionate detachment of the artist is complete, and completely effective; but no one doubts that Maupassant realized absolutely what his hero was like. So with Tchekov. But here, when after so much prate of friendship the almost incredible and repeated perfidy of Lessingham seems hardly to ruffle, at the end, even those whose lives he has tried by the lowest treachery to ruin—when this creature is dismissed to a happy marriage, as quite a good fellow after all, it is as monstrous as the end of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* or *Measure for Measure*. There is no need to labour the point: with the customary adulations of Elizabethan criticism laid aside, let us

[1] We may be reminded how in one of the greatest and most tragic stories in the world, the *Volsunga Saga* (the older form of the legend of the *Nibelungen Lied*), Brynhild, seeing Sigurd married to another, can find no escape for her misery except by making her husband plan Sigurd's murder and then joining her lover in death. See W. Morris, *Sigurd the Volsung*.

admit that there are moments when these writers, even Shakespeare himself, strike us as insensitive and morally obtuse. For them marriage suffices to cover any multitude of sins—even such a marriage as seems to us itself the most flagrant sin of all. It is no use making mere gods of these men and adoring them with fast-shut eyes: at times their attitude is odious. If they are great, it is despite faults which would have killed the work of less vital poets once for all. And if *A Cure for a Cuckold* is less read than many other Elizabethan plays, it is not because it is baser in its ending than *The Two Gentlemen* or *Measure for Measure*; but because it has not enough of their redeeming poetry. Annabel indeed has charm, and Compass can face comparison with all but the best figures of Elizabethan low life. Indeed I feel I have perhaps said too little of his merits, which are doubtless to Rowley's credit: but then this honest creature, who has so shocked some critics, needs no interpreter to the ordinary reader. As for the serious scenes, those between Lessingham and Clare in Acts I and IV, as well as the duel in III, have the power to hold the reader again and again. But I cannot find much beyond this to praise: and "where we cannot love, we should pass by".

A CURE FOR A CUCKOLD

A CURE FOR A CUCKOLD.

A PLEASANT COMEDY,

As it hath been ſeveral times Acted with great Applauſe.

Written by JOHN VVEBSTER *and* VVILLIAM ROWLEY.

Placere Cupio.

London, Printed by *Tho. Johnſon*, and are to be ſold by *Francis Kirkman*, at his Shop at the Sign of *John Fletchers Head*, over againſt the Angel-Inne, on the Back-ſide of St. *Clements*, without *Temple-Bar*, 1661.

The Stationer, to the Judicious Reader.

Gentlemen,

IT *was not long since I was onely a Book-Reader, and not a Book-seller, which Quality (my former Employment somewhat failing, and I being unwilling to be idle) I have now lately taken on me. It hath been my fancy and delight* ([e'er] *since I knew any thing*) *to converse with Books; and the pleasure I have taken in those of this nature,* (*viz.* Plays) *hath bin so extraordinary, that it hath bin much to my cost; for I have been* (*as we term it*) *a Gatherer of* Plays *for some years, and I am confident I have more of several sorts than any man in* England, *Book-seller, or other: I can at any time shew* 700 *in number, which is within a small matter all that were ever printed. Many of these I have several times over, and intend as I sell, to purchase more; All, or any of which, I shall be ready either to sell or lend to you upon reasonable Considerations.*

In order to the increasing of my Store, I have now this Tearm *printed and published three,* viz. *This called* A Cure for a Cuckold, *and another called,* The Thracian Wonder; *and the third called,* Gammer Gurtons Needle. *Two of these three were never printed, the third, viz.* Gammer Gurtons Needle, *hath bin formerly printed, but it is almost an hundred years since. As for this* Play, *I need not speak any thing in its Commendation, the Authors names,* Webster *and* Rowley, *are* (*to knowing men*) *sufficient to declare its worth: several persons remember the Acting of it, and say that it then pleased generally well; and let me tell you, in my judgement it is an excellent old* Play. *The Expedient of Curing a Cuckold* (*after the maner set down in this* Play) *hath bin tried to my knowledge, and therefore I may say* Probatum est. *I should, I doubt, be too tedious, or else I would say somewhat in defence of this, and in Commendation of* Plays *in general, but I question not but you have read what abler Pens than mine have writ in their Vindication. Gentlemen, I hope you will so incourage me in my beginnings, that I may be induced to proceed to do you service, and that I may frequently have occasion in this nature, to subscribe my self*

Your Servant,

Francis Kirkman.

Dramatis Personæ.

WOODROFF, a Justice of the Peace, Father to *Annabel.*

FRANCKFORD, a Merchant, Brother in Law to *Woodroff.*

LESSINGHAM, a Gentleman, in love with *Clare.*

BONVILE, a Gentleman, the Bridegroom and Husband to *Annabel.*

RAYMOND,
EUSTACE,
LYONEL, and
GROVER, } Gallants invited to the Wedding.

ROCHFIELD, a young Gentleman, and a Thief.

COMPASS, a Sea-man.

PETTIFOG, and
DODGE, } two Attorneys.

A Councellor.

Two Clients.

Two Boys.

A Saylor.

LUCE, Wife to *Franckford*, and Sister to *Woodroff.*

ANNABEL, the Bride, and Wife to *Bonvile.*

CLARE, *Lessingham's* Mistriss.

URSE, Wife to *Compass.*

Nurse.

A Waiting-woman.

A Cure for a Cuckold.

ACT I. SCENE I.

[Woodroff's House.]

Enter Lessingham and Clare.

LESSINGHAM.

THis is a place of feasting and of joy,
And as in Triumphs and Ovations, here
Nothing save state and pleasure.
CLARE. 'Tis confest.
LESS. A day of Mirth and solemn Jubile.
CLARE. For such as can be merry.
LESS. A happy Nuptial,
Since a like pair of Fortunes suitable,
Equality in Birth, parity in years,
And in affection no way different,
Are this day sweetly coupled.
CLARE. 'Tis a Marriage.
LESS. True, Lady, and a noble pre[ce]dent
Me thinks for us to follow: why should these
Out-strip us in our loves, that have not yet
Out-gone us in our time? If we thus loose
Our best, and not to be recovered hours
Unprofitably spent, we shall be held
Meer Trewants in Loves school.
CLARE. That's a study
In which I never shall ambition have
To become graduate.
LESS. Lady, you are sad:
This Jovial Meeting puts me in a spirit
To be made such. We two are Guests invited,
And meet by purpose, not by accident;
Where's then a place more opportunely fit,
In which we may solicite our own Loves,
Than before this example?

CLARE. In a word,
I purpose not to marry.
LESS. By your favor;
For as I ever to this present hour
Have studied your observance, so from henceforth
I now will study plainness—I have loved you
Beyond my self, mis-spended for your sake
Many a fair hour, which might have been imployed
To pleasure, or to profit, have neglected
Duty to them from whom my being came,
My parents; but my hopeful studies most.
I have stol'n time from all my choice delights,
And robb'd my self, thinking to enrich you.
Matches I have had offered, some have told me,
As fair, as rich—I never thought 'em so,
And lost all these in hope to finde out you,
Resolve me then for Christian charity.
Think you an Answer of that frozen nature
Is a sufficient satisfaction for
So many more then needful services?
CLARE. I have said, Sir.
LESS. Whence might this distaste arise?
Be at least so kinde to perfect me in that:
Is it of some dislike lately conceived
Of this my person, which perhaps may grow
From calumny and scandal? if not that,
Some late received Melancholy in you?
If neither, your perverse and peevish will—
To which I most imply it?
CLARE. Be it what it can, or may be, thus it is,
And with this Answer pray rest satisfied.
In all these travels, windings, and indents,
Paths, and by-paths which many have sought out,
There's but one onely road, and that alone
To my fruition; which who so findes out,
'Tis like he may enjoy me: but that failing,
I ever am mine own.
LESS. Oh name it, Sweet.
I am already in a Labyrinth
Until you guide me out.

CLARE. Ile to my Chamber—
May you be pleased, unto your mis-spent time
To adde but some few minutes. By my Maid
You shall hear further from me. *Exit.*
LESS. Ile attend you.
What more can I desire, than be resolv'd
Of such a long suspence? Here's now the period
Of much expectation.
Enter Raymond, Eustace, Lyonel, and Grover, Gallants.
RAYM. What? you alone retired to privacy,
Of such a goodly confluence, all prepared
To grace the present Nuptials?
LESS. I have heard some say,
Men are ne're less alone, then when alone,
Such power hath meditation.
EUST. Oh these choice Beauties
That are this day assembled! But of all,
Fair Mistriss *Clare*, the Bride excepted still,
She bears away the prize.
LYON. And worthily;
For, setting off her present melancholly,
She is without taxation.
GROV. I conceive
The cause of her so sudden discontent.
RAYM. 'Tis far out of my way.
GROV. Ile speak it then:
In all estates, professions, or degrees
In Arts or Sciences, there is a kinde
Of Emulation; likewise so in this:
There's a Maid this day married, a choice Beauty.
Now [Mistriss] *Clare*, a Virgin of like Age,
And Fortunes correspondent, apprehending
Time lost in her that's in another gained,
May upon this—for who knows womens thoughts?—
Grow into this deep sadness.
RAYM. Like enough.
LESS. You are pleasant, Gentlemen, or else perhaps,
Though I know many have pursued her Love—
GROV. (And you amongst the rest) with pardon Sir!—
Yet she might cast some more peculiar eye

On some that not respects her— *Enter Wayting-woman.*
LESS. That's my fear
Which you now make your sport.
WOM. A Letter, Sir.
LESS. From whom?
WOM. My Mistriss.
LESS. She has kept her promise,
And I will read it, though I in the same
Know my own death included.
WOM. Fare you well, Sir. *Exit.*
LESS. *Prove all thy friends, finde out the best and nearest,*
Kill for my sake that Friend that loves thee dearest.
Her servant, nay her hand and character,
All meeting in my ruine! Read agen—
Prove all thy Friends, finde out the best and nearest,
Kill for my sake that Friend that loves the[e] *dearest.*
And what might that one be? 'Tis a strange difficulty,
And it will ask much councel. *Exit Less.*
RAYM. *Lessingham*
Hath left us on the sudden.
EUST. Sure the occasion
Was of that Letter sent him.
LYON. It may be
It was some Challenge.
GROV. Challenge!—never dream it:
Are such things sent by women?
RAYM. 'Twere an Heresie
To conceive but such a thought.
LYON. Tush, all the difference
Begot this day, must be at night decided
Betwixt the Bride and Bridegroom. Here both come.
Enter Woodroff, Annabel, Bonvile, Franckford, Luce, and Nurse.
WOOD. What did you call the Gentleman we met
But now in some distraction?
BON. *Lessingham*:
A most approv'd and noble friend of mine,
And one of our prime Guests.
WOOD. He seemed to me
Somewhat in minde distemper'd. What concern
Those private humors [our] so publick Mirth

In such a time of Revels? Mistriss *Clare*,
I miss her too. Why Gallants, have you suffered her
Thus to be lost amongst you?
ANNA. Dinner done,
Unknown to any, she retir'd her self.
WOOD. Sick of the *Maid* perhaps, because she sees
You Mistriss Bride, her School- and Play-fellow
So suddenly turned Wife.
FRANCK. 'Twas shrewdly guest.
WOOD. Go finde her out: Fie Gentlemen, within
The Musick playes unto the silent walls,
And no man there to grace it: when I was young,
At such a Meeting I have so bestir'd me,
Till I have made the pale Green-sickness Girls
Blush like the Rubie, and drop pearls apace
Down from their Ivory fore-heads: In those days
I have cut Capers thus high. Nay, in, Gentlemen,
And single out the Ladies.
RAYM. Well advised!
Nay [Mistriss] Bride, you shall along with us;
For without you all's nothing.
ANNA. Willingly,
With [Master] Bridegrooms leave.
BON. Oh my best Joy,
This day I am your servant.
WOOD. True, this day;
She his, her whole life after—so it should be:
Onely this day a Groom to do her service,
For which the full remainder of his age
He may write Master. I have done it yet,
And so I hope still shall do. Sister *Luce*,
May I presume my brother *Franckford* can
Say as much, and truly?
LUCE. Sir, he may,
I freely give him leave.
WOOD. Observe that, brother—
She freely gives you leave; But who gives leave,
The Master or the servant?
FRANCK. You [are] pleasant,
And it becomes you well, but this day most;

That having but one Daughter, have bestowed her
To your great hope and comfort.
WOOD. I have one:
Would you could say so, Sister; but your barrenness
Hath given your husband freedom, if he please,
To seek his pastime elsewhere.
LUCE. Well, well brother,
Though you may taunt me that have never yet
Been blest with issue, spare my husband pray,
For he may have a By-blow, or an Heir
That you never heard of.
FRANCK. [*aside*] Oh fie wife, make not
My fault too publick.
LUCE. Yet himself keep within compass.
FRANCK. [*aside*] If you love me, Sweet!
LUCE. Nay I have done.
WOOD. But if
He have not, Wench, I would he had; the hurt
I wish you both. [*to Luce*] Prithee, thine ear a little.
NURSE. [*to Franckford*] Your boy grows up, and 'tis a chopping Lad,
A man even in the Cradle.
FRAN. Softly Nurse:
NURSE. One of the forwardst infants—how it will crow
And chirrup like a Sparrow! I fear shortly
It will breed teeth, you must provide him therefore
A Corral, with a Whistle and a Chain.
FRAN. He shall have any thing.
NURSE. He's now quite out of Blankets.
FRAN. There's a Piece,
Provide him what he wants, onely good Nurse
Prithee at this time be silent.
NURSE. A Charm to binde
Any Nurses tongue that's living.
WOOD. Come, we are mist
Among the younger Frye—Gravity oft-times
Becomes the sports of youth, especially
At such Solemnities, and it were sin
Not in our Age to show what we have bin. *Exeunt*

[SCENE 2.]

The same.]

Enter Lessingham *sad, with a Letter in his hand.*

LESS. *Amicitia nihil dedit natura majus nec rarius,*
So saith my Author. If then powerful Nature
In all her bounties showred upon mankinde,
Found none more rare and precious than this one
We call Friendship, oh to what a Monster
Would this trans-shape me, to be made that he
To violate such goodness! To kill any
Had been a sad Injunction, but a Friend!
Nay, of all Friends the most approved! A Task,
Hell till this day could never parallel:
And yet this woman has a power of me
Beyond all vertue—vertue! almost grace.
What might her hidden purpose be in this?
Unless she apprehend some fantasie
That no such thing has being:——and as kinred
And claims to Crowns are worn out of the world,
So the name Friend? 'T may be 'twas her conceit.
I have tryed those that have professed much,
For coin. . . nay sometimes slighter courtesies,
Yet found 'em cold enough,——so perhaps she,
Which makes her thus opinion'd.——If in the former,
And therefore better days, 'twas held so rare,
Who knows but in these last and worser times,
It may be now with Justice banisht th'earth?
I 'm full of thoughts, and this my troubled brest
Distemper'd with a thousand fantasies—
Something I must resolve. I'le first make proof
If such a thing there be; which having found,
'Twixt Love and Friendship 'twill be a brave Fight,
To prove in man which claims the greatest right.

Enter Raymond, Eustace, Lyonel, and Grover.

RAYM. What, Master *Lessingham*!
You that were wont to be compos'd of mirth,
All spirit and fire——Alacrity it self,

Like the lustre of a late bright-shining Sun,
Now wrapt in clouds and darkness!
LYON. Prithee be merry,
Thy dulness sads the half part of the house,
And deads that spirit which thou wast wont to quicken,
And, half spent, to give Life [to].
LESS. Gentlemen,
Such as have cause for sport, I shall wish ever
To make of it the present benefit
While it exists.——Content is still short-breathed,
When it was mine I did so. If now yours,
I pray make your best use on't.
LYON. Riddles and Paradoxes:
Come, come, some Crotchet's come into thy pate,
And I will know the cause on't.
GROV. So will I,
Or I protest ne're leave thee.
[LESS.] 'Tis a business
Proper to my self,——one that concerns
No second person.
GROV. How's that? not a friend?
LESS. Why, is there any such?
GROV. Do you question that? what do you take me for?
EUST. I Sir, or me? 'Tis many moneths ago
Since we betwixt us interchang'd that name,
And of my part ne're broken.
LYON. Troth, nor mine.
RAYM. If you make question of a Friend, I pray
Number not me the last in your accompt,
That would be crown'd in your opinion first.
LESS. You all speak nobly. But amongst you all
Can such a one be found?
RAYM. Not one amongst us,
But would be proud to wear the character
Of noble Friendship. In the name of which,
And of all us here present, I intreat,
Expose to us the grief that troubles you.
LESS. I shall, and briefly: If ever Gentleman
Sunk beneath scandal, or his reputation,
Never to be recovered, suffered, and

For want of one whom I may call a Friend,
Then mine is now in danger.
RAYM. I'le redeem't,
Though with my lifes dear hazard.
EUST. I pray Sir,
Be to us open-breasted.
LESS. Then 'tis thus:
There is to be performed a Mon[o]machy,
Combat, or Duel—Time, Place, and Weapon
Agreed betwixt us. Had it toucht my self,
And my self onely, I had then been happy;
But I by composition am engag'd
To bring with me my Second, and he too,
Not as the Law of Combat is, to stand
Aloof and see fair play, bring off his friend,
But to engage his person; both must fight,
And either of them dangerous.
EUST. Of all things,
I do not like this fighting.
LESS. Now Gentlemen,
Of this so great a courtesie I am
At this instant meerly destitute.
RAYM. The time?
LESS. By eight a clock to-morrow.
RAYM. How unhappily
Things may fall out!—I am just at that hour
Upon some late conceived Discontents,
To atone me to my father, otherwise
Of all the rest you had commanded me
Your Second, and your Servant.
LYON. Pray the Place?
LESS. Callis-Sands.
LYON. It once was fatal to a friend of mine,
And a near kinsman, for which I vowed then,
And deeply too, never to see that ground:
But if it had been elsewhere, one of them
Had before [m]ine been worms-meat.
GROV. What's the weapon?
LESS. Single-sword.
GROV. Of all that you could name,

A thing I never practis'd,——Had it been
Rapier——or that, and Ponyard, where men use
Rather sleight than force, I had been then your Man;
Being young, I strained the sinews of my arm,
Since then to me 'twas never serviceable.

EUST. In troth Sir, had it been a money-matter,
I could have stood your friend, but as for [f]ighting
I was ever out at that. *Exeunt Gallants.*

LESS. Well, farewel Gentlemen,
But where's the Friend in all this? tush, she's wise, *Enter*
And knows there's no such thing beneath the moon: *Bonvile.*
I now applaud her judgement.

BON. Why how now friend!—this Discontent which now
Is so unseason'd, makes me question what
I ne're durst doubt before, your Love to me—
Doth it proceed from Envy of my Bliss
Which this day crowns me with? Or have you been
A secret Rival in my happiness?
And grieve to see me owner of those Joys,
Which you could wish your own?

LESS. Banish such thoughts,
Or you shall wrong the truest faithful Friendship
Man e're could boast of—oh mine honor, Sir,
'Tis that which makes me wear this brow of sorrow:
Were that free from the power of Calumny...
But pardon me, that being now a-dying
Which is so near to man, if part we cannot
With pleasant looks.

BON. Do but speak the burthen,
And I protest to take it off from you,
And lay it on my self.

LESS. 'Twere a request,
Impudence without blushing could not ask,
It bears with it such injury.

BON. Yet must I know't.

LESS. Receive it then.——But I intreat you sir,
Not to imagine that I apprehend
A thought to further my intent by you,
From you 'tis least suspected——'Twas my fortune
To entertain a Quarrel with a Gentleman,

The Field betwixt us challeng'd,——place and time,
And these to be performed not without Seconds.
I have rely'd on many seeming friends,
But cannot bless my memory with one
Dares venter in my Quarrel.
BON. Is this all?
LESS. It is enough to make all temperature
Convert to fury.——Sir, my Reputation
(The life and soul of Honor) is at stake,
In danger to be lost——the word of *Coward*
Still printed in the name of *Lessingham.*
BON. Not while there is a *Bonvile.*——May I live poor,
And die despised, not having one sad friend
To wait upon my Hearse, if I survive
The ruine of that Honor!——Sir, the time?
LESS. Above all spare me [that]——for that once known,
You'l cancel this your promise, and unsay
Your friendly proffer.——Neither can I blame you—
Had you confirmed it with a thousand Oathes,
The Heavens would look with mercy, not with justice
On your offence, should you enfringe 'em all.
Soon after Sun-rise upon *Callis-sands,*
To-morrow we should meet——now to deferre
Time one half hour, I should but forfeit all.
But Sir, of all men living, this alas
Concerns you least;——For shall I be the man
To rob you of this nights felicity,
And make your Bride a Widow,——her soft bed
No witness of those joys this night expects?
BON. I still preferre my friend before my pleasure,
Which is not lost for ever——but adjourned
For more mature employment.
LESS. Will you go then?
BON. I am resolved I will.
LESS. And instantly?
BON. With all the speed celerity can make.
LESS. You do not weigh those inconveniences
This Action meets with.——Your departure hence
Will breed a strange distraction in your friends,
Distrust of Love in your fair vertuous Bride,

Whose eyes perhaps may never more be blest
With your dear sight: since you may meet a grave,
And that not amongst your noble Ancestors,
But amongst strangers, almost enemies.
BON. This were enough to shake a weak resolve,
It moves not me. Take horse as secretly
As you well may: my Groom shall make mine ready
With all speed possible, unknown to any. *Enter Annabel.*
LESS. But Sir, the Bride.
AN. Did you not see the Key that's to unlock
My Carckanet and Bracelets? Now in troth
I am afraid 'tis lost.
BON. No Sweet, I ha't:
I found it lye at random in your Chamber,
And knowing you would miss it, laid it by·
'Tis safe I warrant you.
AN. Then my fear's past:
But till you give it back, my Neck and Arms
Are still your Prisoners.
BON. But you shall finde
They have a gentle Jaylor.
AN. So I hope.
Within y'are much enquired of.
BON. Sweet, I follow. [*Exit Annabel.*]
Dover?
LESS. Yes, that's the place.
BON. If you be there before me, hire a Barque,
I shall not fail to meet you. *Exeunt.*
LESS. Was ever known
A man so miserably blest as I?
I have ∧ no sooner found the greatest good,
Man in this pilgrimage of Life can meet,
But I must make the womb where 'twas conceived
The Tomb to bury it, and the first hour it lives,
The last it must breath? Yet there's a Fate
That sways and governs above womans hate. *Exit.*

Explicit. Act. 1.

ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCENA PRIMA.

[*A highway close by.*]

Enter Rochfield a young Gentleman.

ROCH. A Younger Brother! 'tis a poor Calling
(Though not unlawful) very hard to live on;
The elder fool inherits all the Lands,
And we that follow, Legacies of Wit,
And get 'em when we can too. Why should Law
(If we be lawful and legitimate)
Leave us without an equal divident?
Or why compels it not our Fathers else
To cease from getting, when they want to give?
No sure, our Mothers will ne're agree to that,
They love to groan, although the Gallows eccho
And groan together for us. From the first
We travel forth, t'other's our journeys end.
I must forward, to beg is out of my way,
And borrowing is out of date: The old road,
The old high-way 't must be, and I am in't,
The place will serve for a yong beginner, for
This is the first day I set ope[n] shop;
Success then, sweet *Laverna*, I have heard
That Thieves adore thee for a Deity.
I would not purchase by thee, but to eat,
And 'tis too churlish to deny me meat.
Soft, here may be a booty.

Enter Annabel and a servant.

AN. Hors'd, sayest thou?

SER. Yes Mistriss, with *Lessingham.*

AN. Alack, I know not what to doubt or fear,
I know not well whether't be well or ill:
But sure it is no custom for the Groom
To leave his Bride upon the Nuptial day.
I am so yong and ignorant a Scholar—
Yes, and it proves so: I talk away perhaps
That might be yet recovered. Prithee run,
The fore-path may advantage thee to meet 'em,
Or the Ferry which is not two miles before,
May trouble 'em until thou comest in ken,

And if thou dost, prithee enforce thy voice
To overtake thine eyes, cry out, and crave
For me but one word 'fore his departure.
I will not stay him, say, beyond his pleasure;
Nor rudely ask the cause, if he be willing
To keep it from me. Charge him by all the love...
But I stay thee too long. Run, run.
SER. If I had wings I would spread 'em now, Mistriss. *Exit.*
AN. Ile make the best speed after that I can,
Yet I am not well acquainted with the path:
My fears I fear me will misguide me too. *Exit.*
ROCH. There's good moveables I perceive, what ere
The ready Coin be—
Who ever owns her, she's mine now: the next ground
Has a most pregnant hollow for the purpose. *Exit.*

[ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCENA SECUNDA.]

[*The same road, a little further on.*]

Enter servant running over, [*and exit.*] *Enter Annabel, after her Rochfield.*

AN. I'm at a doubt already where I am.
ROCH. Ile help you, Mistriss, well overtaken.
AN. Defend me goodness! What are you?
ROCH. A man.
AN. An honest man, I hope.
ROCH. In some degrees hot, not altogether cold
So far as rank poison, yet dangerous
As I may be drest: I am an honest thief.
AN. Honest and Thief hold small affinity,
I never heard they were akin before,
Pray Heaven I finde it now!
ROCH. I tell you my name.
AN. Then honest thief, since you have taught me so,
For Ile enquire no other, use me honestly.
ROCH. Thus then Ile use you: First ^ to prove me honest,
I will not violate your Chastity,
(That's no part yet of my profession)
Be you Wife or Virgin.

AN. I am both, Sir.
ROCH. This then it seems should be your Wedding-day,
And these the hours of interim to keep you
In that double state. Come then, Ile be brief,
For Ile not hinder your desired *Hymen*:
You have about you some superfluous Toys,
Which my lanck hungry pockets would [containe]
With much more profit, and more privacy;
You have an idle Chain which keeps your Neck
A Prisoner—a Mannacle, I take it,
About your wrist too. If these prove Emblems
Of the combined Hemp to halter mine,
The Fates take their pleasure!—these are set down
To be your Ransom, and there the Thief is proved.
AN. I will confess both, and the last forget;
You shall be onely honest in this deed.
Pray you take it, I intreat you to it,
And then you steal 'em not.
ROCH. You may deliver 'em.
AN. Indeed I cannot:
If you observe, Sir, they are both lock'd about me,
And the Key I have not; happily you are furnisht
With some instrument, that may unloose 'em.
ROCH. No in troth, Lady, I am but a Fresh-man,
I never read further than this Book you see,
And this very day is my beginning too:
These picking Laws I am to study yet. [*He draws his sword.*]
AN. Oh, do not show me that, Sir, 'tis too frightful:
Good, hurt me not, for I do yield 'em freely:
Use but your hands, perhaps their strength will serve
To tear 'em from me without much detriment,
Somewhat I will endure. [*He sheathes it again.*]
ROCH. Well, sweet Lady,
Y' are the best Patient for a young Physician,
That I think e're was practis'd on. Ile use you
As gently as I can, as I'm an honest Thief. [*He tries to force*
No? [wil't] not do? do I hurt you, Lady? *off the bracelet.*]
AN. Not much, Sir.
ROCH. I'd be loath at all, I cannot do't. *She draws his sword.*
AN. Nay then you shall not, Sir. You a Thief,

And guard your self no better! No further read?
Yet out in your own book? A bad Clerk, are you not?
ROCH. I by Saint *Nicholas*, Lady, sweet Lady.
AN. Sir, I have now a Masculine vigor,
And will redeem my self with purchase too.
What money have you?
ROCH. Not a cross, by this foolish hand of mine.
AN. No money! 'Twere pity then to take this from thee:
I know thou'lt use me ne're the worse for this,
Take it agen, I know not how to use it:
A frown had taken't from me, which thou hadst not.
And now hear and believe me, on my knees
I make the Protestation—Forbear
To take what violence and danger must
Dissolve, if I forgo 'em now—I do assure
You would not strike my head off for my Chain,
Nor my hand for this—how to deliver 'em
Otherwise I know not; Accompany
Me back unto my house, 'tis not far off,
By all the Vows which this day I have tyed
Unto my wedded husband, the honor
Yet equal with my Cradle-puritie
(If you will tax me), to the hoped joys,
The blessings of the bed, posterity,
Or what ought else by woman may be pledg'd,
I will deliver you in ready Coin,
The full and dearest esteem of what you crave.
ROCH. Ha, ready money is the prize I look for,
It walks without suspition any where,
When Chains and Jewels may be stayed and call'd
Before the Constable: But—
AN. But? Can you doubt?
You saw I gave you my advantage up:
Did you e're think a woman to be true?
ROCH. Thought 's free. I have heard of some few, Lady,
Very few indeed.
AN. Will you adde one more to your belief?
ROCH. They were fewer than the Articles of my Belief;
Therefore I have room for you, and will believe you.
Stay: you'l ransom your Jewels with ready Coin—

So may you do, and then discover me.
AN. Shall I reiterate the Vows I made
To this injunction, or new ones coyn?
ROCH. Neither, Ile trust you: if you do destroy
A Thief that never yet did Robbery,
Then farewel I, and mercy fall upon me!
I knew one once fifteen years Courtier—owld,
And he was buried ere he took a Bribe:
It may be my case in the worser way.
Come, you know your path back?
AN. Yes, I shall guide you.
ROCH. Your arm, Ile lead with greater dread than will,
Nor do you fear, tho in thiefs handling still. *Exeunt.*

[ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCENA TERTIA.]

[*Blackwall.*]

Enter two Boys, one with a childe in his arms.

1 BOY. I say 'twas fair play.
2 BOY. To snatch up stakes! I say you should not say so, if the childe were out of mine arms.
1 BOY. I then thou'dst lay about like a man, but the childe will not be out of thine arms this five years, and then thou hast a prentiship to serve to a boy afterwards. *Enter Compass.*
2 BOY. So Sir!—you know you have the advantage of me.
1 BOY. I'm sure you have the odds of me, you are two to one. But soft, *Jack*, who comes here? if a Point will make us friends, we'l not fall out.
2 BOY. Oh the pity, 'tis Gaffer *Compass*! They said he was dead three years ago.
1 BOY. Did not he dance the *Hobby-horse* in *Hackney*-Morrice once?
2 BOY. Yes, yes, at *Green-goose Fayr*—as honest and as poor a man.
COMP. *Black-wall*, sweet *Black-wall*, do I see thy white cheeks again? I have brought some Brine from sea for thee: tears that might be tyed in a True-love Knot, for they'r fresh salt indeed. Oh beautiful *Black-wall*! if *Urse* my wife be living to this day, though she die to-morrow, sweet Fates!

2 Boy. Alas, let's put him out of his dumps for pity sake: welcome home, Gaffer *Compass*, welcome home, Gaffer.

Compass. My pretty youths, I thank you. Honest *Jack*! what a little man art thou grown since I saw thee! Thou hast got a child since, methinks.

2 Boy. I am fain to keep it, you see, whosoever got it, Gaffer: it may be another mans case as well as mine.

Comp. Say'st true, *Jack*: and whose pretty knave is it?

2 Boy. One that I mean to make a younger brother if he live to't, Gaffer. But I can tell you news: You have a brave Boy of your own wifes: oh tis a shot to this pig.

Comp. Have I *Jack*? Ile ow thee a dozen of Points for this news.

2 Boy. Oh 'tis a chopping Boy! it cannot chuse you know, Gaffer, it was so long a-breeding.

Comp. How long, *Jack*?

2 Boy. You know 'tis four year ago since you went to sea, and your childe is but a Quarter old yet.

Comp. What plaguy boys are bred now a days!

1 Boy. Pray Gaffer, how long may a childe be breeding before 'tis born?

Comp. That is as things are and prove, childe; the soyl has a great hand in't too, the Horizon, and the C[li]me; these things you'l understand when you go to sea. In some parts of *London* hard by, you shall have a Bride married to-day, and brought to Bed within a moneth after, sometimes within three weeks, a fortnight. 1 Boy. Oh horrible!

Comp. True as I tell you Lads: in another place you shall have a couple of Drones, do what they can, shift Lodgings, Beds, Bed-fellows, yet not a childe in ten years. 2 Boy. Oh pitiful!

Comp. Now it varies agen by that time you come at *Wapping*, *Radcliff*, *Lymehouse*, and here with us at *Black-wall*, our chil[dr]en come uncertainly, as the winde serves: sometimes here we are supposed to be away three or four year together, 'tis nothing so; we are at home and gone agen, when no body knows on't: if you'l believe me, I have been at *Surrat* as this day, I have taken the Long-boat (a fair Gale with me) been here a-bed with my wife by twelve a Clock at night, up and gone agen i'th morning and no man the wiser, if you'l believe me.

2 Boy. Yes, yes Gaffer, I have thought so many times—that you or somebody else have been at home—I lye at next wall, and I have heard a noise in your chamber all night long.

Comp. Right, why that was I, yet thou never sawst me.

2 Boy. No indeed, Gaffer.

Comp. No, I warrant thee, I was a thousand leagues off e're thou wert up. But *Jack*, I have been loath to ask all this while for discomforting my self, how does my wife? is she living?

2 Boy. Oh never better, Gaffer, never so lusty, and truly she wears better clothes than she was wont in your days, especially on Holidays—fair Gowns, brave Petticoats, and fine Smocks, they say that have seen 'em; and some of the neighbors reports that they were taken up at *London*.

Comp. Like enough: they must be paid for, *Jack*:

2 Boy. And good reason, Gaffer.

Comp. Well *Jack*, thou shalt have the honor on't, go tell my wife the joyful tidings of my return.

2 Boy. That I will, for she heard you were dead long ago. *Exit.*

1 Boy. Nay sir, Ile be as forward as you, by your leave. *Exit.*

Comp. Well wife, if I be one of the Livery, I thank thee, the Horners are a great Company, there may be an Alderman amongst us one day—'tis but changing our Copy, and then we are no more to be called by our old Brother-hood.

Enter Compass his wife.

Wife. Oh my sweet *Compass*, art thou come agen?

Comp. Oh *Urse*, give me leave to shed—the fountain[s] of Love will have their course; though I cannot sing at first sight, yet I can cry before I see. I am new come into the world, and children cry before they laugh, a fair while.

Wife. And so thou art, sweet *Compass*, new born indeed;
For Rumor laid thee out for dead long since,
I never thought to see this face agen.
I heard thou wert div'd to th' bottom of the sea,
And taken up a Lodging in the Sands,
Never to come to *Black-wall* agen.

Comp. I was going indeed wife, but I turn'd back: I heard an ill report of my neighbors, Sharks and Sword-fishes, and the like, whose companies I did not like: come kiss my tears now sweet *Urse*, sorrow begins to ebb.

Wife. A thousand times welcome home, sweet *Compass*.

COMP. An Ocean of thanks—and that will hold 'em: and *Urse*, how goes all at home? or cannot all go yet? Lanck still? will 't never be full Sea at our Wharf?

WIFE. Alas, husband.

COMP. A lass or a lad, wench—I should be glad of both: I did look for a pair of Compasses before this day.

WIFE. And you from home?

COMP. I from home? why though I be from home, and other of our neighbors from home, it is not fit all should be from home, so the town might be left desolate, and our neighbors of *Bowe* might come further from the [*Lea Cut*], and inhabit here.

WIFE. I'm glad y'are merry, sweet husband.

COMP. Merry? nay, Ile be merrier yet, why should I be sorry? I hope my boy 's well, is he not? I lookt for another by this time. WIFE. What boy, husband?

COMP. What boy? why the boy I got when I came home in the Cock-boat one night, about a year ago? you have not forgotten't, I hope? I think I left behinde for a boy, and a boy I must be answer'd: I'm sure I was not drunk, it could be no girl.

WIFE. Nay then I do perceive my fault is known.
Dear man, your pardon.

COMP. Pardon! Why thou hast not made away my boy, hast thou? Ile hang thee if there were ne're a whore in *London* more, if thou hast hurt but his little toe.

WIFE. Your long absence, with rumor of your death—
After long battery I was surprized.

COMP. Surprized? I cannot blame thee: *Black-wall*, if it were double black-walled, can't hold out always, no more than *Lymehouse*, or *Shadwell*, or the strongest Suburbs about *London*, and when it comes to that, woe be to the City too!

WIFE. Pursued by gifts and promises I yielded:
Consider husband, I am a woman,
Neither the first nor last of such Offenders—
'Tis true, I have a childe.

COMP. [Ha'] you? and what shall I have then I pray? will not you labor for me as I shall do for you? Because I was out o'th way when 'twas gotten, shall I loose my share? There's better Law amongst the Players yet; for a fellow shall have his share though he do not play that day: if you look for any part of my [foure] Years wages, I will have half the boy.

WIFE. If you can forgive me, I shall be joyed at it.
COMP. Forgive thee, for what? for doing me a pleasure? and what is he that would seem to father my childe?
WIFE. A man sir, whom in better courtesies
We have been beholding [to]:
The Merchant, [Master] *Franckford.*
COMP. Ile acknowledge no other courtesies: for this I am beholding to him, and I would requite it if his wife were young enough. Though he be one of our Merchants at Sea, he shall give me leave to be Owner at home. And where's my boy? shall I see him?
WIFE. He's nurst at *Bednal-green*: 'tis now too late,
To-morrow Ile bring you to it, if you please.
COMP. I would thou couldst bring me another by to-morrow.
Come, we'l eat and to bed, and if a fair Gale come,
We'l hoist sheets, and set forwards.
Let fainting fools lie sick upon their scorns,
Ile teach a Cuckold how to hide his horns. *Exeunt.*

[ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCENA QUARTA.]

[*Woodroff's House.*]

Enter Woodroff, Franckford, Raymond, Eustace, Grover, Lyonel, Clare, Luce.

WOOD. This wants a pre[ce]dent, that a Bridegroom
Should so discreet and decently observe
His Forms, Postures, all customary Rites
Belonging to the Table, and then hide himself
From his expected wages in the bed.
FRANCK. Let this be forgotten too, that it [remain] not
A first example.
RAYM. [*aside*] Keep it amongst us,
Lest it beget too much unfruitful sorrow:
Most likely 'tis that love to *Lessingham*
Hath fastened [that] on him, we all denied.
EUST. [*aside*] 'Tis more certain than likely. I know 'tis so.
GROV. [*aside*] Conceal [it] then: the event may be well enough.
WOOD. The Bride my daughter, she's hidden too:
This last hour she hath not been seen with us.

RAYM. Perhaps they are together.
EUST. And then we make too strict an inquisition—
Under correction of fair modesty,
Should they be stoln away to bed together,
What would you say to that?
WOOD. I would say, Speed 'em well,
And if no worse news comes, Ile never weep for't. *Enter*
How now, hast thou any tidings? *Nurse.*
NURSE. Yes forsooth, I have tidings.
WOOD. Of any one that's lost?
NURSE. Of one that's found agen, forsooth.
WOOD. Oh, he was lost, it seems then?
FRANCK. This tidings comes to me, I guess Sir.
NURSE. Yes truly does it, sir. [*They whisper together.*]
RAYM. I, has old Lads work for young Nurses?
EUST. Yes, when they groan towards their second infancy.
CLARE. [*aside*] I fear my self most guilty for the absence
Of the Bridegroom: what our wills will do
With over-rash and headlong peevishness,
To bring our calm discretions to repentance!
Lessingham's mistaken, quite out o'th way
Of my purpose too.
FRANCK. Return'd? NURSE. And all discover'd.
FRANCK. A fool!—rid him further off. Let him not
Come near the child.
NURSE. Nor see't, if it be your charge.
FRANCK. It is, and strictly.
NURSE. To-morrow morning, as I hear, he purposeth
To come to *Bednal-green*, his wife with him.
FRANCK. He shall be met there; yet if he fore-stall
My coming, keep the childe safe.
NURSE. If he be
The earlier up, he shall arive at the proverb. *Exit Nurse.*

Enter Rochfield and Annabel.

WOOD. So, so,
There's some good luck yet, the Bride's in sight agen.
ANNA. Father, and Gentlemen all, beseech you
Entreat this Gentleman with all courtesie,
He is a loving kinsman of my *Bonviles*,

That kindly came to gratulate our Wedding;
But as the day falls out, you see alone
I personate both Groom and Bride;
Onely your help to make this welcome better.
WOOD. Most dearly. RAYM. To all, assure you sir.
WOOD. But where's the Bridegroom, Girl?
We are all at a *non-plus* here, at a stand, quite out,
The Musick ceas'd, and dancing surbated,
Not a light heel amongst us; my Cousin *Clare* too
As cloudy here as on a washing-day.
CLARE. It is because you will not dance with me,
I should then shake it off.
ANNA. 'Tis I have cause
To be the sad one now, if any be:
But I have question'd with my meditations,
And they have rend'red well and comfortably
To the worst fear I found: Suppose this day
He had long since appointed to his foe
To meet, and fetch a Reputation from him
(Which is the dearest Jewel unto man.)
Say he do fight, I know his goodness such,
That all those Powers that love it are his guard,
And ill cannot betide him.
WOOD. Prithee peace,
Thou'lt make us all Cowards to hear a woman
Instruct so valiantly. Come, the Musick,
Ile dance my self rather than thus put down—
What, I am rife a little yet.
ANNA. Onely this Gentleman
Pray you be free in welcome [to]—I tell you
I was in fear when first I saw him.
ROCH. [*aside*] Ha? she'l tell.
ANNA. I had quite lost my way
In my first amazement, but he so fairly came
To my recovery, in his kinde conduct,
Gave me such loving comforts to my fears...
('Twas he instructed me in what I spake)
And many better than I have told you yet,
You shall hear more anon.
ROCH. [*aside*] So, she will out with 't.

ANNA. I must, I see, supply both places still:
Come, when I have seen you back to your pleasure,
I will return to you, Sir: we must discourse
More of my *Bonvile* yet.
OMNES. A noble Bride, 'faith.
CLARE. [*aside*] You have your wishes, and you may be merry,
Mine have over-gone me. *Exeunt.*

[*Manet*] *Rochfield solus.*

ROCH. It is the tremblingst trade to be a Thief,
H'ad need have all the world bound to the peace;
Besides the bushes, and the phanes of houses,
Every thing that moves he goes in fear of 's life on.
A furr-gown'd Cat, and meet her in the night,
She stares with a Constables eye upon him;
And every Dog, a Watch-man; a black Cowe
And a Calf with a white face after her
Shows like a surly Justice and his Clerk;
And if the Baby go but to the bag,
'Tis ink and paper for a *Mittimus*:
Sure I shall never thrive on't, and it may be
I shall need take no care, I may be now
At my journeys end, or but the Goals distance,
And so to'th t'other place: I trust a woman
With a secret worth a hanging—is that well?
I could finde in my heart to run away yet.
And that were base too, to run from a woman;
I can lay claim to nothing but her Vows,
And they shall strengthen me. *Enter Annabel.*
ANNA. See sir, my promise,
There's twenty Pieces, the full value I vow,
Of what they cost.
ROCH. Lady, do not trap me
Like a Sumpter-horse, and then spur-gall me till
I break my winde: if the Constable be at the door,
Let his fair staff appear, perhaps I may
Corrupt him with this Gold.
ANNA. Nay then if you mistrust me: Father, Gentlemen,
[Master] *Raymond, Eustace*! *Enter all as before,*
WOOD. How now, what's the matter, Girl? *and a Saylor.*

ANNA. For shame!—will you bid your Kinsman welcome?
No one but I will lay a hand on him—
Leave him alone, and all a-revelling!
WOOD. Oh, is that it? Welcome, welcome heartily,
I thought the Bridegroom had been return'd.
But I have news, *Annabel*: this fellow brought it.
Welcome Sir, why you tremble methinks, Sir.
ANNA. Some agony of anger 'tis, believe it,
His entertainment is so cold and feeble.
RAYM. Pray be cheer'd, Sir.
ROCH. I'm wondrous well, sir, 'twas the Gentlemans mistake.
WOOD. 'Twas my hand shook belike, then—you must pardon
Age, I was stiffer once. But as I was saying,
I should by promise see the Sea to-morrow,
('Tis meant for Physick) as low as *Lee* or *Margets*:
I have a Vessel riding forth, Gentlemen,
'Tis called the *God-speed* too—though I say't, a brave one,
Well and richly fraughted; and I can tell you
She carries a *Letter of Mart* in her mouth too,
And twenty roaring Boys on both sides on her,
Star-board and Lar-board.
What say you now, to make you all Adventurers?
You shall have fair dealing, that Ile promise you.
RAYM. A very good motion, sir, I begin,
There's my ten pieces.
EUST. I second 'em with these.
GROV. My ten in the third place.
ROCH. And Sir, if you refuse not a proffer'd love,
Take my ten pieces with you too.
WOOD. Yours, above all the rest, Sir.
ANNA. Then make 'em above, venter ten more.
ROCH. Alas Lady, 'tis a younger brothers portion,
And all in one Bottom.
ANNA. At my encouragement, Sir,
Your credit (if you want Sir) shall not sit down
Under that sum return'd.
[R]OCH. With all my heart, Lady. There Sir:
[*aside*] So, she has fisht for her Gold back, and caught it;
I am no thief now.
WOOD. I shall make here a pretty Assurance.

ROCH. Sir,
I shall have a suit to you.
WOOD. You are likely to obtain it then, Sir.
ROCH. That I may keep you company to Sea,
And attend you back; I am a little travell'd.
WOOD. And heartily thank you too, sir.
ANNA. Why, that's well said:
Pray you be merry—though your Kinsman be absent,
I am here, the worst part of him, yet that shall serve
To give you welcome: to-morrow may show you
What this night will not—and be full assured,
Unless your twenty Pieces be ill lent,
Nothing shall give you cause of Discontent.
There's ten more, Sir.
ROCH. Why should I fear? Fouter on't,
Ile be merry now spite of the Hang-man. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus secundi.

ACT 3. SCENE I.

[*Calais-sands.*]

Enter Lessingham and Bonvile.

BON. We are first i'th field: I think your Enemy
Is staid at *Dover*, or some other Port,
We hear not of his landing.
LESS. I am confident
He is come over.
BON. You look methinks fresh-coloured.
LESS. Like a red Morning, friend, that still foretels
A stormy day to follow: But methinks
Now I observe your face, that you look pale,
There's death in't already.
BON. I could chide your error,
Do you take me for a Coward? A Coward
Is not his own friend, much less can he be
Another mans. Know, Sir, I am come hither
To instruct you by my generous example,
To kill your enemy, whose name as yet

I never question'd.
LESS. Nor dare I name him yet,
For dis-heartning you.
BON. I do begin to doubt
The goodness of your Quarrel.
LESS. Now you hav't;
For I protest that I must fight with one
From whom in the whole course of our acquaintance,
I never did receive the least injury.
BON. It may be the forgetful Wine begot
Some sudden blow, and thereupon [this] Challenge—
Howe're you are engaged; and for my part
I will not take your course, my unlucky friend,
To say your Conscience grows pale and heartless,
Maintaining a bad Cause: fight as Lawyers plead,
Who gain the best of reputation
When they can fetch a bad Cause smoothly off:
You are in, and must through.
LESS. Oh my friend,
The noblest ever man had: when my fate
Threw me upon this business, I made trial
Of divers had profest to me much love,
And found their friendship like the effects that kept
Our company together, Wine and Riot—
Giddy and sinking; I had found 'em oft
Brave Seconds at pluralities of Healths,
But when it came to'th proof, my Gentlemen
Appeared to me as promising and failing
As cozening Lotteries; but then I found
This Jewel worth a thousand Counterfeits:
I did but name my Engagement, and you flew
Unto my succor with that chearfulness,
As a great General hastes to a Battel,
When that the chief of the adverse part
Is a man glorious, [and] of ample fame:
You left your Bridal-bed to finde your Death-bed,
And herein you most nobly exprest,
That the affection 'tween two loyal friends
Is far beyond the love of man to woman,
And is more near allied to eternity.

What better friends part could be showed i'th world?
It transcends all! My father gave me life,
But you stand by my honor when 'tis falling,
And nobly [under-prop] it with your sword.
But now you have done me all this service,
How, how shall I requite this? how return
My grateful recompence for all this love?
For it am I come hither with full purpose
To kill you.
BON. Ha?
LESS. Yes: I have no opposite i'th wo[r]ld
But your self: There, read the Warrant for your death. [*Gives him Clare's letter.*
BON. 'Tis a womans hand.
LESS. And 'tis a bad hand too:
The most of 'em speak fair, write foul, mean worse.
BON. Kill me! away, you jest.
LESS. Such jest as your sharp-witted Gallants use
To utter, and loose their friends; Read there how I
Am fettered in a womans proud Command:
I do Love madly, and must do madly:
Deadliest Hellebore or vomit of a Toad
Is qualified poyson to the malice of a woman.
BON. "And kill that friend"? Strange!
LESS. You may see, Sir,
Although the Tenure by which Land was held
In Villenage be quite extinct in *England*,
Yet you have women there at this day living,
Make a number of slaves.
BON. "And kill that friend"? She mocks you
Upon my life, she does Equivocate:
Her meaning is, you cherish in your breast
Either self-love, or pride, as your best friend,
And she wishes you'd kill that.
LESS. Sure her Command
Is more bloody; for she loathes me, and has put,
As she imagines, this impossible task,
For ever to be quit and free from me;
But such is the violence of my affection,
That I must undergo it. Draw your sword,
And guard your self—though I fight in fury,

I shall kill you in cold blood, for I protest
'Tis done in heart-sorrow.
BON. Ile not fight with you,
For I have much advantage; the truth is,
I wear a privy Coat.
LESS. Prithee put it off then,
If th[ou] bee'st manly.
BON. The defence I mean, is the justice of my Cause
That would guard me, and fly to thy destruction:
What confidence thou wearest in a bad cause!—
I am likely to kill thee if I fight,
And then you fail to effect your [Mistriss'] bidding,
Or to enjoy the fruit of 't;
I have ever wisht thy happiness, and vow
I now so much affect it in compassion
Of my friends sorrow—make thy way to it. [*He offers his sword to Lessingham.*]
LESS. That were a cruel Murder.
BON. Believ't 'tis ne're intended otherwise,
When 'tis a womans bidding.
LESS. Oh the necessity of my fate!
BON. You shed tears.
LESS. And yet must on in my cruel purpose:
A Judge methinks looks lovelyest when he weeps,
Pronouncing of deaths Sentence: how I stagger
In my resolve! guard thee, for I came hither
To do, and not to suffer; wilt not yet
Be perswaded to defend thee? turn the point,
Advance it from the ground above thy head,
And let it underprop thee otherwise,
In a bold resistance.
BON. Stay. Thy injunction was,
Thou shouldst kill thy friend.
LESS. It was.
BON. Observe me—
He wrongs me most, ought to offend me least,
And they that study man, say of a friend.
There's nothing in the world that's harder found,
Nor sooner lost: thou camest to kill thy friend,
And thou mayest brag thou hast don't; for here for ever
All friendship dyes between us, and my heart

For bringing forth any effects of love,
Shall be as barren to thee as this sand
We tread on; cruel, and inconstant as
The Sea that beats upon this Beach. We now
Are severed: thus hast thou slain thy friend,
And satisfied what the Witch thy [Mistriss] bad thee.
Go and report that thou hast slain thy friend.
LESS. I am served right.
BON. And now that I do cease to be thy friend,
I will fight with thee as thine enemy,
I came not over idly to do nothing.
LESS. Oh friend!
BON. Friend?
The naming of that word shall be the quarrel.
What do I know but that thou lovest my wife,
And faind'st this plot to divide me from her bed,
And that this Letter here is counterfeit?
Will you advance Sir?
LESS. Not a blow;
'Twould appear ill in either of us to fight:
In you unmanly; for believe it Sir,
You have disarmed me already, done away
All power of resistance in me—it would show
Beastly to do wrong to the dead: to me you say,
You are dead for ever, lost on *Callis-sands*,
By the cruelty of a woman; yet remember
You had a noble friend, whose love to you
Shall continue after death: shall I go over
In the same Barque with you?
BON. Not for yon town
Of *Callis*—you know 'tis dangerous living
At Sea, with a dead body.
LESS. Oh you mock me,
May you enjoy all your noble wishes.
BON. And may you finde a better friend then I,
And better keep him. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE 2.]

[*Bethnal-Green. The Nurse's House.*]

Enter Nurse, Compass, and his Wife.

NURSE. Indeed you must pardon me, Goodman *Compass*, I have no authority to deliver, no not to let you see the Childe: to tell you true, I have command unto the contrary.

COMP. Command! From whom?

NURSE. By the father of it.

COMP. The father! Who am I?

NURSE. Not the father, sure.
The Civil Law has found it otherwise.

COMP. The Civil Law! why then the Uncivil Law shall make it mine agen; Ile be as dreadful as a *Shrove-tuesday* to thee, I will tear thy Cottage but I will see my Childe.

NURSE. Speak but half so much agen, Ile call the Constable, and lay Burglary to thy charge.

WIFE. My good husband, be patient. And prithee Nurse let him see the Childe.

NURSE. Indeed I dare not:
The father first delivered me the Childe,
He pays me well, and weekly for my pains,
And to his use I keep it.

COMP. Why thou white Bastard-breeder, is not this the mother?

NURSE. Yes, I grant you that.

COMP. Dost thou? and I grant it too: And is not the Childe mine own then by the wifes Coppy-hold?

NURSE. The Law must try that.

COMP. Law? Dost think Ile be but a Father in Law? all the Law betwixt *Black-wall* and *Tuttle-street*, and there's a pretty deal, shall not keep it from me—mine own flesh and blood! who does use to get my children but my self?

NURSE. Nay, you must look to that, I ne're knew you get any.

COMP. Never? put on a clean Smock and try me, if thou darest—three to one I get a Bastard on thee to-morrow morning between one and three.

NURSE. Ile see thee hangd first. *Enter Franckford and Luce.*

COMP. So thou shalt too.

NURSE. Oh here's the father, now pray talk with him.

FRANCK. Good morrow Neighbor: morrow to you both.

COMP. Both? Morrow to you and your wife too.

FRANCK. I would speak calmly with you.

COMP. I know what belongs to a Calm and a Storm too. A cold word with you: You have tyed your Mare in my ground.

FRANCK. No, 'twas my Nag.

COMP. I will cut off your Nags tayl, and make his rump make Hair-buttons, if e're I take him there agen.

FRANCK. Well sir, but to the Main.

COMP. Main! Yes, and Ile clip his Main too, and crop his ears too, do you mark? and back-gaul him, and spur-gaul him, do you note? And slit his Nose, do you smell me now, Sir? Unbritch his Barrel, and discharge his Bullets: Ile gird him till he stinks—you smell me now I'm sure.

FRANCK. You are too rough neighbor, to maintain...

COMP. Maintain? you shall not maintain no childe of mine, my wife does not bestow her labor to that purpose.

FRANCK. You are too speedy: I will not maintain—

COMP. No marry shall you not.

FRANCK. The deed to be lawful:
I have repented it, and to the Law
Given satisfaction, my purse has paid for't.

[C]OMP. Your purse! 'twas my wifes purse. You brought in the Coin indeed, but it was found base and counterfeit.

FRANCK. I would treat colder with you, if you be pleased.

COMP. Pleased? yes I am pleased well enough, serve me so still: I am going agen to sea one of these days, you know where I dwell, yet you'l but loose your labor, get as many children as you can, you shall keep none of them—

FRANCK. You are mad.

COMP. If I be horn-mad, what's that to you?

FRANCK. I leave off milder phrase, and then tell you plain you are a—

COMP. A what? what am I? FR. A Coxcomb.

COMP. A Coxcomb? I knew 'twould begin with a C.

FRANCK. The childe is mine, I am the father of it;
As it is past the deed, 'tis past the shame,
I do acknowledge, and will enjoy it.

COMP. Yes, when you can get it agen—is it not my wifes

labor? I'm sure she's the mother, you may be as far off the father as I am; for my wife's acquainted with more Whore-masters besides your self, and crafty Merchants too.

WIFE. No indeed husband, to make my offence
Both least and most, I knew no other man,
He's the begetter, but the childe is mine,
I bred and bore it, and I will not loose it.

LUCE. The childe's my husbands, Dame, and he must have it:
I do allow my sufferance to the deed,
In lieu I never yet was fruitful to him,
And in my barrenness excuse my wrong.

COMP. Let him dung his own ground better at home, then—if he plant his Reddish roots in my garden, Ile eat 'em with bread and Salt, though I get no Mutton to 'em; what tho your husband lent my wife your distaff, shall not the yarn be mine? Ile have the head, let him carry the spindle home agen.

FR. Forebear more words—then let the Law try it:
Meantime Nurse keep the childe, and to keep it better
Here take more pay beforehand. There's money for thee.

COMP. There's money for me too, keep it for me, Nurse: give him both thy dugs at once: I pay for thy right dug.

NURS. I have two hands you see—Gentlemen this does but show how the law will hamper you: even thus you must be used.

FR. The law shall show which is the worthier Gender:
A School-boy can do't.

COMP. Ile whip that School-boy that declines the childe from my wife and her heirs: do not I know my wifes case the *Genetive Case*, and that's *Hujus*, as great a case as can be?

FR. Well, fare you well, we shall meet in another place. Come *Luce*. *Exit, [with Luce].*

COMP. Meet her in the same place agen if you dare, and do your worst: must we go to law for our Children now a days? No marvel if the Lawyers grow rich; but e're the Law shall have a Lymb, a Leg, a Joynt, a Nayl,
I will spend more then a whole childe in getting,
Some win by play, and others by—by-betting. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE 3.]

[*Woodroff's House.*]

Enter Raymond, Eustace, Lyonel, Grover, Annabel, Clare.

LYON. Whence was that Letter sent?
ANN. From *Dover*, Sir.
LYON. And does that satisfie you what was the cause
Of his going over?
ANN. It does: yet had he onely
Sent this it had bin sufficient.
RAY. Why, what's that?
ANN. His Will wherein
He has estated me in all his land.
EUST. [*aside*] He's gone to fight.
LYON. [*aside*] *Lessinghams* second, certain.
ANN. And I am lost, lost in't for ever.
CLARE. [*aside*] Oh fool *Lessingham*,
Thou hast mistook my injunction utterly,
Utterly mistook it, and I am mad, stark mad
With my own thoughts, not knowing what event
Their going o're will come [to]; 'tis too late
Now for my tongue to cry my heart mercy,
Would I could be senceless till I hear
Of their return: I fear me both are lost.
RAY. [*aside*] Who should it be *Lessinghams* gone to fight with?
EUST. [*aside*] Faith I cannot possibly conjecture.
ANN. Miserable creature! a Maid, a Wife,
And Widow in the compass of two days.
RAY. Are you sad too?
CLARE. I am not very well, Sir.
RAY. I must put life in you.
CLARE. Let me go, Sir.
RAY. I do love you in spight of your heart.
CLARE. Believe it
There was never a fitter time to express it;
For my heart has a great deal of spight in't.
RAY. I will discourse to you fine fancies.
CLARE. Fine fooleries, will you not?
RAY. By this hand I love you, and will court you.

CLARE. Fie,
You can command your tongue, and I my ears
To hear you no further.
RAY. [*aside*] On my reputation, *Ent. Woodroff, Roch-*
She's off o'th hindges strangely. *feild, and a saylor.*
WOOD. Daughter, good news.
ANN. What, is my husband heard of?
WOOD. That's not the business; but you have here a Cousin
You may be mainly proud of, and I am sorry
'Tis by your husbands kindred, not your own,
That we might boast to have so brave a man
In our Allyance.
ANN. What, so soon return'd?
You have made but a short voyage; howsoever
You are to me most welcome.
ROCH. Lady thanks,
'Tis you have made me your own creature,
Of all my being, fortunes, and poor fame—
If I have purchas'd any, and of which
I no way boast—next the high providence,
You have bin the sole creatress.
ANN. Oh deer Cousin,
You are grateful above merit—what occasion
Drew you so soon from Sea?
WOOD. Such an occasion,
As I may bless Heaven for, you thank their bounty,
And all of us be joyful.
ANN. Tell us how.
WOOD. Nay daughter, the discourse will best appear
In his relation—where he fails, Ile help.
ROCH. Not to molest your patience with recital
Of every vain, and needless Circumstance,
'Twas briefly thus: Scarce having reacht to *Margets*,
Bound on our voyage, suddenly in view
Appeared to us three Spanish men of War—
These having spied the English Cross advance,
Salute us with a piece to have us strike,
Ours better spirited and no way daunted,
At their unequal oddes, though but one bottom,
Returned 'em fire for fire: the fight begins,

And dreadful on the sudden—still they proffered
To board us, still we bravely beat 'em off.
WOOD. But daughter, mark the Event.
ROCH. Sea-room we got—our ship being swift of sayl,
It helpt us much, yet two unfortunate shot,
One struck the Captains head off, and the other
With an unlucky splinter laid the Master
Dead on the hatches; all our spirits then failed us.
WOOD. Not all, you shall hear further, daughter.
ROCH. For none was left to manage, nothing now
Was talkt of but to yeild up ship and goods,
And mediate for our peace.
WOOD. Nay Cous, proceed.
ROCH. Excuse me, I intreat you, for what's more,
Hath already past my memory.
WOOD. But mine it never can: Then he stood up,
And with his oratory made us agen
To recollect our spirits so late dejected.
ROCH. Pray Sir!
WOOD. Ile speak't out; by unite consent
Then the command was his, and 'twas his place
Now to bestir him, down he went below,
And put the Lin-stocks in the Gunners hands—
They ply their ordinance bravely—then agen
Up to the decks; courage is there renewed,
Fear now not found amongst us: within less
Then four hours fight two of their ships were sunk,
Both foundered, and soon swallowed: not long after
The [third] begins to wallow, lyes on the Lee
To stop her leakes, then boldly we come on,
Boarded and took her, and she's now our prize.
SAYL. Of this we were eye-witness.
WOOD. And many more brave boys of us besides,
My self for one; never was, Gentlemen,
A Sea-fight better mannaged.
ROCH. Thanks to Heaven
We have saved our own, dammaged the enemy,
And to our Nations glory, we bring home
Honor and profit.
WOOD. In which Cousin *Rochfeild*,

You as a venturer have a double share,
Besides the name of Captain, and in that
A second benefit, but most of all,
Way to more great employment.
ROCH. [*to Annabel*] Thus your bounty
Hath been to me a blessing.
RAY. Sir, we are all
Indebted to your valor—this beginning
May make us of small venturers, to become
Hereafter wealthy Merchants.
WOOD. Daughter and Gentlemen,
This is the man was born to ^ make us all,
Come enter, enter; we will in and feast,
He's in the Bridegrooms absence my chief guest. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Tertii.

ACT 4. SCENE I.

[*The Three Tuns, Blackwall.*]

Enter Compass, Wife, Lyonel, and Pettifog the Attorney, and one Boy.

COMP. Three Tuns do you call this Tavern? it has a good neighbor of *Guild-hall*, Mr. *Pettifog*. Show a room, boy.
BOY. Welcome Gentlemen.
COMP. What? art thou here *Hodge*!
BOY. I am glad you are in health, sir.
COMP. This was the honest *Crack-roap* first gave me tidings of my wifes fruitfulness. Art bound Prentice? BOY. Yes, Sir.
COMP. Mayest thou long jumble Bastard most artificially, to the profit of thy Master, and pleasure of thy Mistriss.
BOY. What Wine drink ye, Gentlemen?
LYON. What Wine rellishes your pallate, good Mr. *Pettifog*?
PET. Nay, ask the woman.
COMP. Ellegant for her, I know her Diet.
PET. Believe me, I con her thank for't, I am of her side.
COMP. Marry, and reason, sir, we have entertain'd you for our Atorney. BOY. A Cup of neat Allegant?
COMP. Yes, but do not make it speak Welch, boy.

BOY. How mean you? *They sit down, Pettifog*
COMP. Put no Metheglin in't, ye rogue. *pulls out papers.*
BOY. Not a drop, as I am true Britain. [*Exit.*]

Enter Franckford, Eustace, [*Raymond*], *Luce, and Mr. Dodge a Lawyer to another Table, and a Drawer.*

FR. Show a private room, Drawer.
DR. Welcome Gentlemen.
EUST. As far as you can from noise, boy.
DR. Further this way then, sir; for in the next room there are three or four Fish-wives taking up a brabling business.
FR. Let's not sit near them by any means.
DODGE. Fill Canary, sirrah. [*Drawer fills glasses and exit.*]
FR. And what do you think of my Cause, Mr. *Dodge*?
DODGE. Oh we shall carry it most indubitably: you have money to go through with the business, and ne're fear it but we'l trownce 'em—you are the true Father.
LUCE. The mother will confess as much.
DODGE. Yes Mistriss, we have taken her Affidavit. Look you sir, here's the Answer to his Declaration.
FR. You may think strange, sir, that I am at charge
To call a Charge upon me: but 'tis truth,
I made a Purchase lately, and in that
I did estate the Childe, 'bout which I'm sued,
Joynt-purchaser in all the Land I bought:
Now that's one reason that I should have care,
Besides the tye of blood, to keep the Childe
Under my wing, and see it carefully
Instructed in those fair Abilities
May make it worthy hereafter to be mine,
And enjoy the Land I have provided for't.
LUCE. Right, and I councel'd you to make that Purchase;
And therefore Ile not have the Childe brought up
By such a Coxcomb as now sues for him,
He'd bring him up onely to be a Swabber:
He was born a Merchant and a Gentleman,
And he shall live and die so.
DODGE. Worthy Mistriss, I drink to you: you are a good woman, and but few of so noble a patience. *Enter* [1] *Boy.*
[1 BOY.] Score a quart of Allegant to'th' *Woodcock.*

Enter [2] *Boy like a Musician.*

[2] Boy. Will you have any musick, Gentlemen?

Comp. Musick amongst Lawyers! here's nothing but discord. What, *Rafe*! here's another of my young Cuckoes I heard last *April*, before I heard the Nightingale: no musick, good *Rafe*: here boy, your father was a Taylor, and methinks by your leering eye you should take after him. A good boy, make a leg handsomly, scrape your self out of our company. [*Exit* 2 *Boy.*] And what do you think of my Suit, sir?

Pet. Why, look you, sir: The Defendant was arrested first by [*Latitat*] in an Action of Trespass.

Comp. And a Lawyer told me it should have been an Action of the Case, should it not, wife?

Wife. I have no skill in Law, sir: but you heard a Lawyer say so.

Pet. I, but your Action of the Case is in that point too ticklish.

Comp. But what do you think—shall I overthrow my adversary?

Pet. Sans question: The childe is none of yours: what of that? I marry a widow is possest of a Ward, shall not I have the tuition of that Ward? Now sir, you lye at a stronger Ward; for *partus sequitur ventrem*, says the Civil Law: and if you were within compass of the four Seas, as the common Law goes, the childe shall be yours certain.

Comp. There's some comfort in that yet. Oh your Atorneys in *Guild-hall* have a fine time on't.

Lyon. You are in effect both Judge and Jury your selves.

Comp. And how you will laugh at your Clients when you sit in a Tavern, and call them Coxcombs, and whip up a Cause, as a Barber trims his Customers on a Christmass Eve, a snip, a wipe, and away!

Pet. That's ordinary, sir: you shall have the like at a *Nisi Prius*. Oh you are welcome, Sir. *Enter* 1 *Client.*

1 Client. Sir, you'l be mindful of my Suit?

Pet. As I am religious, Ile drink to you.

1 Client. I thank you. By your favor, Mistriss. I have much business and cannot stay; but there's money for a quart of Wine.

Comp. By no means.

1 CLIENT. I have said, Sir. *Exit. Enter* 2 *Client.*

PET. He's my Client sir, and he must pay; this is my tribute. Custom is not more truly paid in the *Sound of Denmark.*

2 CLIENT. Good sir, be careful of my business.

PET. Your Declaration's drawn, sir: Ile drink to you.

2 CLIENT. I cannot drink this morning; but there's money for a pottle of Wine. PET. Oh good sir!

2 CLIENT. I have done, sir. Morrow, Gentlemen. *Exit.*

COMP. We shall drink good cheap, [Master] *Pettifog.*

PET. And we sate here long, you'd say so. I have sate here in this Tavern but one half hour, drunk but three pints of wine, and what with the offering of my Clients in that short time, I have got nine shillings clear, and paid all the Reckoning.

LYON. Almost a Councellors Fee.

PET. And a great one, as the world goes in *Guild-hall*; for now our young Clerks share with 'em, to help 'em to Clients.

COMP. I don't think but that the Cucking-stool is an enemy to a number of brables, that would else be determined by Law.

PET. 'Tis so indeed, sir: My Client that came in now, sues his neighbor for kicking his Dog, and using the defamatory speeches, *Come out Cuckolds curr!*

LYON. And [what?—shall] you recover upon this speech?

PET. In *Guild-hall* I assure you—the other that came in was an Informer, a precious knave.

COMP. Will not the Ballad of *Flood* that was prest, make them leave their knavery?

PET. Ile tell you how he was served: This Informer comes into *Turnball-street* to a Victualling-house, and there falls in league with a Wench...

COMP. A *Tweak*, or *Bronstrops*—I learnt that name in a Play.

PET. Had belike some private dealings with her, and there got a Goose.

COMP. I would he had got two, I cannot away with an Informer.

PET. Now sir, this fellow in revenge of this, informs against the Bawd that kept the house, that she used Cannes in her house; but the cunning Jade comes me into'th Court, and there deposes that she gave him true *Winchester* measure.

COMP. Marry, I thank her with all my heart for't.

Ent. Drawer.

DRAW. Here's a Gentleman, one Justice *Woodroff*, enquires for [Master] *Franckford.* [*Exit.*]

FR. Oh, my brother and the other Compr[o]miser come to take up the business.

Enter Councellor and Woodroff.

WOOD. We have conferred and labored for your peace,
Unless your stubborness prohibit it;
And be assured, as we can determine it,
The Law will end, for we have sought the Cases.

COMP. If the Childe fall to my share, I am content to end upon any conditions, the Law shall run on head-long else.

FR. Your purse must run by like a Foot-man then.

COMP. My purse shall run open-mouth'd at thee.

COUN. My friend, be calm, you shall hear the reasons:
I have stood up for you, pleaded your Cause,
But am overthrown, yet no further yielded
Than your own pleasure; you may go on in Law
If you refuse our Censure.

COMP. I will yield to nothing but my Childe.

COUN. 'Tis then as vain in us to seek your peace,
Yet take the reasons with you: This Gentleman
First speaks, a Justice, to me—and observe it,
A childe that's base and illegitimate born,
The father found, who (if the need require it)
Secures the charge and dammage of the Parish
But the father? who charged with education
But the father? then by clear consequence
He ought for what he pays for, to enjoy.
Come to the strength of reason, upon which
The Law is grounded: the earth brings forth,
This ground or that, her Crop of Wheat or Rye—
Whether shall the Seeds-man enjoy the sheaf,
Or leave it to the earth that brought it forth?
The summer tree brings forth her natural fruit,
Spreads her large arms—who but the lord of it
Shall pluck Apples, or command the lops?
Or shall they sink into the root agen?
'Tis still most cleer upon the Fathers part

COMP. All this Law I deny, and will be mine own Lawyer. Is not the earth our Mother? And shall not the earth have all her children agen? I would see that Law durst keep any of us back, she'l have Lawyers and all first, tho they be none of her best children. My wife is the mother, and so much for the Civil-law. Now I come agen, and y'are gone at the Common-law: suppose this is my ground, I keep a Sow upon it, as it might be my wife, you keep a Boar, as it might be my adversary here; your Boar comes foaming into my ground, jumbles with my Sow, and wallowes in her mire, my Sow cryes *week*, as if she had Pigs in her belly—who shall keep these Pigs? he the Boar, or she the Sow?

WOOD. Past other alteration, I am changed,
The Law is on the Mothers part.

COUN. For me, I am strong in your opinion,
I never knew my judgement erre so far,
I was confirmed upon the other part,
And now am flat against it.

WOOD. Sir you must yeild,
Believe it there's no Law can relieve you.

FR. I found it in my self: well sir,
The childe's your wifes, Ile strive no further in it,
And being so neer unto agreement, let us go
Quite through to't; forgive my fault, and I
Forgive my charges, nor will I take back
The inheritance I made unto it.

COMP. Nay, there you shall finde me kinde too, I have a pottle of Claret, and a Capon to supper for you; but no more Mutton for you, not a bit.

RAY. Yes a shoulder, and we'l be there too, or a leg opened with Venison sawce.

COMP. No legs opened by your leave; nor no such sawce.

WOOD. Well brother, and neighbor, I am glad you are friends.

OMNES. All, all joy at it.

Exeunt Wood. Fr. [*Luce*] *and Lawyers.*

COMP. *Urse*, come kiss, *Urse*, all friends.

RAY. Stay sir, one thing I would advise you, 'tis Councel worth a Fee, tho I be no Lawyer, 'tis Physick indeed, & cures Cuckoldry, to keep that spightful brand out of your forehead, that it shall not dare to meet or look out at any window to you,

'tis better then an Onion to a green wound i'th left hand made by fire, it takes out scar and all.

COMP. This were a rare receipt, Ile content you for your skill.

RAY. Make here a flat divorce between your selves,
Be you no husband, nor let her be no wife,
Within two hours you may salute agen,
Wooe, and wed afresh, and then the Cuckold's blotted.
This medicine is approved.

COMP. Excellent, and I thank you: *Urse*, I renounce thee, and I renounce my self from thee; thou art a Widow, *Urse*, I will go hang my self two hours, and so long thou shalt drown thy self, then will we meet agen in the Pease-field by *Bishops-Hall*, and as the Swads and the Cods shall instruct us, we'l talk of a new matter.

WIFE. I will be ruled, fare you well, sir.

COMP. Farewel widdow, remember time and place, change your Clothes too, do ye hear, widow? Sir, I am beholding to your good Councel. *Exit wife.*

RAY. But you'l not follow your own so far I hope? you said you'd hang your self.

COMP. No I have devised a better way, I will go drink my self dead for an hour, then when I awake agen, I am a fresh new man, and so I go a-wooing.

RAY. That's handsome, and Ile lend thee a dagger.

COMP. For the long Weapon let me alone then. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE 2.]

[*Woodroff's House.*]

Enter Lessingham and Clare.

CLARE. Oh sir, are you return'd? I do expect
To hear strange news now.

LESS. I have none to tell you,
I am onely to relate I have done ill
At a womans bidding—that's I hope no news:
Yet wherefore do I call that ill, begets
My absolute happiness? you now are mine,
I must enjoy you solely.

CLARE. By what warrant?
LESS. By your own condition—I have been at *Callis*,
Performed your will, drawn my revengful sword,
And slain my neerest and best friend i'th world
I had, for your sake.
CLARE. Slain your friend for my sake?
LESS. A most sad truth.
CLARE. And your best friend?
LESS. My chiefest.
CLARE. Then of all men you are most miserable,
Nor have you ought further'd your suit in this,
Though I enjoyn'd you to't—for I had thought
That I had been the best esteemed friend
You had i'th world.
LESS. Ye did not wish I hope,
That I should have murder'd you?
CLARE. You shall perceive
More of that hereafter: But I pray sir tell me,
For I do freeze with expectation of it,
It chills my heart with horror till I know
What friends blood you have sacrificed to your fury
And to my fatal sport, this bloody Riddle?
Who is it you have slain?
LESS. *Bonvile* the Bridegroom.
CLARE. Say?
Oh you have struck him dead thorough my heart,
In being true to me, you have proved in this
The falsest Traitor: oh I am lost for ever:
Yet wherefore am I lost? rather recovered
From a deadly witchcraft, and upon his grave
I will not gather Rue, but Violets
To bless my wedding strewings; good sir tell me,
Are you certain he is dead?
LESS. Never, never
To be recovered.
CLARE. Why now sir, I do love you,
With an entire heart, I could dance methinks,
Never did wine or musick stir in woman
A sweeter touch of Mirth, I will marry you,
Instantly marry you.

LESS. [*aside*] This woman has strange changes—you are ta'ne
Strangely with his death.
CLARE. Ile give the reason
I have to be thus extasied with joy:
Know sir, that you have slain my deerest friend,
And fatalest enemy.
LESS. Most strange!
CLARE. 'Tis true,
You have ta'ne a mass of Lead from off my heart,
For ever would have sunk it in despair;
When you beheld me yesterday, I stood
As if a Merchant walking on the *Downs*,
Should see some goodly Vessel of his own
Sunk 'fore his face i'th Harbor, and my heart
Retained no more heat then a man that toyles,
And vainly labors to put out the flames
That burns his house to'th bottom. I will tell you
A strange concealement, sir, and till this minute
Never revealed, and I will tell it now,
Smiling and not blushing; I did love that *Bonvile*,
(Not as I ought, but as a woman might
That's beyond reason,) I did doat upon him,
Tho he ne[']e]r knew of't, and beholding him
Before my face wedded unto another,
And all my interest in him forfeited,
I fell into despair, and at that instant
You urging your Suit to me, and I thinking
That I had been your onely friend i'th world,
I heartily did wish you would have kill'd
That friend your self, to have ended all my sorrow,
And had prepared it, that unwittingly
You should have don't by poison.
LESS. Strange amazement!
CLARE. The effects of a strange Love.
LESS. 'Tis a dream sure.
CLARE. No 'tis real sir, believe it.
LESS. Would it were not!
CLARE. What sir!—you have done bravely, 'tis your Mistriss
That tells you, you have done so.
LESS. But my Conscience

Is of Councel 'gainst you, and pleads otherwise:
Vertue in her past actions glories still,
But vice throwes loathed looks on former ill.
But did you love this *Bonvile*?
CLARE. Strangely sir,
Almost to a degree of madness.
LESS. [*aside*] Trust a woman!
Never henceforward, I will rather trust
The winds which *Lapland* Witches sell to men—
All that they have is feign'd, their teeth, their hair,
Their blushes, nay their conscience too is feigned,
Let 'em paint, load themselves with Cloth of Tissue,
They cannot yet hide woman—that will appear
And disgrace all. The necessity of my fate!
Certain this woman has bewitched me here,
For I cannot chuse but love her. Oh how fatal
This might have proved!—I would it had for me—
It would not grieve me, tho my sword had split
His heart in sunder, I had then destroyed
One that may prove my Rival; oh but then
What had my horror bin, my guilt of conscience!
I know some do ill at womens bidding
I'th Dog-days, and repent all the Winter after:
No, I account it treble happiness
That *Bonvile* lives, but 'tis my chiefest glory
That our friendship is divided.
CLARE. Noble friend,
Why do you talk to your self?
LESS. Should you do so,
You'd talk to an ill woman—fare you well,
For ever fare you well; [*aside*] I will do somewhat
To make as fatal breach and difference
In *Bonviles* love as mine—I am fixt in't,
My melancholly and the devil shall fashion't.
CLARE. You will not leave me thus?
LESS. Leave you for ever—
And may my friends blood whom you loved so deerly,
For ever lye impostumed in your breast,
And i'th end choak you. Womans cruelty
This black and fatal thread hath ever spun—

It must undo, or else it is undone. *Exit.*
CLARE. I am every way lost, and no meanes to raise me,
But blest repentance: what two unvalued Jewels
Am I at once deprived of! now I suffer
Deservedly, there's no prosperity settled,
Fortune plays ever with our good or ill,
Like Cross and Pile, and turns up which she will.
Enter BONVILE. Friend!
CLARE. Oh you are the welcomest under heaven:
Lessingham did but fright me, yet I fear
That you are hurt to danger.
BON. Not a scratch.
CLARE. Indeed you look exceeding well, methinks.
BON. I have bin Sea-sick lately, and we count
That excellent Physick. How does my *Annabel*?
CLARE. As well sir, as the fear of such a loss
As your esteemed self, will suffer her.
BON. Have you seen *Lessingham* since he returned?
CLARE. He departed hence but now, and left with me
A report had almost kill'd me.
BON. What was that?
CLARE. That he had kill'd you.
BON. So he has.
CLARE. You mock me.
BON. He has kill'd me for a friend, for ever silenc't
All amity between us; you may now
Go and embrace him, for he has fulfilled
The purpose of that Letter. *Gives her a Letter.*
CLARE. Oh I know't. *She gives him another.*
And had you known this which I meant to have sent you
An hour 'fore you were married to your wife,
The Riddle had been construed.
BON. Strange! this expresses
That you did love me.
CLARE. With a violent affection.
BON. Violent indeed; for it seems it was your purpose
To have ended it in violence: [and] your friend,
The unfortunate *Lessingham* unwittingly
Should have been the Executioner.
CLARE. 'Tis true.

BON. And do you love me still?
CLARE. I may easily
Confess it, since my extremity is such
That I must needs speak or die.
BON. And you would enjoy me
Though I am married?
CLARE. No indeed not I sir:
You are to sleep with a sweet Bed-fellow
Would knit the brow at that.
BON. Come, come, a womans telling truth
Makes amends for her playing false. You would enjoy me?
CLARE. If you were a Batchelor or Widower,
Afore all the great Ones living.
BON. But 'tis impossible
To give you present satisfaction,
For my Wife is young and healthful; and I like
The summer and the harvest of our Love,
Which yet I have not tasted of, so well,
That and you'l credit me, for me her days
Shall ne're be shortned: let your reason therefore
Turn you another way, and call to minde
With best observance, the accomplisht graces
Of that brave Gentleman whom late you sent
To his destruction: A man so every way
Deserving, no one action of his
In all his lifetime e're degraded him
From the honor he was born [to]; think how observant
He'l prove to you in nobler request, that so
Obeyed you in a bad one: and remember
That afore you engaged him to an act
Of horror, to the killing of his friend,
He bore his steerage true in every part,
Led by the Compass of a noble heart.
CLARE. Why do you praise him thus? You said but now
He was utterly lost to you: now 't appears
You are friends, else you'd not deliver of him
Such a worthy commendation.
BON. You mistake,
Utterly mistake that I am friends with him,
In speaking this good of him: To what purpose

Do I praise him? onely to this fatal end,
That you might fall in love and league with him.
And what worse office can I do i'th world
Unto my enemy, than to endeavor
By all means possible to marry him
Unto a Whore? and there I think she stands.
CLARE. Is Whore a name to be beloved? if not,
What reason have I ever to love that man
Puts it upon me falsely? You have wrought
A strange alteration in me: were I a man,
I would drive you with my sword into the field,
And there put my wrong to silence. Go, y'are not worthy
To be a womans friend in the least part
That concerns honorable reputation;
For you are a Liar.
BON. I will love you now
With a noble observance, if you will continue
This hate unto me: gather all those graces
From whence you have faln, yonder, where you have left 'em
In *Lessingham*, he that must be your husband;
And though henceforth I cease to be his friend,
I will appear his noblest enemy,
And work reconcilement 'tween you.
CLARE. No, you shall not,
You shall not marry him to a Strumpet; for that word
I shall ever hate you.
[BON.] And for that one deed,
I shall ever love you. Come, convert your thoughts
To him that best deserves 'em, *Lessingham.*
It's most certain you have done him wrong,
But your repentance and compassion now
May make amends: disperse this melancholly,
And on that turn of Fortunes Wheel depend,
When all Calamities will mend, or end. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE 3.]

[*Near Bishop's Hall.*]

Enter Compass, Raymond, Eustace, Lyonel, Grover.

COMP. Gentlemen, as you have been witness to our Divorce, you shall now be evidence to our next meeting, which I look for every minute, if you please Gentlemen.

RAY. We came for the same purpose, man.

COMP. I do think you'l see me come off with as smooth a forehead, make my Wife as honest a woman once more, as a man sometimes would desire—I mean of her rank, and a teeming woman as she has been. Nay surely I do think to make the Childe as lawful a childe too, as a couple of unmarried people can beget, and let it be begotten when the father is beyond Sea, as this was: do but note. *Enter Wife.*

EUST. 'Tis that we wait for.

COMP. You have waited the good hour: see, she comes, a little room I beseech you, silence and observation.

RAY. All your own, sir. [*They withdraw a little.*]

COMP. Good morrow fair Maid.

WIFE. Mistaken in both sir—neither fair, nor Maid.

COMP. No? a married woman?

WIFE. That's it I was sir—a poor widdow now.

COMP. A widdow? Nay then I must make a little bold with you, 'tis akin to mine own case, I am a wiveless husband too—how long have you been a widow pray? nay, do not weep.

WIFE. I cannot chuse, to think the loss I had. [*Weeps.*]

COMP. He was an honest man to thee it seems.

WIFE. Honest quoth'a—oh!

COMP. By my feck, and those are great losses, an honest man is not to be found in every hole, nor every street—if I took

A whole parish in sometimes I might say true,

For stincking Mackarel may be cried for new.

RAY. Somewhat sententious.

EUST. Oh, silence was an Article enjoyned.

COMP. And how long is it since you lost your honest husband?

WIFE. Oh the memory is too fresh, and your sight makes My sorrow double.

COMP. My sight? why, was he like me?

WIFE. Your left hand to your right, is not more like.

COMP. Nay then I cannot blame thee to weep, an honest man I warrant him, and thou hadst a great loss of him; such a proportion, so limb'd, so coloured, so fed?

RAY. Yes faith, and so taught too.

EUST. Nay, will you break the Law?

WIFE. Twins were never liker.

COMP. Well, I love him the better, whatsoever is become of him—and how many children did he leave thee at his departure?

WIFE. Onely one sir.

COMP. A Boy, or a Girl?

WIFE. A Boy, Sir.

COMP. Just mine o[w]ne case still: my wife, rest her soul, left me a Boy too, a chopping Boy I warrant.

WIFE. Yes if you call 'em so.

COMP. I, mine is a chopping Boy, I mean to make either a Cook or a Butcher of him, for those are your chopping Boys. And what profession was your husband of?

WIFE. He went to Sea, sir, and there got his living.

COMP. Mine own faculty too—and you can like a man of that profession well?

WIFE. For his sweet sake whom I so deerly loved,
More deerly lost, I must think well of it.

COMP. Must you? I do think then thou must venter to Sea once agen, if thou'lt be rul'd by me.

WIFE. Oh Sir, but there's one thing more burdensome
To us, then most of others wives, which moves me
A little to distaste it—long time we endure
The absence of our husbands, sometimes many years,
And then if any slip in woman be,
As long vacations may make Lawyers hungry,
And Tradesmen cheaper pennyworths afford,
(Then otherwise they would for ready coin)
Scandals fly out, and we poor souls branded
With wanton living, and incontinency,
When alas (consider) can we do withal?

COMP. They are fools, and not saylors that do not consider that, I'm sure your husband was not of that minde, if he were like me.

WIFE. No indeed, he would bear kinde and honestly.

COMP. He was the wiser, alack your land and fresh-water men never understand what wonders are done at Sea; yet they may observe ashore, that a Hen having tasted the Cock, kill him, and she shall lay Eggs afterwards.

WIFE. That's very true indeed.

COMP. And so may women, why not? may not a man get two or three children at once? One must be born before another, you know.

WIFE. Even this discretion my sweet husband had:
You more and more resemble him.

COMP. Then if they knew what things are done at sea, where the Winds themselves do copulate, and bring forth issue, as thus: In the old world there were but four in all, as Nor, East, Sou, and West: these dwelt far from one another, yet by meeting they have ingendred Nor-East, Sou-East, Sou-West, Nor-West, then they were eight; Of them were begotten Nor-Nor-East, Nor-Nor-West, Sou-Sou-East, Sou-Sou-West, and those two Sows were Sou-East and Sou-West['s] daughters, and indeed there is a family now of 32 of 'em, that they have fill'd every corner of the world, and yet for all this, you see these baudy Bellows-menders when they come ashore, will be offering to take up Womens coats in the street.

WIFE. Still my husbands discretion!

COMP. So I say, if your Land-men did understand that we send Windes from Sea, to do our commendations to our wives, they would not blame you as they do.

WIFE. We cannot help it.

COMP. But you shall help it. Can you love me, widow?

WIFE. If I durst confess what I do think, sir,
I know what I would say.

COMP. Durst confess! Why whom do you fear? here's none but honest Gentlemen my friends; let them hear, and never blush for't.

WIFE. I shall be thought too weak, to yeild at first.

RAY. Tush, that's niceness; come, we heard all the rest,
The first true stroke of love sinks thee deepest,
If you love him, say so.

COMP. I have a Boy of mine own, I tell you that afore-hand, you shall not need to fear me that way.

WIFE. Then I do love him.

COMP. So here will be man and wife to-morrow then, what though we meet strangers, we may love one another ne'r the worse for that. Gentlemen, I invite you all to my Wedding.

OMNES. We'l all attend it.

COMP. Did not I tell you, I would fetch it off fair?—let any man lay a Cuckold to my charge, if he dares now.

RAY. 'Tis slander who ever does it.

COMP. Nay, it will come to *Petty Lassery* at least, and without compass of the general pardon too, or I'le bring him to a foul sheet, if he has ne're a clean one—or let me hear him that will say I am not father to the childe I begot!

EUST. None will adventure any of those.

COMP. Or that my wife that shall be, is not as honest a woman, as some other mens wives are?

RAY. No question of that.

COMP. How fine and sleek my brows are now!

EUST. I, when you are married, they'l come to themselves agen.

COMP. You may call me Bridegroom if you please now, for the Guests are bidden.

OMNES. Good Master Bridegroom!

COMP. Come Widow then, ere the next Ebb and Tide,
If I be Bridegroom, thou shalt be the Bride. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus quarti.

ACT 5. SCENE I.

[*Woodroff's House.*]

Enter Rochfield and Annabel.

ROCH. Believe me, I was never more ambitious,
Or covetous, if I may call it so,
Of any fortune greater than this one,
But to behold his face.

ANN. And now's the time;
For from a much feared danger as I heard,
He's late come over.

ROCH. And not seen you yet?

'Tis some unkindness.
ANN. You may think it so;
But for my part, sir, I account it none:
What know I but some business of import
And weighty consequence, more near to him
Than any formal Complement to me,
May for a time detain him? I presume
No jealousie can be asperst on him,
For which he canno[t] well Apology.
ROCH. You are a Creature every way compleat,
As good a Wife, as Woman; for whose sake
As I in duty am endeer'd to you,
So shall I owe him service. *Enter Lessingham.*
LESS. [*aside*] The ways to Love, and Crowns, lye both through blood,
For in 'em both all Lets must be removed,
It could be stiled no true ambition else.
I am grown big with project: Project, said I?
Rather with sudden mischief; which without
A speedy birth fills me with painful throwes,
And I am now in labor. Thanks, occasion,
That givest me a fit ground to work upon!—
It should be *Rochfield*, one since our departure,
It seems, ingrafted in this Family:
Indeed the Houses Minion, since from the Lord
To the lowest Groom, all with unite consent
Speak him so largely. Nor as it appears
By this their private Conference, is he grown
Least in the Brides opinion. A foundation
On which I will erect a brave Revenge.
ANN. Sir, What kinde Offices lyes in your way
To do for him, I shall be thankful for,
And reckon them mine own.
ROCH. In acknowledgement
I kiss your hand, so with a gratitude
Never to be forgot, I take my leave.
ANN. I mine of you, with hourly expectation
Of a long-lookt-for husband.
ROCH. May it thrive
According to your wishes. *Exit* [*Annabel*].

Less. [*aside*] Now's my turn.
Without offence, Sir, may I beg your name?
Roch. 'Tis that I never yet denied to any,
Nor will to you that seem a Gentleman:
'Tis *Rochfield.*
Less. *Rochfield?* You are then the man
Whose nobleness, vertue, valor, and good parts,
Have voiced you loud. *Dover* and *Sandwich*, *Marget*,
And all the Coast is full of you:
But more, as an Eye-witness of all these,
And with most truth, the Master of this house
Hath given them large expressions.
Roch. Therein his love
Exceeded much my merit.
Less. That's your modesty:
Now I as one that goodness love in all men,
And honoring that which is but found in few,
Desire to know you better.
Roch. Pray your name?
Less. *Lessingham.*
Roch. A friend to [Master] *Bonvile*?
Less. In the number
Of those which he esteems most dear to him,
He reckons me not last.
Roch. So I have heard.
Less. Sir, you have cause to bless the lucky Planet
Beneath which you were born, 'twas a bright star
And then shined cleer upon you, for as you
Are every way well parted, so I hold you
In all designs mark't to be fortunate.
Roch. Pray do not stretch your love to flattery,
'T may call it then in question; grow I pray you
To some particulars.
Less. I have observed
But late your parting with the Virgin Bride,
And therein some affection.
Roch. How?
Less. With pardon,
In this I still applaud your happiness,
And praise the blessed influence of your stars:

For how can it be possible that she,
Unkindly left upon the Brid[al]-day,
And disappointed of those Nuptial sweets
That night expected, but should take the occasion
So fairly offered? Nay, and stand excused
As well in detestation of a scorn,
Scarce in a husband heard of, as selecting
A Gentleman in all things so compleat,
To do her those neglected offices,
Her youth and beauty justly challengeth?
ROCH. [*aside*] Some plot to wrong the Bride—and I now
Will marry Craft with Cunning: if he'l bite,
Ile give him line to play on: wer't your case,
You being young as I am, would you intermit
So fair and sweet occasion?
Yet mis-conceive me not, I do intreat you,
To think I can be of that easie wit,
Or of that malice to defame a Lady,
Were she so kinde so to expose her self—
Nor is she such a creature.
LESS. [*aside*] On this foundation
I can build higher still—(sir I beleiv't)
I hear you two call Cousins; comes your kindred
By the *Woodroffs*, or the *Bonviles*?
ROCH. From neither, 'tis a word of courtesie
Late interchanged betwixt us, otherwise
We are forreign as two strangers.
LESS. [*aside*] Better still.
ROCH. I would not have you grow too inward with me
Upon so small a knowledge; yet to satisfie you,
And in some kinde too to delight my self—
Those Bracelets and the Carckanet she wears,
She gave me once.
LESS. They were the first, and special Tokens past
Betwixt her and her husband.
ROCH. 'Tis confest:
What I have said, I have said: Sir, you have power
Perhaps to wrong me, or to injure her;
This you may do, but as you are a Gentleman
I hope you will do neither.

Less. Trust upon't. *Exit Rochfield.*
If I drown Ile sink some along with me;
For of all miseries I hold that chief,
Wretched to be, when none co-parts our grief.
Here's another Anvile to work on: I must now
Make this my Master-piece; for your old Foxes
Are seldom ta'ne in Springes. *Enter Woodroff.*
Wood. What, my Friend!
You are happily returned; and yet I want
Somewhat to make it perfect. Where's your Friend,
My Son in Law?
Less. Oh sir!
Wood. I pray sir resolve me;
For I do suffer strangely till I know
If he be in safety.
Less. Fare you well: 'Tis not fit
I should relate his danger.
Wood. I must know't.
I have a Quarrel to you already, for enticing
My Son in Law to go over: Tell me quickly,
Or I shall make it greater.
Less. Then truth is,
He's dangerously wounded.
Wood. But he's not dead I hope?
Less. No sir, not dead;
Yet sure your daughter may take liberty
To chuse another.
Wood. Why that gives him dead.
Less. Upon my life Sir, no; your son's in health
As well as I am.
Wood. Strange! you deliver Riddles.
Less. I told you he was wounded, and 'tis true,
He is wounded in his Reputation.
I told you likewise, which I am loth to repeat,
That your fair Daughter might take liberty
To embrace another. That's the consequence
That makes my best Friend wounded in his Fame.
This is all I can deliver.
Wood. I must have more of't;
For I do sweat already, and Ile sweat more;

'Tis good they say to cure Aches, and o'th sudden
I am sore from head to foot—let me taste the worst.
Less. Know Sir, if ever there were truth in falshood,
Then 'tis most true, your Daughter plays most false
With *Bonvile*, and hath chose for her Favorite
The man that now past by me, *Rochfield.*
Wood. Say?
I would thou hadst spoke this on *Callis-sands*,
And I within my Sword and Ponyards length
Of that false throat of thine. I pray sir, tell me
Of what Kin or Alliance do you take me
To the Gentlewoman you late mentioned?
Less. You are her Father.
Wood. Why then of all men living, do you address
This Report to me, that ought of all men breathing
To have been the last o'th Rowl, except the husband,
That should have heard of't?
Less. For her honor Sir, and yours;
That your good Councel may reclaim her.
Wood. I thank you.
Less. She has departed sir, upon my knowledge,
With Jewels, and with Bracelets, the first Pledges,
And confirmation of th'unhappy Contract
Between her self and husband.
Wood. To whom?
Less. To *Rochfield.*
Wood. Be not abused: but now,
Even now I saw her wear 'em.
Less. Very likely;
'Tis fit, hearing her husband is returned,
That [he] should re-deliver 'em.
Wood. But pray sir tell me,
How is it likely she could part with 'em,
When they are lockt about her Neck and Wrists,
And the Key with her husband?
Less. Oh sir, that's but practise;
She has got a trick to use another Key
Besides her husbands.
Wood. Sirrah, you do lie;
And were I to pay down a hundred pounds

For every Lie given, as men pay Twelve pence,
And worthily, for Swearing, I would give thee
The Lie, nay though it were in the Court of Honor,
So oft, till of the Thousands I am worth,
I had not left a hundred. For is't likely
So brave a Gentleman as *Rochfield* is,
That did so much at Sea to save my life,
Should now on Land shorten my wretched days,
In ruining my Daughter? A rank Lie!
Have you spread this to any but my self?
LESS. I am no Intelligencer.
WOOD. Why then 'tis yet a secret?
And that it may rest so, Draw; Ile take order [*Draws.*]
You shall prate of it no further.
LESS. Oh, my Sword
Is enchanted, Sir, and will not out o'th Scabbard:
I will leave you, sir; yet say not I give ground,
For 'tis your own you stand on. *Enter Bonvile & Clare.*
[*aside*] *Clare* here with *Bonvile*? excellent! on this
I have more to work. This goes to *Annabel*,
And it may increase the Whirlwinde. *Exit.*
BON. How now, Sir?
Come, I know this choler bred in you
For the Voyage which I took at his entreaty;
But I must reconcile you.
WOOD. On my credit
There's no such matter. I will tell you Sir,
And I will tell it in laughter: The Cause of it
Is so poor, so ridiculous, so impossible
To be believed! Ha, ha, he came even now
And told me that one *Rochfield*, now a Guest
(And most worthy, Sir, to be so) in my House,
Is grown exceedingly familiar with
My Daughter.
BON. Ha?
WOOD. Your wife, and that he has had favors from her.
BON. Favors?
[WOOD.] Love-tokens I did call 'em in my youth;
Lures to which Gallants spread their wings, and stoop
In Ladies bosoms. Nay, he was so false

To Truth and all good Manners, that those Jewels
You lockt about her Neck, he did protest
She had given to *Rochfield*! Ha! methinks o'th sudden
You do change colour. Sir, I would not have you
Believe this in least part: My Daughter's honest,
And my Guess is a noble Fellow: And for this
Slander deliver'd me by *Lessingham*,
I would have cut his throat.
BON. As I your Daughters,
If I finde not the Jewels 'bout her.
CLARE. Are you returned
With the Italian Plague upon you, Jealousie?
WOOD. Suppose that *Lessingham* should love my Daughter,
And thereupon fashion your going over,
As now your Jealousie, the stronger way
So to divide you, there were a fine Crotchet!
Do you stagger still? If you continue thus, *Enter Rochfield*
I vow you are not worth a welcome home *and Annabel.*
Neither from her, nor me. See, here she comes.
CLARE. I have brought you home a Jewel.
ANN. Wear it your self;
For these I wear are Fetters, not Favors.
CLARE. I lookt for better welcome.
ROCH. Noble sir,
I must wooe your better knowledge.
BON. Oh dear sir,
My Wife will bespeak it for you.
ROCH. Ha? your Wife!
WOOD. Bear with him, sir, he's strangely off o'th hinges.
BON. [*aside*] The Jewels are i'th right place; but the Jewel
Of her heart sticks yonder. You are angry with me
For my going over.
ANN. Happily more angry
For your coming over.
BON. I sent you my Will from *Dover*?
ANN. Yes Sir.
BON. Fetch it.
ANN. I shall Sir, but leave your Self-will with you. *Exit.*
WOOD. This is fine, the woman will be mad too.
BON. Sir, I would speak with you.

ROCH. And I with you
Of all men living.
BON. I must have satisfaction from you.
ROCH. Sir, it growes upon the time of payment.
WOOD. What's that? what's that? Ile have no whispering.

Enter Annabel with a Will.

AN. Look you, there's the Pattent
Of your deadly affection to me.
BON. 'Tis wellcome,
When I gave my self for dead, I then made over
My Land unto you—now I finde your love
Dead to me, I will alter't.
AN. Use your pleasure,
A man may make a garment for the Moon,
Rather then fit your Constancy.
WOOD. How's this?
Alter your Will!
BON. 'Tis in mine own disposing,
Certainly I will alter't.
WOOD. Will you so my friend?
Why then I will alter mine too.
I had estated thee, thou peevish fellow,
In forty thousand pounds after my death,
I can finde another Executor.
BON. Pray sir, do,
Mine Ile alter without question.
WOOD. Doest hear me?
And if I change not mine within this two hours,
May my Executors cozen all my kindred
To whom I bequeath Legacies!
BON. I am for a Lawyer, sir.
WOOD. And I will be with one as soon as thy self,
Though thou ridest poste to'th devil. [*Exit Bonvile.*]
ROCH. Stay let me follow,
And cool him.
WOOD. Oh by no means,
You'l put a quarrel upon him for the wrong,
H'as done my Daughter.
ROCH. No believe it sir,

He's my wisht friend.
WOOD. Oh come, I know the way of't;
Carry it like a French quarrel, privately whisper,
Appoint to meet, and cut each others throats
With Cringes and Embraces—I protest
I will not suffer you exchange a word
Without I overhear't.
ROCH. Use your pleasure. *Exit Woodroff, Rochfield.*
CLARE. You are like to make fine work now.
AN. Nay, you are like
To make a finer buissiness of't.
CLARE. Come, come,
I must sowder you together.
AN. You? why I heard
A bird sing lately, you are the onely cause
Works the division.
CLARE. Who? As thou ever lovedst me—
For I long, though I am a Maid, for't.
AN. *Lessingham.*
CLARE. Why then I do protest my self first cause
Of the wrong, which he has put upon you both,
Which please you to walk in, I shall make good
In a short relation; come Ile be the clew
To lead you forth this Labyrinth, this toyl
Of a supposed and causeless Jealousie.
Cankers touch choicest fruit with their infection,
And Fevers seize those of the best complexion. *Exeunt.*

Enter Woodroff and Rochfield.

WOOD. Sir, have I not said I love you? if I have,
You may believ't before an Oracle,
For there's no trick in't, but the honest sence.
ROCH. Believe it, that I do, sir.
WOOD. Your love must then
Be as plain with mine, that they may suit together:
I say you must not fight with my son *Bonvile.*
ROCH. Not fight with him, sir?
WOOD. No, Not fight with him, sir.
I grant you may be wronged, and I dare swear
So is my childe, but he is the husband, you know,

The womans lord, and must not always be told
Of his faults neither—I say you must not fight.
ROCH. Ile swear it, if you please sir.
WOOD. And forswear, I know't,
E're you lay ope the secrets of your valour—
'Tis enough for me I saw you whisper,
And I know what belongs to't.
ROCH. To no such end, assure you. *Enter Lessingham.*
WOOD. I say you cannot fight with him,
If you be my friend, for I must use you,
Yonder's my foe, and you must be my Second—
Prepare the[e] Slanderer, and get another
Better then thy self too; for here's my Second,
One that will fetch him up, and fierk him too.
Get your tools, I know the way to *Callis-sands*—
If that be your Fence-school, hee'l show you tricks 'faith,
Hee'l let blood your Calumny, your best guard
Will come to a *Peccavi* I believe.
LESS. Sir, if that be your quarrel,
He's a party in it, and must maintain
The side with me, from him I collected
All those Circumstances concern your Daughter—
His own tongue's confession.
WOOD. Who?—from him?
He will belie to do thee a pleasure then,
If he speak any ill upon himself—
I know he ne're could do an injury.
ROCH. So please you, Ile relate it, sir.

Enter Bonvile, Annabel, Clare.

WOOD. Before her husband then—and here he is
In friendly posture with my Daughter too;
I like that well. Son Bridegroom, and Lady Bride,
If you will hear a man defame himself,
(For so he must if he say any ill,)
Then listen.
BON. Sir, I have heard this story,
And meet with your opinion in his goodness,
The repitition will be needless.
ROCH. Your father has not, Sir. Ile be brief

In the delivery.

WOOD. Do, do then, I long to hear it.

ROCH. The first acquaintance I had with your Daughter,
Was on the Wedding-Eve.

WOOD. So!—'tis not ended yet, methinks.

ROCH. I would have robb'd her.

WOOD. Ah, thief!

ROCH. That Chain and Bracelet which she wears upon her,
She ransom'd with the full esteem in Gold,
Which was with you my Venture.

WOOD. Ah, thief agen!

ROCH. For any attempt against her honor, I vow
I had no thought on['t].

WOOD. An honest thief 'faith yet.

ROCH. Which she as nobly recompenc'd, brought me home,
And in her own discretion thought it meet,
For cover of my shame, to call me Cousin.

WOOD. Call a thief Cousin? Why, and so she might,
For the Gold she gave thee, she stole from her husband,
'Twas all his now—yet 'twas a good Girl too.

ROCH. The rest you know, sir.

WOOD. Which was worth all the rest—
Thy valor Lad; but Ile have that in Print,
Because I can no better utter it.

ROCH. Thus (Jade unto my Wants,
And spurred by my Necessities) I was going,
But by that Ladies councel I was staid;
(For that Discourse was our familiarity.)
And this you may take for my Recantation,
I am no more a thief.

WOOD. A blessing on thy heart,
And this was the first time I warrant thee too.

ROCH. Your charitable Censure is not wrong'd in that.

WOOD. No, I knew 't could be but the first time at most;
But for thee (brave Valor) I have in store,
That thou shalt need to be a thief no more. *Soft Musick.*
Ha? What's this Musick?

BON. It chimes a[n] *Io paean!* to your Wedding, sir,
If this be your Bride.

LESS. Can you forgive me? some wilde distractions

Had overturned my own condition,
And spilt the goodness you once knew in me,
But I have carefully recovered it,
And overthrown the fury on't.

CLARE. It was my cause
That you were so possest, and all these troubles
Have from my peevish will original:
I do repent, though you forgive me not.

LESS. You have no need for your repentance then,
Which is due to it: all's now as at first
It was wisht to be.

WOOD. Why, that's well said of all sides.
But soft, this Musick has some other meaning:
Another Wedding towards!—Good speed, good speed.

Enter Compass and the four Gallants, Bride between Franckford and another, Luce, Nurse, and Childe.

COMP. We thank you, sir.

WOOD. Stay, stay, our neighbor *Compass*, is't not?

COMP. That was, and may be agen to-morrow, this day Master Bridegroom.

WOOD. Oh! give you joy. But sir, if I be not mistaken, you were married before now; how long is't since your wife died?

COMP. Ever since yesterday, sir.

WOOD. Why, she's scarce buried yet then.

COMP. No indeed, I mean to dig her grave soon, I had no leisure yet.

WOOD. And was not your fair Bride married before?

WIFE. Yes indeed, sir.

WOOD. And how long since your husband departed?

WIFE. Just when my husbands wife died.

WOOD. Bless us *Hymen*, are not these both the same parties?

BON. Most certain, sir.

WOOD. What Marriage call you this?

COMP. This is called *Shedding of Horns*, sir.

WOOD. How?

LESS. Like enough, but they may grow agen next year.

WOOD. This is a new trick.

COMP. Yes sir, because we did not like the old trick.

WOOD. Brother, you are a helper in this design too?

Fr. The Father to give the Bride, sir.

Comp. And I am his son, sir, and all the sons he has; and this is his Grand-childe, and my elder brother—you'l think this strange now.

Wood. Then it seems he begat this before you?

Comp. Before me? not so sir, I was far enough off when 'twas done; yet let me see him dares say, this is not my Childe, and this my father.

Bon. You cannot see him here, I think sir.

Wood. Twice married! Can it hold?

Comp. Hold? It should hold the better, a wise man would think, when 'tis ty'd of two knots.

Wood. Methinks it should rather unloose the first,
And between 'em both make up one *Negative*.

Eust. No sir, for though it hold on the contrary,
Yet two *Affirmatives* make no *Negative*.

Wood. Cry you mercy, sir.

Comp. Make what you will, this little *Negative* was my wifes laying, and I *Affirm* it to be mine own.

Wood. This proves the marriage before substantial,
Having this issue.

Comp. 'Tis mended now sir; for being double-married, I may now have two children at a birth, if I can get 'em. D'ye think Ile be five years about one, as I was before?

Eust. The like has bin done for the loss of the Wedding-ring,
And to settle a new peace before disjoynted.

Lyon. But this indeed sir, was especially done,
To avoid the word of Scandal, that foul word
Which the fatal Monologist cannot alter.

Wood. *Cuckow!*

Comp. What's that, the Nightingale?

Wood. A Night-bird—much good may do you, sir!

Comp. Ile thank you when I'm at Supper. Come Father, Childe, and Bride; and for your part Father,
Whatsoever he, or he, or t'other says,
You shall be as welcome as in my t'other wifes days.

Fr. I thank you, sir.

Wood. Nay, take us with you, Gentlemen:
One Wedding we have yet to solemnize,
The first is still imperfect. Such troubles

Have drown'd our Musick: but now I hope all's friends.
Get you to Bed, and there the Wedding ends.
COMP. And so good night, my Bride and Ile to bed:
He that has Horns, thus let him learn to shed. *Exeunt.*

FINIS

If any Gentlemen please to repair to my House aforesaid, they may be furnished with all manner of English, or French Histories, Romances, or Poetry; which are to be sold, or read for reasonable Considerations.

COMMENTARY

A CURE FOR A CUCKOLD

TITLE-PAGE.

Tho. Johnson: printer (1642–77).

Francis Kirkman: bookseller (1656–78). The eldest son of a blacksmith and apprenticed to a scrivener, he became a bookseller in 1656 and combined his trade with a sort of circulating library. In the dedicatory epistle to *Lust's Dominion*, which he published in 1657, he says that he had collected plays from boyhood; and he now began printing them. He actually printed indeed, by his own account, only three, which all belonged to himself (*A Cure for a Cuckold; The Thracian Wonder; Gammer Gurton's Needle*); but his partners, Johnson, Brooke, and Henry Marsh (bookseller 1635–65), issued the best plays they could find, from other men's copies. In consequence Kirkman got into trouble in this year, 1661; had 1400 playbooks seized in his shop; and gave up business till 1666. We owe him two useful lists of extant plays (690 in the first, 1661; 806 in the second, 1671). Contemporaries accused him of corrupting texts and charging exorbitant prices: but Greg finds no confirmation of this.

THE STATIONER, TO THE JUDICIOUS READER

19. *almost an hundred years since. Gammer Gurton's Needle* was first printed in 1575. This second edition is dated 1661.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Lessingham: the name occurs in Heywood's *Prentices*, where "Guy of Lusignan" becomes "Guy of Lessingham". Similarly *Bonvile* occurs in Heywood's *Royal King and Loyal Subject*, *Franckford* in his *Woman Killed with Kindness*.

I. 1.

Whole stage?

28. *solicite*: "conduct", "carry on". This sense of the verb is obsolete; but cf. "solicitor"—one who "conducts" a law-suit.

46. *Resolve me*: clear up my doubts.

52. *perfect me*: inform me.

58. *imply*: attribute. The only example in *N.E.D.* of this sense.

81–3. *some say...meditation*: an allusion to the epigram of the elder Scipio (Cic. *De Rep.* I. 17. 27: *De Off.* III. 1. 1)—"Nunquam se

plus agere quam nihil cum ageret, nunquam minus solum esse, quam cum solus esset" (he was never busier than when idle, never less alone than when alone).

90. *taxation*: blame.

153. *Sick of the Maid*: *i.e.* of green sickness, supposed to be partly due to the need for marriage. See on *A.V.* III. 2. 221–2.

205–6. See Text. Note.

207. *chopping*: bouncing. Cf. Heywood, *Silver Age*, III. 1: "A fine chopping boy".

212. *breed teeth*. Cf. *D.M.* IV. 2. 137.

222. *Gravity*: the presence of grave old men.

I. 2.

The same? Indeed there is hardly need to mark a new scene.

1. "Nature has given nothing greater or rarer than friendship"; the nearest classical passage approaching this that I can find is Cicero, *De Amicitia*, 47: "Qua (amicitia) nihil a diis immortalibus melius habemus, nihil iucundius".

24. *Justice banisht th'earth*: an idea derived ultimately from Hesiod (*Works and Days*, 197 ff.):

> καὶ τότε δὴ πρὸς Ὄλυμπον ἀπὸ χθονὸς εὐρυοδείης
> λευκοῖσιν φαρέεσσι καλυψαμένω χρόα καλὸν
> ἀθανάτων μετὰ φῦλον ἴτην προλιποντ' ἀνθρώπους
> Αἰδὼς καὶ Νέμεσις.
>
> Then to Olympus from the wide-wayed earth,
> Their fair forms clad in robes of shining white,
> Forsaking men to rejoin the Host of Heaven
> Conscience and Righteous Anger fled away.

86–9. The custom of making seconds also fight seems to have been French. Cf. Rev. T. Lorkin writing to Sir T. Puckering (Jan. 5th 1618–9; in Birch) of an attempted duel between Sir Edward Villiers and Sir Henry Rich: "a new difference arose between the seconds for Mr Rich (Sir Henry's brother) was fresh come out of France, and would needs observe the French custom of fighting with the other second". From a note by H.D.S. in *N.Q.* II. IX. 418 it appears that the fashion was introduced in France in the time of Montaigne, who strongly disapproves of it (II. 28).

90. *them*: the opponent and his second.

95. *meerly*: utterly.

101. *atone*: (at + one) reconcile.

105. *Callis-Sands*: the regular place for duels, as the nearest ground beyond the jurisdiction of English law. (A Star Chamber decree was made against duelling in 1614.) Cf. *D.L.* IV. 2. 646. The custom long continued. Thus Bliss in his edition of Earle's *Microcosmography* (1811), on a similar reference in the character of "A Surgeon", quotes *The Beau's Duel*, by Mrs Centlivre (1707): "Your only

way is to send him word you'll meet him on Calais sands; duelling is unsafe in England for men of estates".

150–1. *Not to imagine...by you*: not to suppose that I have any idea of using you to help me.

152. *suspected*: expected. Cf. Fuller, *Pisgah*, III. 6. 330: "When the siege of Jerusalem was suspected".

160–1. *enough to make all temperature Convert to fury*: *i.e.* to make the most temperate man furious.

173. *not with justice*: *i.e.* not with rigid justice.

176–7. *now to deferre...forfeit all*: if I postponed my arrival at Calais one half-hour, my honour would be lost.

204. *Carckanet*: necklace.

II. 1.

Outer stage.

1 ff. For this "Character of a Younger Brother" cf. Earle, *Microcosmography*, "A Younger Brother": "Others take a more crooked path yet, the king's high-way; where at length their vizard is plucked off, and they strike fair for Tyburn".

9. *want to give*: lack means to give.

19. *Laverna*: a Roman goddess of thieves and pagan counterpart of St Nicholas. She was perhaps originally connected with the nether-world, thence with darkness, and so with thieves. Cf. Horace, *Epistles*, I. 16. 60, doubtless the source of this allusion.

> Pulchra Laverna,
> Da mihi fallere, da iusto sanctoque videri,
> Noctem peccatis et fraudibus obice nubem.

21. *purchase*: acquire, gain (*pour-chasser*). See on *D.M.* II. 5. 50.

33. *fore-path*: short cut (not in *N.E.D.*).

36–7. *voice...eyes*: *i.e.* having once got sight of them, try to make yourself heard by them too.

II. 2.

Outer stage.

6. *In some degrees hot*: with allusion to the classification of things in medieval science as hot, cold, wet, dry in various degrees: *e.g.* "Rue," says Gerard in his *Herbal*, "is hot and dry in the later end of the third degree". See Text. Note on 7.

8. *drest*: "addressed", with a play on "dressed" = "cooked", continuing the metaphor of a poisonous herb.

30. *combined*: bound, tied. Cf. *As You Like It*, v. 4. 157: "Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine".

33. *I will confess both, and the last forget*: *i.e.* I will admit having both an idle chain and a bracelet: but I will forget that you are proving yourself a thief.

61. *Saint Nicholas*: patron of thieves—either by confusion with Old Nick, though it remains unknown why the Devil was so called; or because the saint was patron of wandering scholars, who were not always very distinct from thieves; or on account of the legend which tells how the saint compelled certain robbers to restore a treasure which had been placed under his protection. This last is not very plausible; at all events the thieves were either very Christian or very cunning, if they made that a reason for adopting St Nicholas as their patron.

63. *with purchase*: with a profit into the bargain.

65. *cross*: coin. See on IV. 2. 135.

71–3. *Forbear...forgo 'em now*: do not take from me these ornaments, which, if I have to surrender them now, can only be violently and dangerously broken to pieces in being forced off my neck and wrists.

73. *assure*: feel assured, feel sure. I can find no exact parallel. The sense "to state with assurance", however, is found in Heywood, *Wise Woman*, IV. 1 (*Wks.* v. 329): "If he assure to know me, I'll outface him".

81. *tax me*: call me to account.

85. *esteem*: estimated value.

105. *Courtier—owld*: the point of the joke, such as it is, lies in the sudden change from a Courtier who never took a bribe *in a career of* fifteen years (a perfect portent of incorruptibility) to a Courtier *aged* fifteen years, who had never taken one—with the implication that even at so innocent an age such integrity was rare at Court.

II. 3.

Outer stage.

9. *Point*: tagged lace, for fastening hose to doublet and other parts of the dress, where buttons would now be used. Hence also, like "button", a symbol of worthlessness. Cf. Sir E. Hoby, *Curry-combe*, VI. 265: "He hath hardly earned a blew point for his daies worke".

13. *Hobby-horse*: once a regular feature of morris-dance and May-game—being originally a survival of the ritual disguise of the worshipper in a beast-skin in order to attain communion with the sacrificed god. (Cf. the surviving custom of decking horses on May-day: and see Chambers, *Med. Stage*, I. 130, 142.) In the morris the hobby-horse was represented by a performer encased in a paste-board horse with housings falling so low as to graze the ground and hide his human legs, while false legs hung down outside, from the saddle: in this guise he danced and did juggling tricks. (See the illustration of the stained-glass window representing a morris, in the old hall at Betley, Staffs, given at the end of vol. VIII. of Johnson and Steevens's *Shakespeare*; and cf. Scott, *The Abbot*, I. ch. 14.) The hobby-horse excited the particular hatred of the Puritans (cf. Fletcher,

Women Pleased, IV. 1; Jonson, *Barth. Fair*, III. 1); and in the later Elizabethan period it was falling, for a time at least, into disuse; whence there seems to have been a ballad "For O! for O! the hobby-horse is forgot". (Cf. *Love's Lab. Lost*, III. 1. 31; *Hamlet*, III. 2. 145; and indeed so many other passages that the hobby-horse might well have been a little more forgotten than it was.)

13. *Hackney*: then a village, two miles N. of St Paul's. The name was probably suggested here by "hackney" = "hobby-horse" (esp. as a term of abuse). Cf. *Love's Lab. Lost*, III. 1. 34: "the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love perhaps, a hackney".

15. *Green-goose*: a young goose (opposed to "stubble-goose"). Probably at Hackney, as at Bow, the fair was just after Whitsuntide. Cf. Taylor, *Wks.* (Spenser Society, 1870–7), p. 110:

> At Bow the Thursday after Pentecost
> There is a fair of green geese, ready roast.

Elsewhere it was on Whit Monday.

15–6. *as honest and as poor a man*: as honest as can be. Cf. the now obsolete "assoon", "asfast" = "as soon, as fast, as possible", and Lat. phrases like "*quam maxime*".

17. *Black-wall*: in Poplar, on the N. bank of the Thames, four miles E. of St Paul's.

19. *tears . . . tyed*: a quibble on tears wept and *tears* = "torn pieces".

19. *True-love Knot*: a double bow, like a four-leaved clover.

The point seems to be that his tears might be tied in a true-love knot because, though salt, they are the expression of a constant and ever-fresh affection.

19–20. *fresh salt*: *fresh* = (1) unstaled, (2) unsalted.

32. *shot*: a "shote" or "shoot" is a pig of a year old or less (Flemish *schote*).

32. *to this pig*: in comparison with it.

33. *Points*: see on 9 above.

35. *chopping*: bouncing.

53–4. *Wapping, Radcliff, Lymehouse*: suburbs of ill repute N. of the Thames; in the order, going eastwards, Wapping, Shadwell, Radcliff, Limehouse.

58. *Surrat*: Surat, on the W. coast of India, N. of Bombay. The Portuguese held it from 1573 to 1612, when it passed to the English East India Company and became extremely prosperous till superseded, after 1668, by Bombay.

74. *taken up*: "borrowed", with of course a *double entendre*.

82. *Horners*: (1) the City Company of horn-makers, (2) cuckolds.

83. *changing our Copy*: "to change one's copy" is a regular phrase = "to assume another character", "to change one's designation". So in a letter to Rev. Joseph Mead, April 27th 1627, there is described a raid of Captain Pennington on La Rochelle, "which he entered with the French colours, but presently changed his copy and

let fly amongst them". It appears to be derived from the sense of "copy" = "copyhold"; cf. Fuller, *Church Hist.* VI. 1. 6: "Waltham Abbey had its copie altered by King Henry the Second, and bestowed on Augustinians".

87–8. *sing at first sight*: *i.e.* at sight, from the music.

89. *children cry before they laugh, a fair while*: according to Pliny the infant does not laugh before the fortieth day (except Zoroaster, who laughed the day he was born).

102. *go*: with a play on *go* = "be pregnant". Cf. *Ant. and Cleop.* I. 2. 68 "let him marry a woman that cannot go". (H.D.S.)

105. *A lass*: a pun, of course, on his wife's *Alas*.

137. *share*: a London company of players seems usually to have contained from ten to twelve "sharers" (shares might however be subdivided) who divided profits and expenses between them, and were distinguished from the "hired men" or "journeymen". It was an obvious and well-tried device for keeping together a company of actors who otherwise would be perpetually scattering and changing. See Chambers, *Eliz. Stage*, I. 352–8.

II. 4.

Whole stage.

3. *Postures*: carriage, bearing.

48. *the proverb*: "Early up and never the nearer". Cf. Field's *Amends for Ladies* (1639), sig. F. 3: "I have beene early up, but, as God help me, I was never the neere". (Dyce.)

It is the counterpart, in the way proverbs have of flatly contradicting one another, of the more popular adage about early birds and worms.

61. *surbated*: (Fr. *sur, battre*) foot-sore, wearied out.

69. *rend'red*: answered. No parallel in *N.E.D.*; though "render answer" is common.

81. *rife*: disposed, inclined, keen (to go on dancing). There is again no parallel in *N.E.D.* to this absolute use; but in Bunyan's *Holy War* we find "very rife and hot for religion". See Text. Note.

88. *my recovery*: my rescue.

90. *what I spake*: *i.e.* in 70 ff. above.

91. *better*: better comforts.

101 ff. The passage that follows is an expansion of a popular adage, found, for instance, in Nash's *Unfortunate Traveller* and in 3 *Hen. VI*, v. 6. 12: "The thief doth fear each bush an officer".

103. *phanes* = fanes, an old form of "vanes".

105. *and meet her*: if you meet her.

110. *to the bag*: to the udder; *i.e.* if the calf goes up to suck the cow, it seems as if the clerk were going up to the justice and holding a paper (the calf's white face) under him for signature.

111. *Mittimus*: warrant for arrest.

114. *Goals*: with a play on "gaol", sometimes so spelt.
115. *th t'other place*: the next world. "The tother" is still used in Scotch and N. Eng. dialects.
124. *trap*: (Fr. *drap*) caparison, adorn with trappings.
146. *'Tis meant for Physick*: *i.e.* by being sea-sick. Cf. IV. 2. 142–3.
146. *as low*: "as far south" is Sugden's explanation (*s.v.* "Lee"): but there is little evidence for such a use. It seems to mean rather "as far down the river", if Margate be thought of as on an extension of the Thames estuary.
146. *Lee*: probably Leigh in Essex, on the N. of the Thames estuary.
146. *Margets*: Margate, then an obscure fishing-village.
150. *Letter of Mart*: a variant of the commoner form "Letter of Marque" (med. Lat. *marcare*, seize as a pledge), perhaps due to confusion with "mart" = "market". This was originally a license granted to a subject to make reprisals on enemy subjects for injuries done him: thence, a general commission to privateer. For this evidence of the date of the play see Introd. p. 3.
151. *roaring Boys*: "bullies", here of the ship's guns. See on *D.M.* II. 1. 16.
171. *Assurance*: insurance.
186. *Fouter*: (Lat. *futuere*).

III. 1.

Outer stage.

26. *forgetful*: causing forgetfulness.
35 ff. The rest of this scene, like the very similar duel between Ercole and Contarino in *D.L.*, is one of those bursts of eloquence that often unexpectedly light up the long flats of the lesser Elizabethan drama.
41. *sinking*: flagging.
78. *qualified*: weakened, diluted.
101. *privy Coat*: *i.e.* of mail; see on *D.L.* II. 1. 331.
131. *most, ought*: *i.e. who* ought.
167–8. For this superstition cf. the legend that the body of Henry IV was jettisoned by the terrified sailors in a storm, as it was being conveyed from Westminster to Gravesend to be buried at Canterbury.

III. 2.

Whole stage?

10–1. *as dreadful as a Shrove-tuesday to thee*: a roundabout way of calling the nurse a bawd. For the London Prentices used to serve both morality and their own need of diversion by wrecking houses of ill-fame on this day, to encourage the chaster keeping of Lent. Cf. "Overbury", *Characters*, "A Bawd": "Nothing daunts her so much as the approach of Shrove Tuesday"; *N.Ho!* IV. 4 (p. 241); Middleton, *Inner Temple*, 170 ff.: "Stand forth, Shrove-Tuesday!... 'Tis in your charge to pull down bawdy houses...cause spoil in Shoreditch...deface Turnbull, And tickle Codpiece Row".

24. *by the wifes Coppy-hold*: *i.e.* his wife is as it were his tenant and the child her holding, of which Compass, as lord of the manor, can claim possession. Copyhold means "tenure by copy of court-roll at the will of the lord of a manor according to the custom thereof" (Mozley and Whiteley, *Concise Law Dictionary*).
27. *Tuttle-street*: Tothill St in Westminster, at the opposite end of London to Blackwall.
44. *make Hair-buttons*: hair-buttons were made of *horse*-hair. Dr Johnson wore them on his tour to the Hebrides: see G. B. Hill's ed. of Boswell's *Life*, v. 18 and note. There is, of course, a play on "make buttons" = *cacare* (from fright).
45. *Main*: main point.
85. *In lieu*: in consideration that (not in *N.E.D.*).
89. *Mutton*: with the usual *double entendre* (= "prostitute").
97. *I have two hands*: (she is taking money from Franckford with one, from Compass with the other).
99. *Gender*: (1) gender in our sense, (2) genderer, begetter, parent.
103. *Hujus*: with a pun, of course, on "hugeous" and a *double entendre* in "case".
111. *by-betting*: *N.E.D.* only gives "by-bet" (noun) from Middleton and Rowley, *Changeling*, IV. 1. 88: "the gold Is but a by-bet to wedge in the honour"; and even this passage it fails to explain. Can it mean "betting on another's performance"? There Beatrice is staking her honour on her woman's passing, in her place, the test of chastity; so here Compass wants to win the child another has begotten.

Outer stage. III. 3.

54. *purchas'd*: gained.
70. *three Spanish men of War*: see Introd. p. 3.
87. *mediate for*: beg for. See on *A.V.* II. 1. 41.
95. *unite consent*: a Heywoodian phrase found in *The Silver Age*, III. (1613). Cf. v. 1. 33.
98. *Lin-stocks*: staves, with a point at one end to stick in the deck, and a match for firing the cannon at the other (Dutch *lont*, match).

IV. 1.

Whole stage: perhaps changing to outer stage towards the close of the scene.
2. *neighbor of Guild-hall*: there was a famous "Three Tuns" in Guildhall Yard; cf. Herrick:

> Ah Ben!
> Say how or when
> Shall we thy guests
> Meet at those lyric feasts,
> Made at the Sun,
> The Dog, the Triple Tun.

6. *Crack-roap*: gallows-bird.
8. *jumble*: stir up.
8. *Bastard*: sweet wine, esp. Spanish; perhaps so called because often adulterated with honey. Presumably there is here a double sense.
13. *Ellegant*: Alligant, wine of Alicante, near Valencia. The converse pun is found in *Merry Wives*, II. 2. 71, where Mrs Quickly talks of "alligant terms".
14. *con her thank*: thank her, acknowledge my indebtedness (O.Eng. *thanc cunnan*, cf. Fr. *savoir gré*).
19. *Metheglin*: a Welsh form of mead (cf. *Britain* in 20).
49. *Swabber*: sailor.
57–8. *Cuckoes...before...the Nightingale*: Dyce quotes Milton's "Sonnet to the Nightingale":

> Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
> First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
> Portend success in love.

Conversely it was an ill-omen to hear the cuckoo first.

59–60. *Taylor...leering eye*. Cf. Dante, *Inferno*, XV:

> E sì ver noi aguzzavan le ciglia,
> Come vecchio sartor fa nella cruna.

64. [*Latitat*]: the Court of King's Bench had originally jurisdiction, not between subject and subject, but only between king and subject. The court could however deal with trespasses within the county where it sat (Middlesex), as breaches of the peace; so the custom grew up in the King's Bench of issuing a writ to the Sheriff of Middlesex ordering the defendant's arrest for an imaginary trespass there committed, *ac etiam* to answer the real action. If the defendant were not in Middlesex, another writ was issued to the Sheriff of the defendant's own county to the effect that the defendant "lies hid and runs about" (*latitat et discurrit*) in that county and must be arrested. This legal rigmarole continued till 1854. (See *Sh.'s Eng.* I. 391.)

65–6. *Action of the Case*: the jurisdiction of the Court of Common Pleas was originally limited to certain definite causes of action, with a particular writ for each. A case covered by none of these writs could not, accordingly, be dealt with, till under Edward I it was ordered that, in such circumstances, a new writ should be issued. Actions commenced by such new writs were known as "actions of trespass on the case" or "actions on the case", because these new writs were framed on the analogy of the old writ of trespass. (See *Sh.'s Eng.* I. 390.) The whole point of this legal jargon here lies, of course, in the *double-entendres* to which it lends itself.

75. *lye at a stronger Ward*: "are in a stronger position". "Ward" is a "guard", "defensive position" in fencing. Cf. 1 *Henry IV*, II. 4. 219: "Thou knowest my old ward: here I lay, and thus I bore my point". So Fairfax, *Jerusalem Delivered*, VI. 42: "Close at his surest ward each warrior lies".

76. *partus sequitur ventrem*: "that which is born goes with the womb" (*i.e.* the child goes with the mother).

86–7. *at a Nisi Prius*: *i.e.* a trial, before judge and jury at the assizes, of a civil action brought in one of the superior courts.

Originally causes commenced at Westminster Hall had to be tried there before a jury from the county in which the cause arose, "*nisi prius* justitiarii ad assisas capiendas venerint" in the county in question. Hence the name.

96. *Sound of Denmark*: the strait between Zealand and Sweden, in which passing vessels had to pay toll at Elsinore.

108–9. Cf. *D.L.* IV. 1. 108–9.

110. *Cucking-stool*: stool on a pole for ducking scolds. See on *D.L.* V. 4. 43.

115. *recover*: recover damages.

118. *the Ballad of Flood*: this does not seem to be extant. Dyce searched in vain for it or for any reference to Flood. I have found however in the British Museum a pamphlet on the subject—"The Life and Death of Griffin Flood, Informer, whose cunning courses, churlish manners, and troublesome Informations molested a number of plaine-dealing people in this City of *London*. Wherein is also declared the murther of *John Chipperford* Vintner, for which fact the said *Griffin Flood* was pressed to death the 18. day of *January* last past". Below the title on the title-page is a picture of Mr Flood being pressed, still decorously wearing a hat as he lies on his back with a large box full of weights covering his body. Then follows—"Printed for I.T. and are to be sold at the signe of the Bible without New-gate, 1623" (*i.e.* probably Jan.–March 1623–4).

Flood certainly appears to have been an unpleasant person. After beginning as a currier's prentice, he found the trade of informer and blackmailer more congenial. His victims were prentices found by him in taverns or not at church in service-time; or tapsters, ostlers, and tradesmen who tried to make a living without having acquired the freedom of the city by seven years' apprenticeship or by purchase. Naturally he was no popular hero; but how little that troubled him he showed by declaiming in mid-Guildhall one day an epitaph of his own composition:

> *Here lyeth* Griffin Flood *full low in his grave*
> *Which lived a Rascall and died a Knave.*

This obituary he came however to need sooner than he had expected. For he ended by stabbing a Constable and a Vintner at the same time; the Vintner died of his wound; and Flood found himself in Newgate, whither ironic Tapsters congregated to drink his health and pass him the empty cans. He refused to plead "guilty" or "not guilty"; and was accordingly, like certain other tough spirits who chose this painful death (it saved forfeiture of their goods) rather than a comparatively painless hanging, pressed to death in the pressing-yard at Newgate.

Hazlitt's note here is characteristic: "Doubtless some ballad-history of the removal of an informer called Flood from the scene of his operations, by a Press Gang".

The anecdote that follows is clearly based on an incident rather differently related in the pamphlet on Flood. There it is said that he had successfully blackmailed an ale-wife for employing a tailor not free of the city; encouraged by this he visited her ale-house with a view to further triumphs and there "espied the good wife run down into the Cellar with a blacke Pot or two, measures contrary to the Cities custome". So he pursued her and demanded hush-money; but the ale-wife caught up a quart-pot of pewter and broke his head, crying "Oh help, murther, murther". To her neighbours rushing in she explained that Flood had tried to ravish her; the denials of such a man were unconvincing; and Flood had to sit in prison till he had paid her damages.

121. *Turnball-street*: Turnbull St, between Clerkenwell Green and Cowcross St, once called Turnmill St from the Fleet River or Turnmill Brook. It was notorious for its brothels, cf. 2 *Hen. IV*, III. 2. 333.

123. *Tweak or Bronstrops*: whore or bawd. Cf. Middleton and Rowley, *A Fair Quarrel* (1617), IV. 4. 196: "Mayst thou first serve out thy time as a tweak and then become a bronstrops, as she is!" This is doubtless the "play" referred to in l. 124.

126. *Goose*: swelling due to venereal disease. Winchester House, the London palace of the Bishop of Winchester, was in Southwark; and in the Bishop's liberties stood the notorious stews of the Bankside. Hence "Winchester goose" is a regular phrase in Elizabethan drama for "venereal disease".

132. *Winchester measure*: see on 126 above.

136. *Compr(o)miser*: arbitrator.

140–1. "The law will come to the decision which we are able to predict from our study of the precedents".

150. *Censure*: opinion.

153 ff. This debate on the rights of parenthood might almost be a parody of the famous contest on the subject between Apollo and the Furies before the Areopagus in the *Eumenides* of Aeschylus.

We may also, as Tischner points out, cf. Rowley's *A Search for Money*, 1609 (Percy Soc. reprint, 1840, p. 28), where the law-suits in Westminster Hall are described: "Here two neighbours together by the purses; the good man Nabuloes (Lat. *nebulo*, a rogue) goose had laid an eg in good man Corridons barne, and he pleaded possession and the trespasse of the goose, that had committed burglary to come in the wrong way".

168. *lops*: loppings, faggot-wood.

173. *I would see that Law durst*: *i.e.* I should like to see that Law *which* durst.

175–6. *Civil-law*...*Common-law*: "common law", as opposed to "civil", means the traditional law of England embodied in judicial precedents, as against Roman law.
206–7. Cf. *W.D.* I. 2. 87, etc.
222–3. *Bishops-Hall*: probably Bishop Bonner's House, just E. of Bethnal Green (Sugden).
223. *Swads*: pods (of peas, beans, etc.).

IV. 2.

Whole stage.

40. *wedding strewings*: flowers strewn before a bride.
97. *Lapland Witches*: for their notorious sorcery, especially with winds, cf. *Com. of Errors*, IV. 3. 11; Milton, *Par. Lost*, II. 665; Burton, *Anat. of Mel.* I. 2. 1. 2; Elizabethan dramatists *passim*; the narratives of Regnard and Leems in Pinkerton's *Voyages* (1808), vol. I; and Frazer, *Golden Bough*, I. 326, whence it appears that the Lap idea of tying the wind up in knots (three was their usual number; the untying of each increased the fury of the gale) has been world-wide from the days of Aeolus and Odysseus down to the old wind-selling witch whom Sir Walter Scott visited in the Orkneys.
135. *Cross and Pile*: "heads and tails". Coins had a cross on the obverse, and the reverse was called the "pile" after the under-iron (Fr. *pile*, Lat. *pila*) on which the coin was struck. Cf. "Overbury", *Characters*, "Countrey Newes": "good and ill is the crosse and pile in the aime of life". (Should we not read "*game* of life"?)
165. [*and*] *your friend*: see Text. Note.
241–2. From Daniel, *Queen's Arcadia*, IV. 4 (1605):

> And on that turne of Fortune's Scene depend
> When all extremities must mend or end. (H.D.S.)

Cf. on V. 1. 351–2.

IV. 3.

Outer stage.

7. *sometimes*: the joke consists in the unexpected insertion of this word.
10. *and let it be*: *i.e.* even though it is.
26. *feck*: faith. Probably from a diminutive "fay + kin" (Fr. *foi*.)
28–9. Honest men are not found in every street, nor indeed (one may sometimes truly say) in every parish even.
41. *taught*: probably "roughly treated", "taught an unpleasant lesson" (not in *N.E.D.*), as when Gideon "taught the men of Succoth" with briars (*Judges* viii. 16: it is immaterial that the Hebrew really means "threshed"). Cf. the use of "school" in Ford, *Lover's Melancholy*, V. 1: "Take hence the wag and school him for't".
42. *the Law*: of keeping silence.
50. *chopping*: bouncing.
124. *Petty Lassery*: petty larceny.

V. 1.

Whole stage.

26–7. *without A speedy birth*: *i.e.* unless it finds speedy deliverance and execution.

76. *well parted*: endowed with good parts.

106. *kinde*: Baron Bourgeois explains "foolish" (cf. fond): but the ordinary sense fits perfectly well.

188–9. *departed... With*: parted with.

204–5. *Double entendre.*

208–9. *Twelve pence... for Swearing*: an allusion to 21 Jac. I, c. 20 (1623–4), where this penalty is enacted. There is a similar reference in Jonson's *Masque of Owls* (Aug. 19th 1624):

> Who since the act against swearing...
> Hath at twelve pence an oath...
> Sworn himself out of his estate.

246. *Lures*: for the hawking metaphor see on *W.D.* IV. 1. 139.

253. *Guess*: guest.

259. *Italian Plague... Jealousie.* Cf. *W.D.* II. 1. 163–4.

267. *a Jewel*: *i.e.* the lost Bonvile.

280. Annabel answers angrily because Lessingham has already made her jealous of her husband with Clare. Hence the quarrel that now follows.

281. *coming over*: just possibly with a double meaning. Cf. *A.V.* III. 1. 5–7.

351–2. From Daniel, *Queen's Arcadia*, II. 4:

> And note but how these cankers always seaze
> The choycest fruits with their infections;
> How they are still ordainéd to disease
> The natures of the best complections. (H.D.S.)

Cf. on IV. 241–2.

377. *fierk*: firk, trounce.

388. *belie*: simply = "lie", if the text is right. No example in *N.E.D.* See Text. Note.

426. *Jade unto my Wants*: "*i.e.* jaded" (Dyce). But surely it means that his Wants rode him and spurred him on like an overriden *horse* (cf. next line).

429. *For that Discourse was our familiarity*: all our supposed intimacy was based on that conversation we had.

439. *Io paean*: ancient cry of rejoicing ("Paean" was a name of Apollo as "Healer"). Perhaps the dramatist is remembering here the triumphant cry of the lover-poet at the beginning of Ovid's *Ars Amatoria*, II:

> Dicite "io Paean" et "io" bis dicite "Paean",
> Decidit in casses praeda petita meas.

450–1. The sense seems to be: "The very fact of your repenting makes repentance needless" ("Which" = "a fact which"). Cf. *D.M.* 1. 1. 10.

493. *though it hold on the contrary*: *i.e.* though two negatives make an Affirmative, two Affirmatives do *not* make a Negative.

507. *Monologist*: should mean "one who *speaks alone*, in monologue, or soliloquizes"; sometimes, "one who monopolizes the conversation". Here, however, as applied to the cuckoo, I suspect that it means "One who *utters one word alone*"—*i.e.* "Cuckoo!" H.D.S. compares Chapman, *Byron's Conspiracy*, III. 2. 60:

> Which the Welsh herald of their praise, the cuckoo,
> Would scarce have put in his monology.

There *monology* certainly means "monologue": but the phrase may be adapted here in a slightly altered sense.

This term may serve as another example of the danger of relying too much on the *N.E.D.* as evidence of the date of the first appearance of words or usages in English; for the earliest instance there quoted of *monologist* is nearly a century later—1711.

510. *may do you*: for *may it do you*. See Text. Note.

516. *take us with you*: "understand us" (Dyce). But surely it means "let us accompany you to church".

TEXTUAL NOTES

A CURE FOR A CUCKOLD

For details of editions, see Bibliography. In the notes that follow

Q = the Quarto of 1661. (Brit. Mus. 82. c. 26. (6).)
D = Dyce.
H = Hazlitt.

THE STATIONER, TO THE JUDICIOUS READER

26. The curious change to smaller type is reproduced from Q.

I. 1.

The great mass of the verse in the play is printed as prose, except for short and haphazard passages (and the rhyming couplets), until we come to Act v, where most of the verse is treated as such. I can see no underlying principle in this chaos; and I have not thought it worth while to fill pages cataloguing in detail the excursions of Kirkman's printer from verse to prose and prose to verse. Those whom they interest will do better to refer direct to Q. On the other hand, where Q arranges its verse as verse, but with different line divisions, these are recorded.

72. *minutes. By* Q: *minutes, by* D (thus making *May you = If you will*).
95. D inserts a comma after *degrees*, with some change of the sense.
99. [*Mistriss*]] *Mrs.* Q (which misleads the modern reader to think of the repellent *Missus*). I have made this change throughout the play: and similarly [*Master*] represents the *Mr.* of Q.
102–3. *upon this—for...thoughts?—sadness.* D: *upon this. For...sadness?* Q (with no stop after *thoughts*).
123. *Friends*] The capital is wanting in the corresponding 119 above; it *might* serve to mark the stress Lessingham lays on this word at the second reading; but it is probably carelessness. Cf. the different spellings of *thee*, *the* in corresponding places.
124. *the*[*e*]] *the* Q.
139–40. *Enter Woodroff, etc.*] opposite 133 in Q.
147. [*our*] D: *ours* Q.
186. [*are*] D: *r* Q (doubtless for *your* = you're).
*205. *I would he had; the hurt...*] Q has a comma after *had*: D and H no stop; but what sense does this make? I take the passage to mean: "If he has not such a natural child, I can only say I wish he had. It might be rather discreditable: still that 'hurt' would be worth while putting up with for the sake of having an heir". D's reading *might* be rendered "I wish him—the hurt I wish you both—that is, no ill at all"—*i.e.* a sort of *παρὰ προσδοκίαν*. But this is hardly satisfactory.

I. 2.

There is no apparent change of place; but the rhyming couplet and the *Exeunt* which leaves the stage empty are perhaps enough to justify D in marking a new scene.

18–9. *much, For coin...nay, etc.*] *much For coin; nay* Q.
24. *Justice*] *justice* Q.
51. [*Less.*]] *Exit.* Q.
81. *Mon*[*o*]*machy*] *Monamachy* Q.
110. [*n*]*ine*] *mine* Q.
120. [*f*]*ighting*] *sighting* Q.
169. [*that*] inserted by D. Cf. *W.D.* II. 1. 28.
218. *Dover?*] ends 217 in D (the whole passage is prose in Q).
224. *have* ∧] *have have* Q.

II. 1.

18. *ope*[*n*]] *ope* QD. Considering the far greater metrical smoothness of this play, so easy a correction (the MS. may have had *opē*) seems worth making.
41. *love...*] *love.* Q.
43. D queries *I now would spread 'em*—(needlessly).
47. Ends at *moveables* in D (prose in Q).

II. 2.

*7. *So far as rank poison*] ? *Not so far.* If all poisons were "cold", we could dispense with the *not*: but Winter Wolf's-bane, for instance, is classified by Gerard as "dry and hot". See Commentary. However the author may have forgotten this. (Q has a comma after *cold.*)
15. *First* ∧] *First then* Q: probably, as D suggests, through a mistaken repetition of the first *then* in the line.
*25. [*containe*] D: *contrive* Q; *n* and *v* are easily confused; thus we have *greeved* (Q_2) for *grained* (F) in *Haml.* III. 4. 90; and *conceive* for *containe* in Spenser (Kellner, p. 116).

Contrive might be right, in the sense "spend" (Lat. *conterere*). All the sixteenth-century instances in *N.E.D.*, however, up to the latest there given (*Tam. Shrew*, I. 2. 279—"contrive this afternoon") are of spending *time.* Still it is impossible to say that *contrive* is definitely wrong. *Lanck*, however, supports *containe.*

38–9. End with *Sir* | *Key* in D.
55. [*wil't*] D: *wilt* Q.
*105. *Courtier—owld*] *Courtier, owl'd* Q: *Courtier old* D. D by abolishing any stop between the words destroys the joke, which apparently consists in the unexpected addition, after a pause, of *old.* See Commentary. A more drastic remedy would be to change the order—*I knew one Courtier once, fifteen years old.* But this too destroys the joke.
108. *back?*] QDH omit question-mark (Q, of course, omits them *passim*).

II. 3.

6. *Enter Compass.*] D (needlessly) moves to 16.
62. *times—that*] no stop in Q.
86. *fountain*[*s*] D: *fountain* Q.
105. *wench—*] Q has a comma, D a question-mark.

*111. [*Lea Cut*] the only conjecture I can make for Q's *Itacus*, which previous editors have left in despair. *Cut* is the regular word for artificial channels: see 13 Eliz. c. 18 *passim*, which authorizes a "cut" to bring the waters of the Lea to London. The present passage, however, requires a *Lea Cut* further south so as to form a frontier somewhere by Bow: and it is worth noting that 7 Jac. I, c. 9 (1609–10), does authorize such a cut from the Lea at Bow Bridge to Lock Bridge in Hackney. I do not for a moment claim the emendation to be certain: but it at least makes sense. And there are not many suitable landmarks in the district, though I have searched old maps.

In Elizabethan handwriting, *I* for *L*, *t* for *e*, *s* for *t* are all easy mistakes.

135. [*Ha'*] D: *Ha*, Q.

140. [*foure*]] *fours* Q: *four* D.

154–8. D prints as prose: Q as here.

II. 4.

6. [*remain*] D: *remains* Q.

*11. [*that*]] the addition of this seems to me necessary. It probably dropped out through confusion with the *that* immediately above it in the previous line. See Text. Note on *W.D.* II. 1. 28.

13. [*it*] QD omit. *Conceal't* would be even easier.

22. *Enter Nurse.*] One line higher in Q.

*39. *A fool!—rid him*] *A fool rid him* QD. But this is nonsense. Why should a fool be invoked to remove Compass? *Rid him further off* is an order to the nurse. Cf. next sentence.

57. *Onely*] ends 56 in D.

60. *quite out*] begins 61 in D.

*81. *am rife*] ? *can rise* (cut a caper). Cf. Steele, *Spectat.* 376: "She has seen him rise six or seven Capers together". This goes rather well with *put down* just before (cf. I. 1. 164): but it cannot, of course, claim any high degree of probability.

87. *In*] ends 86 in D.

100–1. [*Manet*]] *Manent* Q.

102–3. *peace; ... houses,*] *peace, ... houses;* Q: *peace, ... houses:* D. But 103 certainly belongs rather to 104 than to 102.

125–7. In D end—*me* | *Constable* | *appear*.

129. *Nay*] *Nay?* Q.

137. *But*] ends 136 in D.

143. *then—you*] *then you* Q: *then; you* D.

147–50. In D lines end—*too* | *fraughted* | *Mart* | *boys*. The metre is unsatisfactory either way.

172. *Sir*] begins 173 in D.

187. *Ile*] *I will* D.

secund[*i*]] *secundus* Q.

III. 1.

27. [*this*] D: *'tis* Q.

*40–2. *Wine and Riot—giddy and sinking; I had found 'em oft Brave Seconds...*] this stopping agrees in the main with H. QD, missing the point, place a colon after *Riot*, no stop after *sinking*, and a comma after *oft*.

51. [*and*] D: *but* Q.

60. [*under-prop*] D: *under-propt* Q (doubtless for *underprop't* with dittography of *it*).

67. *wo[r]ld* D: *would* Q.
68. *But*] ends 67 in D.
79, 85. I have added the inverted commas. Bonvile is pondering on Clare's phrase.
85. *She mocks you*] begins 86 in D.
103. *th[ou]* D: *then* Q.
109–10. In D lines end—*ever* | *now.*
112. *make thy way to it*] D thinks something must have dropped out here. But with the stage-direction I have added there seems no difficulty.

III. 2.

92. *words—then let*] *words, then let* Q: *words, then; let* D.
111. *by—by-betting*] D: *by, by betting* Q: H silently alters to *by bye-getting.*

III. 3.

5. *onely*] begins 6 in D.
104. [*third*] D: *three* Q. Probably the MS. had *3rd* which was misread as 3.
108. *us besides,*] *us, besides* Q.
127. *to* ∧] *to to* Q.

IV. 1.

S.D. *one Boy*] probably a corruption of 1 *Boy* (*i.e.* 1*st Boy*). Cf. III. 3. 104 above. D has *First Boy.*
53, 54–5. [1] *Boy,* [2] *Boy*] 2 *Boy,* 1 *Boy* Q. But, as Dyce points out, Compass has already called the Boy who appears at the beginning of this scene "Hodge"; so that if Hodge is *First Boy,* Rafe the musician must be *Second Boy.*
54. [1 *Boy*] D: *Enter Boy* Q.
64. [*Latitat*]] *Latitate* Q.
*89. *religious,* Q: D has a full stop. But I think Pettifog is being intentionally ambiguous: seeming to say "As sure as I'm religious, I'll mind your suit"; but meaning only "As sure as I'm religious—I'll drink to you!"
94. *Enter* 2 *Client*] D moves to 96–7.
*115. [*what?—shall*] *you recover*] QDH read simply *what shall you recover?*—to which the reply *In Guild-hall* is no answer at all. So that D has to suppose that something has dropped out; which, with this reading, is unnecessary. The point is the absurdity of getting any damages whatever for such a trifle. This absolute use of *recover* (= "recover damages") is quite common down to modern times.
136. *Compr[o]miser*] *Compremiser* Q.
168. *Apples* Q: *the Apples* D (*metri gratia*; but needlessly).
192–4. In D lines end *agreement* | *fault* | *will I.*
205. *kiss, Urse*] *kiss Urse* Q; but there can be no real question about the sense.
*218. *approved* Q: *approved?* D. It makes quite good sense thus to turn the sentence into a question: but the real point is, I think, that the remedy is a *tried* one—as Kirkman says in his preface (24–6)—"*The Expedient . . . hath bin tried to my knowledge, and therefore I may say* Probatum est". The reference is probably to some local tradition of Limehouse.
228. *Exit wife.*] opposite 225 in Q.

IV. 2.

26. *More*] ends 25 in D.
34–5. One line in D.
71. *ne*['*e*]*r*] *near* Q (old variant-form).
*165. *violence*: [*and*] *your friend* Brooke: *violence on your friend* QDH. The right reading here is extremely important, for it affects the whole question of Clare's motives. And either this emendation of Rupert Brooke's, or his less probable alternative, *violence on your* [*self*], seems necessary to make the plot coherent.

Clare tells Lessingham in I. 1—

> Prove all thy Friends, find out the best and nearest,
> Kill for my sake that Friend that loves thee dearest.

Now the answer to this riddle is not "Bonvile". For in II. 4, when Clare suspects that Lessingham has actually gone to fight Bonvile, she says to herself that he is "quite out o' the way Of my purpose"; and in III. 3:

> O fool Lessingham,
> Thou hast mistook my injunction utterly,
> Utterly mistook it!

Once more in IV. 2 she says to Lessingham himself: "Surely *I* was your dearest friend?" And a little later, she explains her real meaning. She was in love with Bonvile and desperate at his marriage; and so she had prepared poison for herself and plotted that Lessingham should "unwittingly" have administered it to her. The equivocation about the "dearest friend" is a childish piece of staginess on the part of an intending suicide; but Webster loved such Delphic riddles; and we cannot say that the psychology is quite impossible. In any case here Clare has just stated quite clearly that the intended victim was not Bonvile, but *herself*.

And yet, as the text of the Quarto stands, she is here made, in explaining herself to Bonvile, to contradict this statement of a moment before and imply that she *did* mean Lessingham to kill Bonvile after all. For that is the only natural meaning of the rather obscure phrasing: and yet it makes the plot a complete chaos.

One other possibility occurs to me. Could "violence on your friend" mean "making your friend Lessingham, against his will and without his knowledge, become the agent of your death"? In this way the text might be saved: but it seems to me a quite desperate remedy.

I must add that in neither case, whether with Rupert Brooke's alteration of the text or with this interpretation of it, does the motivation of the play as a whole become satisfactory. Brooke failed to note, when he tried to make suicide Clare's *one* idea, that she could not possibly describe *herself* as the friend that loved Lessingham dearest: for it was very far from being the case. Besides, how was he to "prove" her? And it would be hard even for her peevish logic to call Lessingham a fool for not giving her words a sense they could not possibly bear.

We must conclude, I think, either that Clare is meant to be utterly hysterical, not knowing her own mind from one moment to the next; or that the plot was muddled by the author or authors. It seems strange that such carelessness should be possible: and yet we must remember that of all the critics who have read and sometimes praised the play, no one before Stoll seems to have perceived that any difficulty existed.

184. *For*] ends 183 in D.
235. [*Bon*]] *Less.* Q.

IV. 3.

10. *beget, and*] *beget; and* Q.
11. *Enter Wife*] D moves to 15–6.
23. No comma in Q.
28–30. H's arrangement. Prose in Q: D makes the verse begin only at *I might* and puts a comma (wanting in QH) after *sometimes*.
34–5. Prose in QDH: but the wife seems to speak in verse.
70. *branded*] *are branded* D (which may well be right).
94. *Sou-west'*[*s*]] *Sou-west* Q: *Sou-west'* D.
110. *too weak, to yeild*] Q, ambiguously, omits comma.

V. 1.

26. From here onwards, except for a number of short passages, the verse is properly printed as verse in Q.
47. *Exit.*] opposite 45 in Q.
89. *Brid*[*al*]*-day*] *Bride-day* Q.
103–7. Q gives to *Less.*, inserting his name as speaker again, however, at 108.
108–9. One line in Q.
129. *Ile*] *I will* D.
134. *Enter Woodroff*] Q places at 129.
146–7. In D lines end—*already* | *over*.
174–5, 196–7. One line in Q.
198. [*he*]] *she* Q.
229–30, 240–1. One line in Q.
245. [*Wood.*] Q omits.
271–2. One line in Q.
280–1, 288–9. One line in QD.
302–3. One line in Q.
320–1. One line in QD.
325–6, 335–6, 337–8. One line in Q.
352. D marks new scene. This rather breaks into the middle of a rapid piece of action.
372–3. *him, ...you,*] *him. ...you,* Q: *him, ...you:* D.
375. *the*[*e*]] *the* Q.
378–9. *Callis-sands—...Fence-school,*] *-sands,...-school,* Q: *-sands,... -school;* D. It is clear, I think, that *hee'l show you tricks* is closely connected with *Fence-school*.
*388. *belie* QDH: ? *belie himself* (cf. 395). Scan:

He'll belie | himself | to do *thee* | a plea|sure then.

An alternative is—*he will be lying*.
396–7. One line in Q.
401. *Ile* Q: *I will* D (perhaps rightly).
414. *on*[*'t*]] *on* QD.
470. *Bless us Hymen*] separate line in D.
510. *A night-bird*] separate line in D.
510. *may do you*] *may it do you* D in 1st ed.: in his 2nd ed. he restored the Q reading, on the ground that in such expressions *it* is frequently omitted in English of the time.

APPIUS AND VIRGINIA

APPIUS AND VIRGINIA

DATE

THIS investigation provides an excellent example of the uncertainty of the dating of some Elizabethan plays. For Gray assigns *Appius* to 1603–4, Rupert Brooke and Chambers to about 1608, Fleay to 1608–9, Lee (in *D.N.B.*) to some date before 1619, Stoll to some date after 1623, Sykes to 1626–34.

At all events we know that the play was printed in 1654. Further, it has been identified with an *Appius and Virginia* which stands last in a list of forty-five plays appropriated to "the King's and Queen's young company of players at the Cockpit in Drury Lane".[1] This list is dated Aug. 10th 1639. The reference might indeed be to some other play of the same name; but the only one we know, the old *Apius and Virginia* of "R.B.", was probably by this time far too antiquated; and the identification with our play remains likely enough. In any case we hardly need this evidence to put its date before 1639. Indeed we can put it before 1634–5, if we accept Webster's authorship and the view that Heywood's reference to him in the *Hierarchy of Blessed Angels* (1635) implies that he was then dead.[2]

[1] Printed in Malone's *Shakespeare* (1821), III. 159. It is an interesting document arranged in this order—five plays by Fletcher; five by Massinger; fourteen by Shirley; one by R. Brome; a group by Rowley, or Middleton and Rowley (there is some uncertainty at this point owing to an unknown play *The World*, not very convincingly identified by some with *The World Tost at Tennis*); a group by Ford; one, *George-a-Greene*, attributed, probably wrongly, to Greene; one (*Love's Mistress*) by Heywood; one, *The Cunning Lovers*, by A. Brome; another (*Lucrece*) by Heywood; five by Davenport; two doubtful, *Cupid's Vagaries* and *The Conceited Duke*; and *Appius and Virginia*. Clearly an attempt has been made to arrange the plays by authors; and, did not *The Cunning Lovers* unfortunately spoil that arrangement where Heywood is concerned, we should have another argument, from its position in this list, against Heywood's being the main author of *Appius*. I have glanced at *The Cunning Lovers* but see no obvious signs of Heywood in it; though curiously enough it has the Websterian name of Montecelso among its characters. The order of the list might indeed be justified on the plea that *Love's Mistress*, though published as Heywood's in 1636, was really only a working up of a *Cupid and Psyche* (*c.* 1600) written not by Heywood (though he may have acted in it) but by Dekker, Chettle, and Day (see Chambers III. 346). But this seems a doubtful argument.

[2] See vol. I. p. 52.

About the earlier limit, on the other hand, there has been, as we see, the wildest divergence of opinion. Professor Gray, who suggests the earliest date of all (1603–4, with a revision "by a vigorous imitator of Shakespeare" in 1609), does so because the play contains several echoes of *Julius Caesar* (but why should these not be due to the "vigorous imitator of Shakespeare?); because Heywood and Webster appear from Henslowe to have been collaborating in 1602 (but so they were in 1625 on Gray's own theory that Heywood had a hand in *A Cure for a Cuckold*); and, lastly, on metrical evidence. For this I must refer the reader to the Metrical Appendix. It does prove, I think, that *Appius* came either at the beginning or at the end of Webster's career; but either of these alternatives remains possible. For it will be seen that his freedom in the use of resolved feet (the most significant test) increases from *The White Devil* through *The Duchess of Malfi* to its climax in *The Devil's Law-Case*, but then sinks no less markedly through *Anything for a Quiet Life* and *The Fair Maid of the Inn* to *A Cure for a Cuckold*. The only conclusion I can draw, then, from the metrical evidence is that *Appius* lies at one end or other of Webster's development; a view, which is strongly supported by the whole style and tone of the play as well. Only I differ from Professor Gray as to which end.

Fleay, who comes next with a date of 1608–9, deserves much less consideration. He could find no better argument than the reference in v. 2. 194–5 to

> *Lucretia* and *Virginia*, both renowned
> For chastity.

"Here", said he, "is an allusion to Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece* (printed in 1608). Therefore *Appius and Virginia* must belong to that or the next year". As if the two legends of Lucretia and Virginia had not been linked together from time immemorial by their intrinsic similarity! Indeed in our own day Dr Pais has suggested that they are simply variants of one and the same story. There are times when Fleay's mental processes disgrace the human intellect.

Brooke and Chambers have proposed the same date on the saner, but inconclusive ground of stylistic resemblance between *Lucrece* and *Appius*. Sir Sidney Lee, on the other hand, dated

the play some time before 1619, and between *The White Devil* (1612) and *The Duchess of Malfi* (then wrongly assigned to a date after April 1617). Considerations of style, however, make it extremely improbable that a work so different as *Appius* should come between two other plays so like one another as that pair of tragedies. Besides, when Sir Sidney argues that *Appius* must be not later than 1619, the date of Queen Anne's death, because it was acted by Queen Anne's Men, there is no evidence for his premiss and his conclusion would not follow, if there were. For that company at all events continued its existence till 1622.

Next, we have Stoll's arguments for a date after 1623; based partly on the perilously negative piece of evidence that Webster does not mention this play in the preface to *The Devil's Law-Case* (1623) where he refers to his past works—"*The White Devil, The Duchess of Malfi, Guise* and others". But might not *Appius* be one of the "others"? Rather more weight may be attached to Stoll's second argument—that the play's imitation of Shakespeare, especially of his Roman plays, points to a date after the First Folio of 1623. I think, however, that he exaggerates (pp. 193–7) the extent of this indebtedness; and we have to remember that in *The Devil's Law-Case*, for instance, Webster proved quite capable of borrowing passages from Jonson's *The Devil is an Ass* years before it appeared in print.

Sykes, on the other hand, in his *Sidelights on Elizabethan Drama* (pp. 108–39) brought arguments for a date nearer 1630. He urged that the influence of Heywood's Latinized style, after making its first appearance in *A Cure for a Cuckold* (*c.* 1625), had here grown considerably; while the influence of Montaigne and Sidney, so prominent in Webster's work of 1611–5, then weaker in *The Devil's Law-Case* (1620), had almost vanished in the play before us.

He then attempted to use as evidence three words, apparently borrowed by *Appius* from Heywood, and supposed not to be found earlier than 1630—"thrill" (*A.V.* IV. 2, 88: *The Iron Age* (publ. 1632), Pt. I. IV—but then *The Iron Age* is far older than its date of publication); "strage" (*A.V.* V. 2. 128: *Londini Ius Honorarium* (1631), in *Wks.* IV. 271); "infallid" (*A.V.* II. 3. 213: *Hierarchy of Angels* (1635), p. 308).

Now it is clear that words are bound to be most unreliable evidence of date. For it is extremely hard to be sure when a word first appears in extant English literature (even the *N.E.D.* is sometimes as much as two centuries out); while only a fraction of Elizabethan drama, and of Heywood's own work in particular, remains extant. (He had had a hand, he says, in some two hundred and twenty plays.) Even so, it is not surprising that closer search should reveal "thrill" to have occurred as early as *Britain's Troy* (XIII. lxx) of 1609, and "strage" as early as the *Gynaikeion* of 1624, while Sykes himself subsequently found "*un*fallid" in *The Captives*, also of 1624. Similarly the phrase "wage law" (*A.V.* III. 2. 200), at first thought not to occur before Jonson's *Staple of News* (1625), turns up, I find, in Middleton's *Widow* (IV. 1. 129)—probably about 1615–6.

There is a like uncertainty in arguments based on the Clown. Rupert Brooke pointed out how closely Corbulo resembled the Clown in *Lucrece*: in reply Sykes has pointed out with equal force Corbulo's similarity to the Clowns of *A Maidenhead Well Lost* (publ. 1634, acted some time earlier) or Rowley's *A Woman Never Vext* (publ. 1632, written after 1626). In fact this fashion lasted a whole generation.

Still, a date round 1626–30 is slightly supported by the recurrence of the soldier's jest about his stomach striking twelve (IV. 2. 12) in Heywood's *English Traveller* (publ. 1633, acted about 1627: it is also in his *Lancashire Witches*, publ. 1634). Again, there are possible parallels (see Commentary) in V. 2. 104 to Heywood's *Hierarchy of Angels* (1635); and in V. 2. 192 to *Love's Mistress* (performed 1633).

Of course there are parallels with *Lucrece* also: but these seem rather less significant of date, considering that the author of those passages in *Appius*—either Heywood or Webster under Heywood's influence—would inevitably be affected, in treating the subject of Virginia, by Heywood's play on the sister-subject of *Lucrece*, whether *Appius* was written 1609 or in 1630.

Still, when all is said, this painfully accumulated evidence of single words and parallel passages does not inspire much confidence, and I should be sorry to depend on it. The peculiar difficulty of dating *Appius* is due to its unusual lack of topical allusions. This lack I have tried to supply; and if the evidence

I have to offer is not by itself very cogent, it has at least the advantage of agreeing with that of Sykes already given: for it indicates a date about 1625–7.

If we consider the plot of *Appius*, we find that it follows Roman history with unusual closeness, except in one respect—the famine in the camp. For this there is no historical basis at all. It may indeed be said that this famine was introduced simply because the impoverishment of Virginius is Appius' means of putting pressure on him. But then that means is never actually employed. Virginius is indeed impoverished; but the temptation to sell his daughter is never developed. And the sufferings of the troops are dwelt on in I. 4, II. 2 and IV. 2 with an amount of detail particularly remarkable in a play which shows otherwise so little irrelevant episode, so few departures, for an Elizabethan drama, from its one main theme.

Now this starvation of troops in the field by the neglect of the home authorities is exactly what had been happening in the years 1624–5. In October–November 1624 twelve thousand men were pressed in England to serve under Count Mansfeld in an effort to recover the Palatinate. Their rendezvous was Dover, but pay and food were not forthcoming, and they were driven to pillage the countryside and "rob poor market-women". After much delay and suffering, in February 1625 they were transported to Flushing, and thence to Gertruidenberg to starve. "All day long", writes Lord Cromwell, "we go about for victuals and bury our dead". Soon only three thousand were left: but even in June 1625 their privations were still going on. They were left four days on the Dutch frontier with no bread at all. "Our General", Cromwell continues to Carleton on June 7th 1625, "studies his profit, and how to ruin us, I think.... Let us but command men that may not die as if we had killed them by giving them neither meat nor money, and we will go anywhere where our noble conductor dare send us; but to command a regiment starved, now not 220 men, I scorn it".[1] Nor were these the only forces of the English Crown that had to suffer from its incompetence and

[1] Cromwell to Carleton, *State Papers, Holland*, June 7th 1625 (quoted in Gardiner, *Hist. of Eng.* v. 336). Cf. IV. 2. 39: "As Dutchmen feed their souldiers" (though the stinginess of the Dutch service was notorious in general: but it shows how easily remarks, even in this Roman play, become topical).

penury in these years. There are repeated accounts of soldiers and sailors clamouring in vain to Buckingham (like another Appius) for their pay. For instance, on Aug. 17th 1626, Mr Pory writes to the Rev. Joseph Mead[1] describing how two hundred unpaid sailors from Portsmouth waylaid Buckingham, who promised them a hearing that afternoon and then gave them the slip. Similar episodes recurred for months. We may depend on it that had any of these victims strayed to the Bankside, they would have taken no slight interest in certain scenes of *Appius and Virginia*. A second allusion also seems just possible. In v. 1. 163–6 Icilius says:

> Piteous fires
> That chance in Towrs of stone, are not so feared
> As those that light in Flax-shops; for there's food
> For eminent ruin.

Now it is true that Webster was familiar enough with the inflammability of flax; he had made it play a part in the trial-scene of *The Devil's Law-Case* (IV. 2. 222 ff.; cf. *W.D.* IV. 1. 44). But it is worth noting, considering the reference to "Flax-*shops*", what had happened on the night of Nov. 12th 1623. "Wednesday the 12. of November, 1623", says the continuation of Stowe's *Chronicle*, "the house of Sir William Cockayn Knight, Alderman of London, in Broad Streete: In the evening one of his Ware-houses began to take fire by negligence as was suspected, of laying up wett flaxe in the place, which fired itselfe, and ceased not till two of the clocke the next morning, in which space it burnt his whole house, and three of his neighbours houses, to the great damage and danger of many neere inhabitants, and to the great fright and terrour of the whole Citie, chiefly the East part of the Citie". Other accounts (see Birch, *Court and Times of James I*, II. 433–4) mention thirty houses as destroyed and a damage of £30,000–40,000.

These two considerations add, I think, a little more probability to 1625–7: but there remains one piece of evidence, and only one, which seems to me fairly conclusive—the Trial-

[1] Birch, *Court and Times of Charles I* (1848), I. 141; cf. 175–8. Indeed it does not seem to me impossible that Buckingham himself is aimed at in Appius. Cf. the attack on Buckingham's creature, Dr Lamb, in *F.M.I.* v. 2.

Scene. Webster wrote two other such scenes, the Arraignment of Vittoria, and the trial in *The Devil's Law-Case*. If we grant that on grounds of style and metre *Appius* must belong either to the opening of Webster's career or to its close, comparison of these three scenes should help us to decide between the alternatives. Let the reader study them for himself: I do not think he will find it easy to believe that the scene in *Appius* stands some eight years nearer to *The White Devil* than to *The Devil's Law-Case*, which it so far more closely resembles. It is particularly illuminating to compare the three Advocates. As poetry, as high tragedy, the Arraignment stands immeasurably above its rivals; but as satire, its Advocate with his childishly unreal jargon is mere prentice-work compared with the biting caricature of the spruce Contilupo and the slighter, but not much less brilliant, Roman lawyer of *Appius*. It is not merely that the trials they plead in have ten times as many parallels with one another, as either has with the Arraignment of Vittoria. Even greater is the difficulty of believing that Webster could have produced anything so crude as the Advocate of *The White Devil after* the "most neat and cunning Orator" whom M. Clodius employs. As the poet waned in Webster, the satirical realist grew. It is a poor compensation. But it adds most of whatever life they possess to the central scenes of *The Devil's Law-Case* and *Appius and Virginia*. After Rembrandt, Hogarth. In *The Devil's Law-Case* there are two great situations, its duel and its trial. The duel Webster repeated in *A Cure for a Cuckold* five years later; a year or two later still, I believe, he repeated the trial here.

It is, of course, always possible that this trial-scene may be a later revision of an older play: but I see no real reason for putting forward such a hypothesis, and no means of proving or disproving it, if I did. So let it rest.

I had hoped that it might be possible to support the view that *Appius* is not the earliest, and must therefore be the latest, of Webster's complete works, by making it seem probable that some of the passages in which *Appius* resembles the other plays, were borrowed *from* them. For a passage taken from one play and embedded in another will sometimes betray its origin by being obviously less suited to its second home. Unfortunately the majority of the parallels in *Appius* give no clear indication

of this sort: but there is, I think, one possible exception. In I. 2. 11 ff. Icilius says of Virginia:

> here I hold
> My honorable patterne, one whose minde
> Appeares more like a ceremonious chappell
> Full of sweet musick, then a thronging presence.
> I am confirm'd, the court doth make some shew
> Fairer then else they would doe; but her port
> Being simple vertue, beautifies the court.

This at once recalls several passages—*D.M.* III. 2. 296–8, *A.Q.L.* I. 1. 41–8, *D.L.* III. 3. 13–5, *W.D.* V. 6. 261–2 (for the rhyme). Now, little as Elizabethans cared about anachronisms in general, it seems less likely that this disquisition on court-life was *originally* written specially for a play about republican Rome. Is it not simpler to suppose that it was only after expressing such ideas about the court in other contexts, which they suited perfectly, that Webster slipped them in here, where they are absurd?[1] Still I admit that this argument is again by no means decisive: I would only urge in conclusion the numerous parallels noted later between this play and Webster's other works of 1620 onwards—*D.L.*, *A.Q.L.*, *F.M.I.*, *C.C.*[2] Resemblances to *W.D.* and *D.M.* prove nothing either way; for Webster's landscape is dominated everywhere by those twin summits. But were *Appius* among the first of Webster's works we should expect it to show more parallels with his share in *Westward Ho!* and *Northward Ho!* than with his latest plays. An additional link between *Appius* and *The Devil's Law-Case*, on the other hand, is provided by the traces both show of Marlowe's influence (see *D.L.* III. 2. 1 ff., *A.V.* I. 1. 66–7, Stoll pp. 200–5; and cf. the collusion of Forobosco and the Clown in *F.M.I.* IV. 2. 241 ff. with that of Appius and Clodius in III. 2. 239 ff.).

[1] It is a slight further point that this idea of the court as a *good* influence on the character seems first to appear in *D.L.*, then again in *A.Q.L.*; whereas in *W.D.* and *D.M.* no words had been strong enough to express the depraving effect of court surroundings (*W.D.* V. 6. 261, *D.M.* V. 4. 84, etc.). Was the change connected with some episode in Webster's life?

[2] *E.g.* cf. *A.V.* IV. 2. 73, *C.C.* I. 1. 95; *A.V.* I. 1. 100–15 ("I told you...I shewed you next...I told you..."), *C.C.* V. 1. 159–61 ("I told you...I told you likewise..."); *A.V.* II. 2. 180–1, *C.C.* I. 2. 192; *A.V.* III. 2. 265–6, *C.C.* V. 1. 181–4. And see the discussion of Authorship.

Finally, this view that *Appius* is Webster's last work fits in quite well, I think, with what we know of his closing years—

1620. *The Devil's Law-Case.*
1621. *Anything for a Quiet Life.*
1624. Collaboration with Ford in *A Late Murther.*
1625. { *The Fair Maid of the Inn.* / *A Cure for a Cuckold.*
1625–7. *Appius and Virginia.*

Supposing that, for a moment, we let our imagination work, we can picture Webster, after *A Cure for a Cuckold* (itself a play with strong Heywoodian elements in it), being influenced too by Heywood's desire for a reaction from the tyranny of Fletcher's style of romantic comedy with its Clares and Lessinghams, and for a return to the older themes of the greater Elizabethan drama with stories and characters not ashamed to be heroic.

> For where before great Patriots, Dukes and Kings
> Presented for some hie facinerous things
> Were the Stage-subject; now we strive to flie
> In their low pitch, who never could soare hie:
> For now the common argument intreats
> Of puling Lovers, craftie Bawdes or cheates...
> I only wish that they would sometimes bend
> To memorize the valours of such men,
> Whose very names might dignifie the Pen,
> And that our (once applauded) Roscian straine,
> In acting such might be reviv'd againe.

So wrote Heywood in the prologue to *A Challenge for Beauty* (publ. 1636, acted some time before). What he wrote there, he doubtless often said in conversation. And so Webster, we may suppose, with the help of his old friend, drew from its long neglect this tale of ancient Rome (the companion of Heywood's own *Lucrece*) which Chaucer and Gower had narrated and "R.B." rudely staged. But though the new play was to recapture the old simplicity, it was not to assume also the old *naïveté*. Just as Shakespeare at the close of his career adopted in *The Tempest* the stricter, simpler formality of the Unities, so Webster set himself to tell his plain tale plainly, with no sub-plot and but little horse-play. The result cannot challenge comparison with the Roman plays of Shakespeare, hardly even of Jonson: but in its own far simpler kind it was a better treatment of a classical

theme than any other Elizabethan had achieved before, a work in its frugality not unworthy of ancient Rome.

That might be our fancy. Returning to severer probabilities I can only say that 1625–30, or possibly later,[1] but more probably 1625–7, seems to me the likeliest date for *Appius and Virginia*.

[1] It is of course possible that the play may have been written at any time down to Webster's death, which is argued to have occurred before Nov. 1634. But there seems no reason for separating it by so large a gap from Webster's other work and from the events to which, as we have seen, there may be topical allusions. The only slight indication of a date in the thirties that occurs to me is the parallel in v. 2. 103–4 (see Commentary) with Heywood's *Hierarchy of the Angels* (registered Nov. 1634). This is one more small piece of evidence, it may be added, against dating the play 1603–9.

SOURCES

The story of Appius and Virginia is related by Livy (III. 44 ff.) and by Dionysius of Halicarnassus (*Rom. Antiq.* XI. 28 ff.). Livy had been translated by Philemon Holland (1600) and a paraphrase of his tale of Virginia is also included in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure* (1566). Of Dionysius an edition with Latin translation had been published by Sylburg in 1586; and a paraphrase of his version and Livy's combined[1] had also been included by Giovanni Fiorentino in his *Il Pecorone* (20th day, 2nd *nov.*), which was written towards the end of the fourteenth century, and printed in 1558.

It is clear at first sight to anyone who reads the account of Dionysius—by far the fullest—that this was the chief source of the play. Here alone, for instance, is the feigned reluctance of Appius to accept office: whereas Livy describes him as soliciting with abject eagerness to be elected. Here, again, not in Livy, we find two of the chief objections which are raised in the trial-scene against the story of Marcus Clodius—"If the wife of Virginius palmed off a child on her husband, why did she not choose a boy rather than a girl?"—and "Why did not Marcus bring the case before?"[2] Again the bond-woman is actually mentioned only by Dionysius. But the best and simplest proof of all has been neglected—the form *Agīdon* (for *Algīdon*) in I. 1. 135 (see Commentary) which betrays, I think, the use of Sylburg's Greek text of Dionysius (1586). For it rests on a Greek MS. corruption: and his Latin translation of course gives the correct Roman form *Algĭdus*.

There is thus ample evidence for this source (cf. especially Dionysius' account of the proceedings before the tribunal of Appius), though Lauschke and Stoll go too far when they urge also that Dionysius alone mentions the promises of Appius to Virginia and the deception employed by the wife of Virginius; for Livy's account also does in fact mention the first and implies the second.

[1] Dionysius is followed in all the earlier part, Livy just at the end, after Virginia's death.

[2] Cf. however *D.L.* IV. 2. 290: only the second of these objections recurs in *Il Pecorone*. It is in any case an obvious one to make.

There is, however, reason to believe that Livy was consulted as well: but here again a clear case has been obscured by the bad evidence brought to support it. Thus it has been argued repeatedly that only Livy mentions Minutius as general, in this context (Stoll p. 161, Rupert Brooke p. 194); whereas in fact his command is referred to by Dionysius also, only a few pages before. Nor again can the description of the arrival of Virginius to demand supplies for the army, "disguis'd in dust and sweat", be derived from the Latin "*sordidatus*" in Livy's account of his later appearance at the trial. This mistaken idea has even been used to suggest that the author of the play read Livy in the original, on the ground that Painter does not translate the word at all. But in fact "*sordidatus*" has nothing whatever to do with the "dust and sweat" of travel, being the ordinary word for describing the mean clothes which defendants who had much at stake used to assume in Roman law-courts, in order to excite compassion. So that Philemon Holland rightly renders it "in soiled and simple array". Indeed the real traces of Livy are few, although he alone mentions Virginius' refusal of office on the plea of being heart-broken by his daughter's death (cf. his words in IV. 2. 184 ff. and in Holland p. 122) and his final relenting, not indeed towards Appius, but towards Marcus Claudius, who was by his intercession let off with banishment. And the resemblance is clear enough, for instance, between IV. 2. 193 ff. and this passage of Livy, in Holland's version: "As for me, I have buried my wife before, who died on God's hand: and now my daughter...with the safetie of her maidenhead and chastitie, hath died, I confesse, a pitifull and lamentable, but yet an honest kind of death. As to *Appius*, (quoth he) now can he not fulfill his lust in this my house...Now let other men looke to themselves and their children, as well as they can".

Rupert Brooke was the first to make the very probable further suggestion that Holland's *Livy*, rather than Painter's, was the version used, and to make this yet more probable by pointing out the curious legal use of "forthcoming" in III. 2. 361–2, as in Holland (p. 118). But there is, I think, a further consideration here. For the connection between Webster and Holland becomes all the more certain, if Webster's use of the word in this passage is, as it seems to be, a unique and mistaken one,

based on a misunderstanding of Holland's phrase (see Commentary).

If Holland, then, was used, we should hardly expect Painter's version to have been used also, and I see no evidence that it was. Similarly with Fiorentino; Lauschke indeed pleads that he alone makes Numitorius, not Icilius, send word to Virginius (cf. III. 2. 385, III. 4. 59—a trifling discrepancy); and that he alone of the sources draws a parallel between the fates of Lucretia and Virginia in the same way as the play: but the parallel is utterly obvious and trite. Nor again need we believe that the dramatist had read Gower's treatment of the legend in the *Confessio Amantis*, nor Chaucer's *Physician's Tale*. Though it is true that Chaucer's Host cries out at the conclusion, with reference to Appius and Marcus Claudius[1]—

> As shameful deeth as herte may devyse
> Come to thise Judges and hir advocates!—

and this might conceivably be thought to have suggested the insertion of Webster's Advocate, who does not appear in any of the ancient versions. But after all Webster hardly needed a suggestion from outside in order to insert a lawyer in a play. Nor again is there any trace of the influence of "R.B.'s" uncouth dramatization of the story in the early days of the Elizabethan theatre (printed 1575).

On the other hand, the author or authors of our play seem to have invented, independently of the sources, Virginius' mission to the Senate, Appius' scheme of gaining Virginia by starving the troops, the famine-scenes in the camp, the quarrel of Virginius and Icilius (just possibly suggested by that of Brutus and Cassius), Icilius' excitement of the mob with Virginia's bleeding body (perhaps likewise a reminiscence of Mark Antony's speech over the dead Caesar), and of course the character of Corbulo.

[1] Claudius and Clodius are alternative forms; in speaking of Marcus the historians use the first, the play the second.

AUTHORSHIP

In Appendix A[1] of his book on Webster Rupert Brooke attempted to prove that this play was really Heywood's, and that Webster had nothing to do with it beyond a possible revision of I. 1 and IV. 1 (the trial-scene) with its typically Websterian advocate. Brooke's theory in a milder form was supported with further arguments by A. M. Clark in the *Modern Language Review* for Jan. 1921; controverted by H. D. Sykes in his *Sidelights on Elizabethan Drama* (1924); and again upheld, in a still more moderate form, by H. D. Gray in an article in *Studies in Philology* for April 1927.

We may begin with a restatement of the case for Heywood. First, then, the original attribution to Webster on the title-page of the Quartos carries little weight in itself. His name appears in the first edition of 1654, re-issued five years later with a new title-page as "Printed for Humphrey Mosely". Now Mosely, so Rupert Brooke argued, could not be held responsible for the Quarto of 1654 or its attribution to Webster; and even if he were, we could hardly put much faith in a man who was capable of assigning to Shakespeare *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, *Duke Humphrey*, and *Iphis and Ianthe*.

As regards this first argument I do not know why there should have been all this mystery about the publisher of the first Quarto of 1654. It is only necessary to look at a copy. Its title-page bears the name of Richard Marriot, a well-known publisher of the time, who a year before had brought out *The Compleat Angler*. Marriot also entered the play as Webster's in the *Stationers' Register* on May 13th 1654. So that trampling on the morals of the hapless Moseley is a quite irrelevant pastime. Still we may grant that no seventeenth-century publisher's bare word is enough, and that we have no adequate external evidence for Webster's authorship, though *Appius* seems to have been acted as Webster's in 1669[2] and is ascribed to him by "the judicious Langbaine" in 1691.

[1] First printed as an article in the *Mod. Lang. Rev.* for Oct. 1913.

[2] At least it was reissued ten years later, in 1679, under Webster's name, with a reference to this performance on its title-page.

The next argument brought against Webster's authorship is that the atmosphere, style, and metre of the play are quite unlike him. He was fond we are told of making a character say "Ha!" and then relapse into silence; and that happens only twice in this play. He was fond of the epithet "foul"; yet it is nowhere applied to Virginia's trial.

This sort of reasoning does not impress one much. *Appius* is indeed unlike Webster's most famous work; but why should it not be? As has already been said in dealing with *A Cure for a Cuckold*, some of his best-attested writing shows the most unexpected qualities. And the sort of critic who baldly asserts that two pieces of work, simply because they are unlike, cannot possibly be the same author, knows little of literature. Who, for instance, would ever have supposed that the same mind could produce both this—

> Our witnesses the cook and groom
> We signed the lease for seven years more,
> And bade Good-day; then to my room
> I went, and closed and locked the door—

and this?—

> Ah yet
> Often in straits which else for me were ill,
> I mind me still
> I did respire the lonely auras sweet,
> I did the blest abodes behold, and, at the mountain's feet,
> Bathed in the holy Stream by Hermon's thymy hill.[1]

So with Webster—when the chameleon has just changed from black to pink before our eyes, it is idle to protest that he could not conceivably turn blue. Besides, as we shall see, the chameleon's foot-prints are far more numerous in the pages of *Appius* than Brooke or Clark perceived.

But, it has been argued, the play as a whole is not only very unlike Webster, it is very like Heywood—his simplicity[2], his Latinisms. It is difficult to debate such general impressions. Brooke, Clark, and Gray find *Appius* exactly like Heywood,

[1] Coventry Patmore.

[2] Brooke (p. 169) lays great stress on the *naïveté* in II. 2 of putting in the mouth of *Omnes* whole sentences which could not possibly occur to a number of people simultaneously. But this is a regular Elizabethan convention, and is repeated not only in *C.C.*, but also in *A.Q.L.* and *F.M.I.* which are certainly neither *naïve* nor Heywood's.

at least in parts; Sykes, after years of extraordinarily minute and successful study of Elizabethan styles, sees no real resemblance at all. My own feeling, whatever it is worth, after reading through the six volumes of Pearson's *Heywood* simply from this point of view, is that part of *Appius* probably *is* Heywood's, though less than has been supposed. I doubt indeed if that dramatist could have produced unaided so well-planned and reasonable a play. For there is a peculiar oafish simplicity about him which made him unable ever to create a single piece, except perhaps *Edward IV*, which is not deformed by pages of utter drivel. Let those who suspect exaggeration in this, read through, for instance, if they can, *A Challenge for Beauty*. It is easy to see the resemblances between *Appius and Virginia* and *The Rape of Lucrece*: but it is extraordinarily superficial not to see also the differences. *Appius* has nothing like the unspeakable Valerius; Corbulo, indeed, is indecent; but he is at least amusing, not a village-idiot. *Lucrece* has doubtless been admired—"un sot trouve toujours un plus sot pour le lire". But apart from this the two plays are separated, I feel, by all the difference between simplicity and *simplesse*, between the archaic and the archaistic, between a primitive statue of the sixth century B.C. and a work of the school of Pasiteles. I am not arguing that Heywood could not possibly have written *Appius* by himself; no one can dogmatically assert that; but that *Appius*, if in some ways like Heywood's work, is also in other ways very different.

Still general impressions remain mere impressions; it is time to get back to details. *Appius*, it is urged, imitates Shakespeare; and so does Heywood. But so does Webster—so much so that Dyce and Hazlitt have blamed him for excessive borrowing. That argument will not help. Then the episode of a general selling his goods to pay his soldiers occurs in Heywood's *Maidenhead Well Lost*. But the resemblance turns out to be of the faintest; Webster might quite well have borrowed it, if necessary; and such things had happened often enough in the real life of the time, for instance after the defeat of the Armada.

Again, Corbulo is like some of Heywood's Clowns—those in *Lucrece*, for example, in *A Challenge for Beauty*, and in *Love's Mistress*. This plea may be allowed some weight; but such clowns remained the fashion of a whole generation; and Sykes has pointed out that the Clown of Rowley's *A Woman Never*

Vext is just as like and indeed makes two jokes similar to Corbulo's.

Once more Brooke, Clark, and Gray, in support of their theory of dual authorship, have brought forward supposed inconsistencies in the plot (for a specimen see on III. 2. 144–5). But the difficulties thus discovered seem to me either invented, or else such trivial discrepancies as can be found in any Elizabethan play—there are far worse ones in *The Devil's Law-Case*. Those who have a passion for this particular sort of argument, should take a brief course on the history of the Homeric Question and read how generations of scholars revelled for the course of a century in finding inconsistencies, and therefore diversities of authorship, in what is now coming to be recognized as one of the most perfect artistic unities in literature. That *Appius* may have been revised remains perfectly possible; but, as far as I can see, no evidence worth the name has yet been brought forward to prove it. Certainly the appearance among the *dramatis personae* of characters who never speak, like Julia and Calphurnia, cannot be assumed to show this. Similar dumb figures appear even in *The White Devil* and *The Duchess of Malfi*.[1] They *may* indeed indicate cuts; but I do not see why Webster should not be allowed a fondness for giving names occasionally to his κωφὰ πρόσωπα.

The essential evidence is here, as in *A Cure for a Cuckold*, that of diction. Thus the following words and phrases in the play, mainly Latinisms, are typical of Heywood's style (for details see Commentary in each case): "deject his eye" (I. 3. 38); to "prostrate" (in special senses: I. 3. 41, I. 4. 124); "an infinite" (= infinite number; I. 4. 58); "invasive steel" (I. 4. 71); "devolve" (I. 4. 78; a strong parallel); "mediate excuse" (II. 1. 41); "infallid" (II. 3. 213); "leave to thy manage" (II. 3. 233); "palped" (III. 1. 47); "imposterous" (IV. 1. 114); "novel" (= novelty; IV. 2. 79); to "thrill" (IV. 2. 88); "obdure" (IV. 2. 102; this is certainly a very Heywoodian word); "Avees" (V. 2. 7); "oratorize" (V. 2. 12); "impart" (= share; V. 2. 20); "torved" (V. 2. 67); "lust-burnt" (V. 2. 122); "confine" (V. 2. 122); "strage" (V. 2. 128); "both ways knowing" (V. 2. 175).

This is an impressive list, even though I have certain qualifica-

[1] Jaques the Moor, Christophero, Farnese, Guidantonio, Forobosco.

tions to make (here, too, for details see Commentary). Thus a closer parallel to the use of "deject" is in Drayton; "infinite" is similarly used in Middleton, "mediate" in Marlowe, "invasive" and "manage" in Shakespeare; "novel", again, is quite common in writings of the time; and though "Avees" is certainly frequent in Heywood, the precise phrase used here is, if anything, an echo of *Measure for Measure* (a good example of the dangers of this sort of evidence). "Torved", finally, is an odd malformation (as if from a verb "to torve") which Heywood, as a respectable scholar, might have been expected to avoid.

Still the list remains a striking one; it will be found extended in Clark's article, though I have included, I think, everything of real importance; only the evidence of vocabulary in Heywood's favour cannot be decisive, unless it can be further proved that the words were not borrowed by Webster. And there are on the contrary, I think, some arguments in favour of such borrowing. If A borrows from B words of rather recondite meaning, we need not be surprised if he occasionally makes in their use slight mistakes which B himself with his better knowledge would not have made. Now there are several very curious usages in this play which have, as far as I know, no parallel in Heywood's own employment of the words. And the simplest explanation might well seem to be that Heywood, with his better understanding of etymology, used the words first in a more or less legitimate way; whereupon Webster transferred them, without understanding their exact force, to contexts of his own which they do not really fit. Thus Heywood thrice uses "palped" = "that can be felt", as an epithet of "darkness": the present play (III. 1. 47: see Commentary) applies the term to a film over the eyes, as if the author had imagined from Heywood's usage that the word meant "blinding", "impossible to see through". This is an interesting case as these four passages are perhaps the only ones in English in which the word is used at all. Similarly we have a unique and extremely strained use of "prostrate" (I. 3. 41); and of "thrill" (= "thrust"; whereas Heywood seems to use it only of *missile* weapons, = "hurl", IV. 2. 88). I should not dream of pressing such an argument very far: but it seems to me not without its weight. The Heywoodians are in some danger of being hoist with their own petard.

Again, one of the words regarded as most indicative of Heywood occurs embedded in a passage of obvious Webster; in IV. 1. 111–4 we have:

> She in the mean time fains the passions
> Of a great-bellyed woman, counterfets
> Their passions and their qualms, and verily
> All *Rome* held this for no imposterous stuff.

"Imposterous" is an uncommon word, typical of Heywood; yet the lines that precede and follow, as well as the scene as a whole, are even more certainly Webster's. The problem of the play is certainly not so simple as some have thought it. We have in fact, I think, to reckon not only with Heywood's collaboration but also with Webster's imitation of his collaborator.

Again in *Lucrece* it will be remembered that two characters, Valerius and Horatius, appear together a great deal: here too we have a Valerius, but his companion has become Horatio, as if his creator thought his name a Latin word of the third declension, like Scipio. Could Heywood, the translator of Sallust, have made such a mistake? And again could Heywood have been ignorant that the second syllable of "Algidus" (*algĭdus*, cold—see on I. 1. 135) must be short? It must be added, however, that this last occurs only in a scene now admitted to be Webster's (I. 1).

The positive evidence, then, for Heywood's authorship emerges, I think, rather damaged from closer examination, but still substantial. What positive evidence is there, on the other hand, for Webster's hand? There is really a considerable amount in the form, not of single words, but of parallel passages. Like all evidence of authorship, this kind is liable, as I have said before, to be abused. But it remains, I think, the best we have in such cases. *Single* words are always likely to be borrowed by authors eager to enlarge their vocabulary: and we may be sure that the Elizabethans, like Arnold and Rossetti, hunted for "stunning" words wherever they could pick them up, even if they were unable to go so far as the youthful Browning and read Johnson's *Dictionary* as a first step in their poetic career. And when we consider the number of words used once and never again by Shakespeare, it is clearly unsafe to rely too much on mere vocabulary as a test. "Il prenait son bien où il le trouvait." We want, as our test of identity, something unlikely to be

consciously borrowed. The unusual words, the great lines, the memorable phrases, of an author—all these are very liable to be stolen; it is the quite ordinary expressions, the habits of speech too undistinguished and unconscious to be the cause or the result of deliberate plagiarism, that form the least unsatisfactory of all marks of authorship.

It was one of Rupert Brooke's arguments against Webster's hand in *Appius* that there were so few passages in the play, that can be paralleled in his other works. He could only find nine (two of which are negligible). The answer to this is simply that he did not look long enough.

Most of the parallels noted below are due to the extraordinary memory of Mr Sykes[1]; a few had previously been seen by Brooke; others are additions by the present editor.

I. 1.

Admitted by Gray to be Webster's.

Cf. 19–21, *D.M.* I. 1. 533–4; 38, *W.D.* I. 1. 1, *D.M.* III. 5. 1; 76–7, *W.D.* V. 4. 126–7 (the sense is different, but "eminent" and "shadowes" are rather characteristic); 132, *C.C.* IV. 2. 49.

I. 2.

This too seems Webster's, though doubted by Gray.

Cf. 12–7, *A.&L.* I. 1. 41–8, *D.M.* III. 2. 296–8, *D.L.* III. 3. 13–5; 34, *W.D.* II. 1. 157.

I. 3–4.

Here appear the first signs of Heywood; but not, I think, without signs of Webster as well.

Evidence for Heywood.

4. 6–7. The camp wants money, we have store of knocks,
And wounds Gods plenty, but we have no pay.

Cf. *Royal King and Loyal Subject*, III. 1 (publ. 1637):

We want, Madam? You are deceiv'd, we have store, of rags; plenty, of tatters.

Note too 3. 38 (deject); 3. 41, 4. 124 (prostrate); 4. 58 (an infinite); 4. 71 (invasive steel); 4. 78 (devolv'd); and see on 4. 104.

[1] I am compelled to add that certain phrases quoted by him as evidence of Webster, have unfortunately turned up in my reading of Heywood also; such are: "the world right", "of all men living", "every way", "both ways", "doe, doe".

For Webster.

Cf. 4. 22–3 (sleep Upon the bench), *D.M.* I. 1. 176; 4. 111 (moth-eaten peace), *D.M.* I. 1. 83.

Still it must be admitted that these indications are very slight.

II. 1.

Gray gives this, like I. 3–4, to Heywood; metrically, though too short for a proper test, it is peculiar owing to its high percentage of feminine endings and quite unlike anything else in the play.

Evidence for Heywood.

Cf. 25 (sads), *C.C.* I. 2. 37; 41 (mediate excuse). 84–5, on the other hand, slightly recall *D.M.* III. 2. 272.

II. 2.

Gray attributes this scene to an unknown imitator of Shakespeare (conceivably Webster) whom he supposes to have revised the play after 1609. There are, however, more signs of Webster than he has noted.

Cf. 3, *D.M.* I. 1. 507, *D.L.* IV. 2. 326, etc.; 48, *D.M.* III. 2. 83, 95; 77–9, *W.D.* V. 3. 60–3; 95, III. 2. 214 (probably Webster's); 108 (half a face), *D.L.* IV. 2. 246 (three quarters of a face); 133, *C.C.* IV. 2. 49; 192, *Char.* "Commander", 16; 241 (onely this), *D.M.* I. 1. 212. Note also the characteristic contractions "i'th", etc.

For Heywood, Gray brings one parallel:

cf. 32–7: I wake in the wet trench...
...while the Generall
Sleeps in a field-bed, and to mock our hunger
Feeds us with scent of the most curious fare
That makes his tables crack—

with *Lucrece*, III. 2:

Thus must poor soldiers do;
While their commanders are with dainties fed,
And sleep on down, the earth must be our bed.

He does not, however, assign the scene to Heywood, on the ground that Heywood would have been more in sympathy with the soldiers; but such arguments, I confess, are beyond me. How *can* we know?

I see no reason why the scene should not be largely Webster's: the metre would be quite in keeping with this.

II. 3.

This may, as Gray suggests, be Heywood's; metrically it is more like him; and there is little trace, that I can see, of Webster till we come to 195–201, where "the world's eye" recalls *D.L.* II. 1. 245, III. 3. 115; and again 197–200 are certainly like *W.D.* IV. 1. 16 ff., *D.M.* I. 1. 176–7. On the other hand, indications of Heywood seem to recur with "infallid" in 213, "leave to thy manage" in 233. See also on 79 and 159.

III. 1.

This too is perhaps, as Gray suggests, Heywood's in the main.

47–8. No his smooth crest hath cast a palped film
Over Romes eyes.

I have pointed out the difficulty about this use of "palped": but I have also found the whole phrase closely paralleled in Heywood's *Dialogues* (publ. 1637), "The Man-hater" (*Wks.* VI. 174)—

over their eyes
Casting a shadowy film.

On the other hand, there are two rather strong Webster parallels in 28–31—cf. *D.M.* III. 5. 33–6; and in 56 (draw his picture)—cf. *D.L.* II. 1. 253, *W.D.* III. 2. 224–5, 251.

III. 2.

This is, I think, undoubtedly Webster's: and indeed it is natural enough that he should have written not only the trial (IV. 1), which is admittedly his, but also the arrest and the preliminary hearing of the charge. Gray however regards his part in it as dubious.

Cf. 12, *W.D.* III. 3. 67; 17–9, *W.Ho!* III. 2 (p. 113); 43–4, *W.D.* IV. 2. 134–5; 103, 170 (uncivill sir), *W.D.* II. 1. 61; 116, *W.D.* II. 1. 138; 131–2, *W.D.* II. 1. 65, 75; 135, *W.D.* II. 1. 94; 203–4, *D.M.* III. 5. 169, *D.L.* IV. 2. 672–3; 238–9, *W.D.* I. 2. 87, etc.; 265–6, *C.C.* V. 1. 181–4; 353–6, *D.L.* I. 2. 219–21; 371–2, *D.L.* IV. 2. 499–501; 398–9, *W.D.* V. 6. 259–60 (also IV. 1. 88 below).

Note also the typical "Hold your prating" (*e.g.* cf. *D.L.* IV. 2. 220) in 124, 192; and the "character" of a petty Notary (242 ff.).

Webster. III. 3.

Cf. 9 (poison'd...sweet-meats), *D.M.* IV. 1. 23–4; 25–7, *W.D.* III. 3. 59–60, II. 1. 315.

III. 4.

Probably Webster's in part, though Corbulo in general certainly resembles some of Heywood's clowns and Gray assigns the scene to him.

Thus the jokes in 14–5 and 39 recall two in the *same* scene of *A.Q.L.* (v. 1. 272–4, 62); jokes, of course, are easily borrowed; but cf. also 61–2, *D.M.* III. 2. 131, III. 5. 106, v. 2. 250; *C.C.* IV. 2. 57; *Mon. Col.* (Dedic.) 12.

IV. 1.

Webster.

The resemblances between this scene and the trials in *D.L.* and *W.D.* are too numerous to need exhaustively pointing out here: a striking comparison between the three will be found in Sykes, pp. 119–25.

Cf. 9, *W.D.* IV. 2. 130; 22, *D.L.* IV. 2. 373–4; 111–3, *D.L.* III. 3. 191–3; 121, *D.L.* II. 1. 43; 142–3, *D.M.* I. 1. 367–8; 163, *D.L.* IV. 1. 83 S.D.; 198–202, *D.L.* IV. 2. 137–8; 234, *D.L.* IV. 2. 151; 275–6, *D.M.* IV. 2. 329–30; 335–6, *W.D.* V. 6. 273–4.

IV. 2.

This certainly seems much more like Heywood. Cf. 73, which is repeated almost *verbatim* from *C.C.* I. 1. 95. Again, the joke in 12 occurs in *Eng. Trav.* (? acted 1627– : publ. 1633) I. 1 and *Lanc. Witches* (publ. 1634).

Note too 79 (novel), 88 (thrill), 102 (obdure).

V. 1a (1–61).

This seems Webster's (though Gray thinks otherwise). Indeed we should expect the satire of the Advocate to be pursued by his creator; and this is borne out by the piece of natural history from Montaigne (6–7).

Cf. also 57 (Farewel *Proteus*), IV. 1. 211 above (Pray thee good *Janus*); 60–1, III. 2. 391–6 above, *D.L.* II. 3. 195–6.

V. 1b (62–end: Dyce's v. 2).

This too I regard as Webster's, at least in the main.

Cf. 77–8, *D.L.* III. 3. 294–6; 97, *Char.* "Pirate", 15; 105, *W.D.* V. 3. 223; 107, *W.D.* III. 2. 307; 146–50 (tame a Lion...Want of sleep), *A.Q.L.* I. 1. 160, *D.M.* II. 4. 42–3; 163–6, *D.L.* IV. 2. 226–38; 166, *F.M.I.* II. 3. 27; 175–7, *D.M.* V. 4. 94–5, *D.L.* III. 2. 89–90.

v. 2 (Dyce's v. 3).

Here the words characteristic of Heywood reappear in swarms.

Note 7 (Avees), 12 (Oratorize), 20 (impart), 67 (torved), 122 (lust-burnt; confine), 128 (strage), 175 (both wayes knowing).

See also Commentary on 103–4: and cf. 192:

Two Ladies fair, but most infortunate

with *Love's Mistress* (acted 1633), I. 1:

She alone
Of three most fair, is most unfortunate.

Of Webster two possible traces are to be discerned—"not-being" in 150 (cf. *D.M.* IV. 2. 324) and 177—"apprehensive of a noble death" (cf. *D.L.* V. 4. 102). But these are too slight to be seriously considered.

The general results are then as follows. Brooke gives Webster nothing except a possible revision of I. 1 and IV. 1: Sykes restores to him the whole play. Gray divides it as follows:

I. 1. Webster.
I. 2. ?
I. 3–4. Heywood.
II. 1. Heywood.
II. 2. Unknown reviser, possibly Webster.
II. 3. Heywood, partly revised by Webster.
III. 1. Heywood.
III. 2. Doubtful; partly Webster.
III. 3. Webster.
III. 4. Heywood.
IV. 1. Webster.
IV. 2. Heywood.
V. 1 a. ?
V. 1 b. ? Webster.
V. 2. Heywood.

As an amendment to this I should myself suggest:

I. 1–2. Webster.
I. 3–4. Heywood and ? Webster.
II. 1. ? Heywood.
II. 2. Webster and ? Heywood.
II. 3. Heywood and Webster.
III. 1. Heywood and Webster.
III. 2. Webster.
III. 3. Webster.
III. 4. Heywood and Webster.
IV. 1. Webster.

IV. 2. Heywood.
V. 1 a. Webster.
V. 1 b. Webster.
V. 2. Heywood.

This, it will be seen, gives Webster a larger share; no doubt some of the passages I have quoted for him can be paralleled from Heywood; and perhaps I have seen Webster's hand in some places only because I wished to see it. Future investigation will clear the ground further; but enough has, I think, been established to provide a warning against what are perhaps the two most serious pitfalls in such researches—the idea that scenes can be summarily assigned as wholes to one collaborator or another, and the habit of arguing from preconceived notions as to how a given author could or could not write. For there are passages here, even in the scenes most certainly by Webster, that no one would ever have imagined him producing. Indeed, so true is this, that though after long consideration I felt compelled to reject Sykes's case for Webster's sole authorship (a view in which I have now been independently confirmed by Gray), it still seems not inconceivable to me, though unlikely, that Sykes is right and the whole play simply Webster in disguise (and similarly, of course, with the scenes assigned to Heywood in *A Cure for a Cuckold*). There are Elizabethan scholars—too many of them—to whom even a tinge of uncertainty apparently seems indecent; but one may be allowed to wonder if those who are unable for a moment to suspend their judgment, have any to suspend. Here at all events I certainly cannot make any pretence of that appalling certitude which it is common to exhibit at the close of this sort of discussion. And I will only add that, whether Webster's share be ultimately proved larger or smaller than is here suggested, whether one of the dramatists revised the other or they wrote together, it is surely Webster who remains the master. Not only is far the best scene, the trial (IV. 1), the most undeniably his: but it is to his influence, I believe, that we must also attribute the general good sense and seriousness of the play as a whole, its freedom from that grinning through a horse-collar which occupies so much of Heywood's "tragedy" on the twin-subject of Lucrece. If *Appius and Virginia* is to be associated predominantly with any one man's name, in justice, I think, that name should still be John Webster.

THE PLAY

"A work which would alone have sufficed to perpetuate the name of its author among all lovers of English poetry at its best." SWINBURNE.

With this his last work Webster escapes from the influence of Fletcher and that type of play which consists in tossing romantic puppets in a blanket of intrigue to a happy conclusion. In his collaboration with Massinger and Ford (1625) in *The Fair Maid of the Inn* he had already turned to draw, instead of the nonentities and cads of *Anything for a Quiet Life* and *A Cure for a Cuckold*, men whose courage is not all bluster, and a girl who grows to woman without becoming either a fury or a doll. In the present play that gain in strength and vigour is maintained; but the *panache* of the Fletcher-Massinger style with its anticipation of the Heroic Drama of the Restoration, is now thrown away. Under the influence of Heywood, probably with his help, a better brain than Heywood's has here produced a work that at times seems to revert to the manner of a quarter of a century before, when its part-model, *Julius Caesar*, first appeared on a stage that had not yet lost its sense of directness and simplicity. Other dramatists likewise, Aeschylus and Euripides, have partly reverted in their latest work to fashions which ruled in their youth; and this, as well as Heywood's influence, may have something to do with the general tone of *Appius and Virginia*. And yet though the play seems archaic for its date, it has other qualities far from archaic. It is striking in its almost classical simplicity of construction and absence of under-plot: and from this point of view it is worth noting, as has already been said, what a world of difference, beneath the superficial similarity of subject and diction which has deceived some critics, lies between this play and its counterpart, Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*. Indeed the curious straightforwardness with which its plot marches to its conclusion, the absence of irrelevant detail beyond a little clowning, has won for *Appius and Virginia* from William Archer and from Bodenstedt the title of the best of Webster's plays.

That indeed is an unthinkable estimate. But *Appius* remains a very worthy piece, the work of a quite competent talent with

no flicker of genius left, a very adequate handling of a not very brilliant theme. For the legend of Virginia is deceptive in the dramatic possibilities it has often seemed to possess. Just as there are plays like Ford's *Broken Heart* which enjoy a reputation on the strength of one great scene; so there are stories that entice playwrights to dramatize them by the single dramatic episode which they possess. So here: the scene in the Forum has seized the imagination of generations; but you cannot make one scene into a play. And the episodes that precede and follow this central crisis lend themselves less happily. There is a lack of individual interest in the characters. Virginius is just a Roman Father, Virginia just a Virgin Martyr, killed almost before she knows her fate, and therefore unable to suffer even the inward struggles of an Iphigenia, whose first maiden terror we can watch rising into heroism. Nor is it easy for a dramatist to add to these shadowy figures details of his own that shall yet be relevant to the plot; though something has been done in making Virginius a blunt soldier whose rough, honest tongue, by offending the Senate, makes it easier for Appius to do him wrong. As for the avenging of Virginia, this too is not easy for the dramatist, seeing that the not very salient *dramatis personae* are now lost in the masses of a popular revolution. Doubtless a Shakespeare, despite these difficulties, could have made of the subject a companion-piece to *Coriolanus*, though even the original legend of *Coriolanus* provides a greater psychological interest, in that its crowning struggle is fought out in the hero's soul; whereas the weakness of *Appius and Virginia* is largely that its conflicts are all external. The one escape from these inherent difficulties would have been to concentrate on the romantic passion of Icilius and Virginia: then indeed in the hands of the author of *Romeo and Juliet* the story might perhaps have yielded a masterpiece.

The third and last of Webster's tragedies remains, then, the least faulty, but certainly not the best of his works. Yet it is very readable. Its humour is quite amusing; its camp scenes are vividly drawn and must have seemed more vivid still to spectators whose minds kept fresh the memory, not here of Livy, but of the miseries of their own countrymen rotting neglected in the Low Countries; and in the trial-scene (which may perhaps have originally tempted Webster to the subject) he recovers some of

the old bitter vigour we have missed in his work since *The Devil's Law-Case*. *Appius* has indeed lines which still echo the older plays of a dozen years before: and at rare moments it has lines of its own not unworthy to have found a place in them.

> The plague that in some foulded cloud remaines,
> The bright Sun soone disperseth; but observe
> When black infection in some dunghill lies,
> There's worke for bells and graves, if it doe rise.
>
> . . . .
>
> You my most neat and cunning Orator,
> Whose tongue is Quick-silver—Pray thee good *Janus*,
> Look not so many severall wayes at once,
> But go to th' point.
>
> . . . .
>
> Farewel my sweet *Virginia*, never, never
> Shall I taste fruit of the most blessed hope
> I had in thee. Let me forget the thought
> Of thy most pretty infancy, when first
> Returning from the Wars, I took delight
> To rock thee in my Target; when my Girl
> Would kiss her father in his burganet
> Of glittering steel hung 'bout his armed neck;
> And viewing the bright mettal, smile to see
> Another fair *Virginia* smile on thee:
> When I first taught thee how to go, to speak:
> And when my wounds have smarted, I have sung
> With an unskilful, yet a willing voice,
> To bring my Girl asleep. O my *Virginia*,
> When we begun to be, begun our woes,
> Increasing still, as dying life still grows.

So we take our leave of the dramatist, with no pomp or funeral thunder like the close of his great tragedies; with no breaking of the magic staff, as the magician bows his proud farewell before us with the sunset in his eyes. And yet we may feel it not altogether unfitting that the poet whom the glittering Vittoria had crowned with his first undying laurel, should receive from Virginia's maiden hands this parting wreath of yew.

APPIUS AND VIRGINIA

APPIUS AND VIRGINIA.

A TRAGEDY.

BY

JOHN WEBSTER.

[Printer's Device]

LONDON,
Printed for *Rich. Marriot*, in S. *Dunſtans*
Church-Yard *Fleet-ſtreet*. 1654.

[Dramatis Personae.

Virginius.
Appius Claudius.
Minutius.
Oppius.
Marcus Clodius.
Numitorius.
Icilius.
Valerius.
Horatio.
Sertorius.
An Advocate.
A Roman Officer.
Two Cousins of Appius.
Senators.
Corbulo, *a Clown.*
Virginia.
Julia.
Calphurnia.
Nurse.
Lictors, Soldiers, Servants, etc.]

APPIUS AND VIRGINIA.

Actus Primus Scena Prima.

[*Rome. A Public Place.*]

Enter Minutius, Oppius, and Lictors.

MINUTIUS.

IS *Appius* sent for, that we may acquaint him
With the decree o'th' Senate?

LICTOR. He is, my Lord,
And will attend your Lordships presently.

OPP. Lictor, did you tell him that our businesse
Was from the Senate?

LICT. I did, my Lord, and here he is at hand.

Enter Appius, his two Cozens, and M. Clodius.

APPIUS. My Lords, your pleasure?

MINUT. *Appius*, the Senate greet you well, and by us do signifie unto you that they have chosen you one of the Decemviri.

APP. My Lords, far be it from the thoughts of so poor a Plebeian, as your unworthy servant *Appius*, to soar so high: the dignity of so eminent a place would require a person of the best parts and blood in Rome. My Lords, he that must steer at th' head of an Empire, ought to be the Mirrour of the times for Wisdome and for Policie, and therefore I would beseech the Senate to elect one worthy of the place, and not to think of one so unfit as *Appius*.

MINU. My Lord, my Lord, you dally with your wits.
I have seen children oft eat sweet-meats thus,

As fearfull to devoure them:
You are wise, and play the modest courtier right,
To make so many bits of your delight.
OPPIUS. But you must know, what we have once concluded
Cannot for any private mans affection
Be slighted: take your choice then with best judgement
Of these two proffers, either to accept
The place propos'd you, or be banished Rome
Immediately: *Lictors* make way: we expect
Your speedy resolution. *Exeunt Oppius, Minutius,* [*Lictors*].
1. COZEN. Noble cozen,
You wrong your selfe extremely to refuse
So Eminent a place.
2. COZEN. It is a meanes
To raise your kindred. Who shall dare t'oppose
Himselfe against our Family, when yonder
Shall sit your power, and frowne?
APPIUS. Or banisht Rome!
I pray forbear a little. *Marcus!* [*Cozens withdraw.*]
MARCUS CL. Sir.
APPIUS. How dost thou like my cunning?
MARCUS CL. I protest
I was be-agued, fearing lest the Senate
Should have accepted at your fain'd refusall.
See how your kindred and your friends are muster'd
To warme them at your sun-shine. Were you now
In prison, or arraign'd before the Senate
For some suspect of treason, all these swallowes
Would flie your stormy winter, not one sing:
Their Musick is the Summer and the Spring.
APPIUS. Thou observest shrewdly: well, Ile fit them for't.
I must be one of the *Decemviri,*
Or banish't Rome? Banisht! laugh, my trusty *Marcus,*
I am inforc't to my ambition.
I have heard of cunning footmen that have worne
Shooes made of lead some ten dayes 'fore a race
To give them nimble and more active feet:
So great men should, that aspire eminent place,
Load themselves with excuse and faint denyall,
That they with more speed may performe the trial:

"Marke his humility," saies one; "how far
His dreames are from ambition!" saies another;
"He would not shew his Eloquence, lest that
Should draw him into office": and a third
Is meditating on some thrifty suite
To beg 'fore dinner. Had I as many hands
As had *Briarius*, I'de extend them all
To catch this office; 'twas my sleeps disturber,
My dyets ill digestion, my melancholy *Enter Oppius,*
Past physicks cure. *Minutius, Lictors.*
MARCUS. The Senators returne.
MINU. My Lord, your answer?
APPIUS. To obey my Lord, and to know how to rule
Doe differ much: to obey by nature comes,
But to command by long experience.
Never were great men in so eminent place
Without their shadowes. Envy will attend
On greatnesse till this generall frame takes end.
'Twixt these extreames of state and banishment,
My minde hath held long conflict, and at last
I thus returne my answer—noble friends,
We now must part, necessity of State
Compells it so.
I must inhabit now a place unknowne,
You see't compels me leave you. Fare you well.
1. COZEN. To banishment, my Lord?
APPIUS. I am given up
To a long travell full of fear and danger,
To waste the day in sweat, and the cold night
In a most desolate contemplation,
Banisht from all my kindred and my friends,
Yea banisht from my selfe; for I accept
This honourable calling.
MINU. Worthy *Appius*,
The gods conduct you hither: *Lictors*, His robes!
2. COZEN. We are made for ever—noble kinsman,
'Twas but to fright us.
APPIUS. But my loving kinsmen,
Mistake me not, for what I spake was true,
Bear witnesse all the gods: I told you first,

I was to inhabit in a place unknown;
'Tis very certaine, for this reverend seat
Receives me as a pupill, rather gives
Ornament to the person, then our person
The least of grace to it. I shewed you next
I am to travell; 'tis a certaine truth:
Look by how much the labour of the minde
Exceeds the bodie's, so far am I bound
With paine and industry, beyond the toyle
Of those that sweat in warre, beyond the toyle
Of any Artisan—pale cheeks, and sunk eyes,
A head with watching dizied, and a haire
Turn'd white in youth, all these at a dear rate
We purchase speedily that tend a State.
I told you I must leave you, 'tis most true.
Henceforth the face of a Barbarian
And yours shall be all one, henceforth Ile know you
But only by your vertue: brother or father
In [a] dishonest suite shall be to me
As is the branded slave. Justice should have
No kindred, friends, nor foes, nor hate, nor love—
As free from passion as the gods above.
I was your friend and kinsman, now your Judge,
And whilst I hold the scales, a downy feather
Shall as soone turne them as a masse of Pearle
Or Diamonds.

MARCUS. [*aside*] Excellent, excellent Lapwing!
There's other stuffe closed in that subtle brest.
He sings and beats his wings far from his nest.

APPIUS. So Gentlemen, I take it, here takes end
Your businesse; my acquaintance, fare you well.

1. COZEN. Heres a quick change, who did expect this cloud?
Thus men when they grow great doe strait grow proud.

APPIUS. Now to our present businesse at the camp:
The army that doth winter 'fore [*Algidon*],
Is much distrest we heare: *Minutius*,
You with the levies and the little corne
This present dearth will yield, are speedily
To hasten thither, so to appease the minde
Of the intemperate souldier.

MINU. I am ready—
The levies doe attend me—our Lieutenant
Send on our Troopes.
APPIUS. Farewell *Minutius.*
The gods goe with you, and be still at hand
To adde a triumph to your bold command. *Exeunt.*

[*Actus Primus Scena Secunda.*]

[*The House of Virginius.*]

Enter Numitorius, Icilius, Virginia.

NUMITOR. Noble *Icilius* welcome—teach your selfe
A bolder freedome here, for, by our love,
Your suite to my faire Neece doth parallell
Her kindreds wishes. There's not in all Rome
A man that is by honour more approv'd
Nor worthier, were you poore, to be belov'd.
ICILIUS. You give me (noble Lord) that character
Which I cood never yet read in my selfe:
But from your censure shall I take much care
To adorne it with the fairest ornaments
Of unambitious vertue: here I hold [*He takes Virginia's hand.*]
My honorable patterne, one whose minde
Appeares more like a ceremonious chappell
Full of sweet musick, then a thronging presence.
I am confirm'd, the court doth make some shew
Fairer then else they would doe; but her port
Being simple vertue, beautifies the court.
VIRGINIA. It is a flattery (my Lord)
You breath upon me, and it shewes much like
The borrowed painting which some Ladies use—
It is not to continue many dayes;
My wedding garments will outweare this praise.
NUMITOR. Thus Ladies still foretell the funerall
Of their Lords kindnesse. *Enter a Servant, whispers*
But my Lord, what newes? *Icilius in the eare.*
ICILIUS. *Virginius*, my Lord, your noble brother
Disguis'd in dust and sweat, is new arriv'd

Within the City: troopes of artisans
Follow his panting horse, and with a strang,
Confused noyse, partly with joy to see him,
Partly with fear for what his hast portends,
They shew as if a sudden mutiny
Orespread the City.
NUMITOR. Cozen take your chamber. [*Exit Virginia.*]
What businesse from the camp?
ICILIUS. Sure Sir it beares
The forme of some great danger, for his horse
Bloody with spurring, shewes as if he came
From forth a battel: never did you see
'Mongst quailes or cocks in fight a bloodier Heele,
Then that your brother strikes with. In this forme
Of orespent horseman, having as it seemes,
With the distracting of his newes, forgot
House, friends, or change of raiment, he is gone
To th'Senate house.
NUMITOR. Now the gods bring us safety!—
The face of this is cloudy—let us haste
To'th Senate house, and there enquire how neare
The body moves of this our threatned fear. *Exeunt.*

[*Actus Primus Scena Tertia.*]

[*A Public Place.*]

Enter Appius melancholly; after, Clodius.

CL. My Lord.
APPIUS. Thou troublest me.
CLODIUS. My hand's as ready arm'd to work your peace
As my tongue bold to inquire your discontents.
Good my Lord hear me.
APPIUS. I am at much variance
Within my selfe, there's discord in my blood,
My powers are all in combat, I have nothing
Left but sedition in me.
CLODIUS. Trust my bosom
To be the closet of your private griefs.

Beleeve me, I am uncranied.
APPIUS. May I trust thee?
M. CLODIUS. As the firme centre to indure the burden
Of your light foot, as you would trust the poles
To bear on them this airy cannopy,
And not to fear their shrinking. I am strong,
Fixt and unshaking.
APPIUS. Art thou? Then thine [ear]:
I love.
M. CLODIUS. Ha ha he!
APPIUS. Can this my ponderous secresie
Be in thine ear so light? seemes my disturbance
Worthy such scorne that thou deridest my griefs?
Beleeve me, *Clodius*, I am not a twig
That every gust can shake, but 'tis a tempest
That must be able to use violence
On my grown branches. Wherefore laugh'st thou then?
M. CLODIUS. Not that y'are mov'd—it makes me smile in scorne
That wise men cannot understand themselves,
Nor know their own prov'd greatnesse. *Clodius* laughes not
To think you love, but that you are so hopelesse
Not to presume to injoy whom you affect.
What's she in Rome your greatnesse cannot awe
Or your rich purse purchase? Promises and threats
Are statemens Lictors to arrest such pleasures
As they would bring within their strict commands;
Why should my Lord droop, or deject his eye?
Can you command Rome, and not countermand
A womans weaknesse? Let your Grace bestow
Your purse and power on me. I'le prostrate you.
APPIUS. Ask both and lavish them to purchase me
The rich fee-simple of *Virginia's* heart.
M. CLODIUS. *Virginia's!*
APPIUS. Hers.
M. CLODIUS. I have already found
An easie path which you may safely tread,
Yet no man trace you.
APPIUS. Thou art my comforter.
M. CLODIUS. Her father's busied in our forreign wars,

And there hath chief imployment; all their pay
Must your discretion scantle: keep it back,
Restraine it in the common Treasury.
Thus may a states-man 'gainst a souldier stand,
To keep his purse weak, whil'st you arme his hand
Her father thus kept low, gifts and rewards
Will tempt the maide the sooner; nay haply draw
The father in to plead in your behalfe.
But should these faile, then siege her Virgin Tower
With t[w]o prevailing engines, feare and power.

APPIUS. Go then and prove a speeding advocate;
Arme thee with all our bounty, oratory,
Variety of promise.

Enter Valerius.

VALERIUS. *L[ord] Appius*, the *Decemvirate* intreat
Your voice in this dayes Senate. Old *Virginius*
Craves audience from the camp with earnest suite
For quick dispatch.

APPIUS. We will attend the Senate.
Clodius, Be gone. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Actus Primus Scena Quarta.*]

[*The Senate House.*]

Enter [*Appius*], *Spurius*, *Opius*, *Valerius*, *Numitor*[*ius*], *&c.*

OPIUS. We sent to you to assist us in this counsell
Touching the expeditions of our war.

APPIUS. Ours is a willing presence to the trouble
Of all State cares. Admit him from the camp.

Enter Virginius.

OPIUS. Speak the camps will.

VIRGINIUS. The camp wants money, we have store of knocks,
And wounds Gods plenty, but we have no pay—
This three moneths did we never house our heads,
But in yon great star-chamber; never bedded
But in the cold field-beds—our vittaile failes us,
Yet meet with no supply; we're fairly promis'd,

But souldiers cannot feed on promises;
All our provant apparell's torne to rags,
And our Munition fails us: Will you send us
To fight for *Rome* like beggars? Noble Gentlemen,
Are you the high State of *Decemviri*,
That have those things in mannage? Pity us,
For we have need on't. Let not your delays
Be cold to us, whose bloods have oft been heated
To gaine you fame and riches. Prove not to us
(Being our friends) worse foes then we fight with:
Let's not be starv'd in kindnesse. Sleep you now
Upon the bench, when your deaf ears should listen
Unto the wretchlesse clamours of the poor?
Then would I had my Drums here, they might rattle,
And rowse you to attendance. Most grave Fathers,
Shew your selves worthy stewards to our Mother
Fair *Rome*, to whom we are no bastard sons,
Though we be souldiers. She hath in her store
Food to maintain life in the Camp, as wel
As surfet for the City. Do not save
The foe a labour; send us some supply,
Lest ere they kill us, we by famine die.

APP. Shall I (my Lords) give answer to this souldier?

OPIUS. Be you the Cities voyce.

APP. *Virginius*, we would have you thus possess'd—
We sit not here to be prescr[i]b'd and taught,
Nor to have any suter give us limit,
Whose power admits no curb. Next know, *Virginius*,
The Camp's our servant, and must be dispos'd,
Controul'd and us'd by us, that have the strength
To knit it or dissolve it. When we please
Out of our Princely grace and clemency
To look upon your wants, it may be then
We shall redress them: But till then, it fits not
That any petty fellow wag'd by us
Should have a tongue sound here before a Bench
Of such grave Auditours. Further,——

VIRG. Pray give me leave—
Not here? pray *Appius*, is not this the Judgment-seat?
Where should a poor mans cause be heard but here?

To you, the Statists of long flourishing Rome,
To you I call—If you have charity,
If you be humane, and not quite giv'n ore
To Furs and Metall, if you be Romans,
If you have any souldiers bloud at all
Flow in your veins, help with your able arms
To prop a sinking camp—an infinite
Of fair Rome's sons, cold, weak, hungry, and clothless,
Would feed upon your surfet. Will you save them,
Or shall they perish?
APP. What we will, we will—
Be that your answer: perhaps at further leasure
We'l help you—not your merit but our pleasure.
VIRG. I will not curse thee, *Appius*, but I wish
Thou wert i'th' camp amongst the Mutineers
To tell my answers, not to trouble me.
Make you us dogs, yet not allow us bones?
Oh what are souldiers come [to]! Shall your camp,
The strength of all your peace, and the iron wall
That rings this Pomp in from invasive steel...
Shall that decay? Then let the forrain fires
Climb o're these buildings; let the sword and slaughter
Chase the gown'd Senate through the streets of Rome,
To double dye their robes in Scarlet; let
The enemie's stript arm have his crimson'd brawns
Up to the elbowes in your traiterous bloud;
Let *Janus*' Temple be devolv'd, your Treasures
Ript up to pay the common adversaryes
With our due wages. Do you look for lesse?
The rottenness of this misgovern'd State
Must grow to some Disease, incurable
Save with a sack or slaughter.
APP. Y'are too bold.
VIRG. Know you our extremities?
APP. We do.
VIRG. And will not help them?
APP. Yes.
VIRG. When?
APP. Hereafter.
VIRG. Hereafter! when so many gallant spirits

That yet may stand betwixt you and destruction,
Are sunk in death? Hereafter! when disorder
Hath swallowed all our Forces?
APP. We'l hear no more.
OPIUS. Peace, fellow, peace, know the *Decemviri*,
And their Authority; we shall commit you else.
VIRG. Do so, and I shall thank you; be relieved
And have a strong house o're me, fear no Alarmes
Given in the night by any quick perdue.
Your Guilty in the City feeds more dainty
Then doth your Generall. 'Tis a better Office
To be an under-Keeper then a Captain;
The gods of Rome amend it!
APP. Break up the Senate.
VIRG. And shall I have no answer?
APP. So farewel. [*Exeunt, except Virginius.*]
VIRG. What Slave would be a soldier to be censured
By such as ne'er saw danger! To have our pay,
Our worths and merits ballanc'd in the scale
Of base moth-eaten peace! I have had wounds
Would have made all this Bench faint and look pale
But to behold them searcht. They lay their heads
On their soft pillowes, pore upon their bags,
Grow fat with laziness and resty ease.
And us that stand betwixt them and disaster
They will not spare a *Drachma*. O my souldiers,
Before you want, I'l sell my smal possessions
Even to my skin, to help you—Plate and Jewels
All shall be yours. Men that are men indeed,
The earth shal find, the Sun and air must feed.

Enter Numitorius, Icilius, Valerius, Virgini[a].

NUMITOR. Your daughter, noble brother, hearing late
Of your arr[iv]al from the Camp, most humbly
Prostrates her filial Duty. [*Virginia kneels.*]
VIRG. Daughter rise.
And, brother, I am only rich in her,
And in your love, link't with the honour'd friendship
Of th[e]se fair Romane Lords. For you *Icilius*,
I hear I must adopt you with the title

Of a new son; you are *Virginia's* chief,
And I am proud she hath built her fair election
Upon such store of vertues. May you grow,
Although a Cities child, to know a souldier
And rate him to his merit.
ICIL. Noble father,
(For henceforth I shal onely use that name)
Our meeting was to urge you to the processe
Of our fair contract.
VIRGIN. Witnesse Gentlemen,
Here I give up a fathers interest,
But not a fathers love—that I wil ever
Wear next my heart, for it was born with her
And growes still with my age.
NUMITOR. *Icilius*,
Receive her: witnesse, noble Gentlemen.
VALER. With all my heart. I would *Icilius*
Could do as much for me; but Rome affords not
Such another *Virginia*.
VIRGIN. I am my fathers daughter, and by him
I must be swaid in all things.
NUM. Brother, this happy Contract asks a Feast,
As a thing due to such solemnities.
It shall be at my house, where we this night
Will sport away some hours.
VIRG. I must to horse.
NUMITOR. What, ride to-night?
VIRG. Must see the Camp to-night.
'Tis full of trouble and destracted fears,
And may grow mutinous. I am bent to ride.
VAL. To-night!
VIRG. I am ingag'd: short farwels now must serve,
The universal businesse calls me hence,
That toucheth a whole people. *Rome*, I fear,
Thou wilt pay use for what thou dost forbear. [*Exeunt.*]

Explicit Actus I.

Actus Secundus Scena Prima.

[*The House of Virginius.*]

Enter Clown whispering Virginia, after her M. Clodius with presents.

VIRGINIA. Sirrah, go tell [*Calphurnia*], I am walking
To take the air: intreat her company.
Say I attend her coming.

CORBULO. Madam, I shall: but if you could walk abroad, and get an Heir, it were better, for your father hath a fair revenue, and never a son to inherit.

VIRGINIA. You are, sirrah——

CORBULO. Yes I am sirrah: but not the party that is born to do that; though I have no Lor[d]ships, yet I have so much manners to give my betters place.

VIRGINIA. Whom mean you by your betters?

CORBULO. I hope I have learnt to know the three degrees of comparison: for though I be *bonus*, and you *melior* as well as *mulier*; yet my Lord *Icilius* is *optimus*.

VIRGINIA. I see there's nothing in such private done,
But you must inquire after.

CORBULO. And can you blame us (Madam) to long for the merry day, as you do for the merry night?

VIRGINIA. Will you be gone sir?

CORBUL[O]. Oh yes, to my Lady [*Calphurnia's*]. I remember my errand. *Exit Corbulo.*

VIR. My father's wondrous pensive, and withall
With a supprest rage left his house displeas'd,
And so in post is hurried to the camp:
It sads me much; to expell which melancholy,
I have sent for company.

Clodius [comes forward, with] Musicians.

CLODIUS. [*aside*] This opportunity was subtilly waited—
It is the best part of a polititian,
When he would compasse ought to fame his industry,
Wisely to waite the advantage of the houres;

His happie minutes are not alwayes present.
[*To Musicians*] Expresse your greatest art, *Virginia* hears you.

Song.

VIR. Oh I conceive the occasion of this harmony.
Icilius sent it—I must thank his kindnesse.
CLO. Let not *Virginia* [r]ate her contemplation
So high, to call this visit an intrusion;
For when she understands I tooke my message
From one that did compose it with affection,
I know she will not only extend pardon,
But grace it with her favour.
VIR. You mediate excuse for courtesies,
As if I were so barren of civility,
Not to esteeme it worthy of my thanks;
Assure your selfe I could be longer patient
To hear my eares so feasted.
CLO. [*To Musicians*] Joyne all your voyces till you make the aire
Proud to usurpe your notes, and to please her
With a sweet eccho; serve *Virginias* pleasure.

Song.

As you have been so full of gentlenesse
To heare with patience what was brought to serve you,
So hearken with your usuall clemency
To the relation of a lovers sufferings:
Your figure still does revell in his dreames,
He banquets on your memory, yet findes
Not thoughts enough to satisfie his wishes,
As if *Virginia* had compos'd his heart,
And fill[']d it with her beauty.
VIR. I see he is a miser in his wishes,
And thinks he never has enough of that
Which onely he possesses: but to give
His wishes satisfaction, let him know
His heart and mine doe dwell so near together,
That hourely they converse, and guard each other.
CLO. Is faire *Virginia* confident she knowes
Her favour dwels with the same man I plead for?
VIR. ——Unto *Icilius.*
CLO. Worthy faire one,

I would not wrong your worth so to employ
My language for a man so much beneath
The merit of your beauty: he I plead for
Has power to make your beauty populous,
Your frowne shall awe the world, and in your smile
Great Rome shall build her happinesse;
Honour and wealth shall not be stil'd companions,
But servants to your pleasure.
Then shall *Icilius* (but a refin'd Citizen)
Boast your affection, when Lord *Appius* loves you?
VIR. Blesse his great Lordship, I was much mistaken—
Let thy Lord know, thou Advocate of lust,
All the intentions of that youth are honourable,
Whil'st his are fill'd with sensuality.
And for a finall resolution know,
Our hearts in love like twins alike shall grow. *Exit.*
CLO. Had I a wife, or daughter that could please him
I would devote her to him, but I must
Shadow this scorne, and sooth him still in lust. *Exit.*

[*Actus Secundus Scena Secunda.*]

[*The Camp.*]

Enter six Souldiers.

1. What newes yet of *Virginius*' returne?
2. Not any.
1. O the misery of Souldiers!
They doubly starve us with faire promises.
We spread the earth like haile, or new-reapt corne
In this fierce famine; and yet patiently
Make our obedience the confined Jaile
That starves us:
3. Souldiers, let us draw our swords
While we have strength to use them.
1. 'Tis a motion
Which nature and necessity commands.

Enter Minutius.

MINUT. Y'are of *Virginius*' Regiment? OMNES. We are.

MINUT. Why doe you swarme in troopes thus? to your quarter!
Is our command growne idle? to your trench!
Come I'le divide you—this your conference
Is not without suspect of mutiny.
1. Souldiers, shall I relate the grievances
Of the whole Regiment?
OMNES. Boldly.
1. Then thus my Lord.
MINUT. Come, I will not hear thee—
1. Sir you shall:
Sound all the Drums and Trumpets in the camp,
To drowne my utterance, yet above them all
I'le rear our just complaint. Stir not my Lord,
I vow you are not safe if you but move
A sinew till you heare us.
MINUT. Well sir, command us:
You are the Generall.
1. No my Lord, not I,
I am almost starved; I wake in the wet trench,
Loaded with more cold iron then a Jaile
Would give a murderer, while the Generall
Sleeps in a field-bed, and to mock our hunger
Feeds us with scent of the most curious fare
That makes his tables crack—our pay detained
By those that are our Leaders: and at once
We in this sad, and unprepared plight,
With the Enemy, and Famine daily fight.
MINUT. Doe you threaten us?
OMNES. Sir you shall hear him out.
1. You send us whips, and iron manackles,
And shackles plenty, but the devill a coine.
Would you would teach us that caniball trick, my Lord,
Which some rich men i'th' City oft doe use:
Shall's one devoure another?
MINUT. Will you hear me?
1. O Rome th'art growne a most unnaturall mother,
To those have held thee by the golden locks
From sinking into ruine; *Romulus*
Was fed by a she wolfe, but now our wolves

Instead of feeding us devoure our flesh,
Carouse our blood, yet are not drunk with it,
For three parts of 't is water.
MINUT. Your Captaine,
Noble *Virginius* is sent [to] Rome,
For ease of all your grievances. 1. 'Tis false.
OMNES. I, 'Tis false.
1. Hee's stolne away from's, never to returne,
And now his age will suffer him no more
Deale on the Enemy, belike hee'l turne
An usurer, and in the City aire
Cut poore mens throats at home sitting in's chaire.
MINUT. You wrong one of the honorablest Commanders.
OMNES. Honorable Commander!
1. Commander! I my Lord, there goes the thrift
In victories, the Generall and Commanders
Share all the honour as they share the spoile;
But in our overthrowes, where lies the blame?
The common souldiers fault—ours is the shame.
What is the reason that being so far distant
From the affrighted enemy, wee lie
I'th' open field, subject to the sick humors
Of heaven and earth: unlesse you cood bestow
Two summers of us? shall I tell you truth?—
You account the expence of Ingines, and of swords,
Of horses and of armor dearer far,
Then souldiers lives.
OMNES. Now by the gods you doe.
1. Observe you not the ravens and the crowes
Have left the City surfet, and with us
They make full banquets? Come you birds of death,
And fill your greedy croppes with humane flesh;
Then to the City flie, disgorge it there
Before the Senate, and from thence arise
A plague to choake all Rome! OMNES. And all the Suburbs!
MINUT. Upon a souldiers word, bold Gentlemen,
I expect every houre *Virginius*
To bring fresh comfort.
OMNES. Whom? *Virginius?*
1. Now by the gods, if ever he returne,

Wee'le drag him to the slaughter by his locks,
Turned white with riot and incontinence,
And leave a pre[ce]dent to all the world,
How Captaines use their souldiers. *Enter Virginius [and Valerius].*
MINUT. See, hee's returned.
Virginius, you are not safe, retire—
Your troopes are mutinous—we are begirt
With Enemies more daring, and more fierce,
Then is the common foe.
VIRG. My Troopes, my Lord?
MINUT. Your life is threatned by these desperate men,
Betake you to your horse.
VIRG. My noble Lord,
I never yet profest to teach the art
Of flying. Ha, our troopes grown mutinous!
He dares not look on me with half a face
That spread this wildfire. Where is our Lieutenant?
VAL. My Lord. VIRG. Sirrah, order our companies.
MINUT. What do you mean, my Lord?
VIRG. Take air a little, they have heated me.
Sirrah, is't you will mutiny?
3. Not I Sir.
VIRG. Is your gall burst, you Traitor?
4. The gods defend Sir.
VIRG. Or is your stomack sea-sick, doth it rise?
I'l make a passage for it.
5. Noble Captain,
I'l dye beneath your foot.
VIRG. You rough porcupine, ha,
Do you bristle, do you shoot your quils you rogue?
1. They have no points to hurt you, noble Captain.
VIRG. Wast you (my nimble shaver) that would whet
Your sword 'gainst your Commanders throat, you sirrah?
6. My Lord I never dream't on't.
VIRG. Slaves and cowards,
What, are you cholerick now? by the gods
The way to purge it were to let you blood.
I am i'th' center of you, and I'l make
The proudest of you teach the Aspen leaf
To tremble, when I breath.

MINUT. A strange Conversion.
VIRG. Advance your pikes. The word!—
OMNES. Advance your pikes.
VIRG. See noble Lord, these are no Mutineers,
These are obedient souldiers, civil men:
You shal command these, if your Lordship please,
To fil a ditch up with their slaughtered bodies,
That with more ease you may assault some Town.
So now lay down your Arms. Villains and Traitors,
I here cashier you. Hence from me, my poison,
Not worthy of our Discipline: Go beg,
Go beg, you mutinous rogues, brag of the service
You ne'er durst look on; it were charity
To hang you, for my mind gives, y'are reserv'd
To rob poor market-women.
MINUT. O *Virginius!*
VIRG. I do beseech you to confirm my sentence,
As you respect me. I will stand my self
For the whole Regiment, and safer far
In mine owne single valour, then begirt
With cowards and with traitors.
MINUT. O my Lord,
You are too severe.
VIRG. Now by the gods, my Lord,
You know no discipline, to pitie them.
Pretious divells! no sooner my back turn'd,
But presently to mutinie! OMNES. Dear Captaine!
VIRG. Refuse me, if such traiterous rogues
Would not confound an Army! When doe you march?
When doe you march, gentlemen?
1. My Lord, wee'l starve first,
Wee'le hang first, by the gods, doe any thing
Ere wee'le forsake you.
MINUT. Good *Virginius*,
Limit your passion.
VIRG. Sir, you may take my place,
Not my just anger from me: these are they
Have bred a dearth i'th' campe: I'le wish our foes
No greater plague then to have their company:
Show but among them all so many scars

As stick upon this flesh, I'le pardon them.
MINUT. How now, my Lord, breathlesse?
VIRG. By your favour. I ha said.
Mischiefs confound me if I could not wish
My youth renewed againe, with all her follies,
Onely to 'ave breath enough to raile against
These——'Tis too short.
MINUT. See Gentlemen, what strange distraction
Your falling off from duty hath begot
In this most noble souldier: You may live,
The meanest of you, to command a Troope,
And then in others youle correct those faults,
Which in your selves you cherisht—every Captain
Beares in his private government that forme,
Which Kings should ore their Subjects, and to them
Should be the like obedien[ce]. We confesse
You have been distrest: but can you justly challenge
Any commander that hath surfeted,
While that your food was limited? You cannot.
VIRG. My Lord, I have shared with them an equall fortune,
Hunger, and cold, marcht thorough watery fens,
Borne as great burdens as the pioneer,
When scarce the ground would bear me.
MINUT. Good my Lord, give us leave to proceed;
The punishment your Captaine hath inflicted
Is not sufficient; for it cannot bring
Any example to succeeding times
Of pennance worth your faulting: happily
It may in you beget a certain shame;
But it will [breed] in others a strong hope
Of the like lenity. Yet gentlemen,
You have in one thing given me such a taste
Of your obedience...when the fire was raised
Of fierce sedition, and the cheeke was swolne
To sound the fatall Trumpet, then the sight
Of this your worthy Captaine did disperse
All those unfruitfull humours, and even then
Convert you from feirce Tigers to stayed men:
We therefore pardon you, and doe restore
Your Captaine to you, you unto your Captaine.

OMNES. The gods requite you, noble Generall.
MINUT. My Lord, my Lord!
OMNES. Your pardon noble Captaine.
VIRG. Well, you are the Generall, and the fault is quit—
A souldiers teares, an elder brothers wit
Have little salt in them, nor doe they season
Things worth observing, for their want of reason.
Take up your armes and use them, doe, I pray,
Ere long youle take your legs to run away.
MINUT. And what supply from *Rome*?
VIRG. Good store of corne.
MINUT. What entertainment there?
VIRG. Most honourable,
Especially by the Lord *Appius*.
There is great hope that *Appius* will grow
The souldiers patron: with what vehemency
He urg'd our wants, and with what expedition
He hasted the supplies, it is almost
Incredible. There's promis'd to the souldier
Besides their corne a bounteous donative; (*A shout.*
But 'tis not certaine yet when't shall be paid.
MINUT. How for your owne particular?
VIRG. My Lord,
I was not enter'd fully two pikes length
Into the Senate, but they all stood bare,
And each man offer'd me his seat: The businesse
For which I went, dispatcht, what guifts, what favours
Were done me, your good Lordship shall not hear,
For you would wonder at them—onely this,
'Twould make a man fight up to'th' neck in blood,
To think how nobly he shall be received
When he returnes to'th' City.
MINUT. 'Tis well,
Give order the provision be divided
And sent to every quarter.
VIRG. Sir, it shall.
[*aside*] Thus men must slight their wrongs, or else conceal them,
When generall safety wills us not reveale them. *Exeunt.*

[*Actus Secundus Scena Tertia.*]

[*The House of Appius.*]

Enter two Petitioners at one doore, at the other M. Clodius.

1. PETIT. Pray is your Lord at leasure?
M. CLODIUS. What is your suite?
1. PET. To accept this poore Petition which makes knowne
My many wrongs in which I crave his Justice,
And upright sentence to support my cause,
Which else is trod downe by oppression.
M. CLODIUS. My Lords hand is the prop of Innocence,
And if your cause be worthy his supportance
It cannot fall.
1. PETITIONER. The gods of *Rome* protect him!
CLODIUS. What, is your paper too petitionary?
2. PETIT. It leanes upon the Justice of the Judge,
Your noble Lord, the very stay of *Rome*.
CLODIUS. And surer basis, for a poore mans cause,
She cannot yeeld. Your papers I'le deliver,
And when my Lord ascends the Judgement-seate,
You shall find gracious comfort.

Enter Icilius troubled.

ICILIUS. Where's your Lord?
CLODIUS. [*aside*] *Icilius!* faire *Virginia's* late betroth'd!
ICILIUS. Your eares, I hope, you have not forfeited,
That you returne no answer. Where's your Lord?
CLODIUS. At's studie.
ICILIUS. I desire admittance to him.
CLODIUS. Please you attend, I'le know his Lordships pleasure—
[*aside*] *Icilius!* I pray heaven she have not blab'd. [*Exit.*]
ICILIUS. Attend! a petty Lawyer t'other day,
Glad of a fee, but, cal'd to eminent place,
Even to his betters, now the word's, Attend.
This gowned office, what a breadth it bears!
How many tempests waite upon his frowne!

[*Re-*]*Enter Clodius.*

CLODIUS. All the petitioners withdraw. L[ord] *Appius*
Must have this place more private, as a favour [*Exeunt*
Reserv'd for you, *Icilius*. Here's my Lord. *Petitioners.*]

Enter Appius with Lictors afore him.

APPIUS. Be gone, this place is only spar'd for us,
And you *Icilius*. Now your business. [*Exeunt Clodius & Lictors.*]
ICIL. May I speak it freely?
APP. We have suffering ears,
A heart the softest downe may penetrate.
Proceed.
ICIL. My Lord.
APP. We are private—Pray, your courtesie.
ICIL. My duty.
APP. Leave that to th' publick eye
Of *Rome*, and of *Romes* people. *Clodius* there! [*Re-enter*
CLOD. My Lord. *Clodius.*]
APP. Place me a second Chaire; that done,
Remove your self. So now, your absence *Clodius*. [*Exit*
Icilius sit—this grace we make not common *Clodius.*]
Unto the noblest Romane, but to you
Our love affords it freely. Now your suit?
ICIL. It is, you would be kind unto the Camp.
APP. Wherein, *Icilius*, doth the Camp touch thee?
ICIL. Thus: Old *Virginius*, now my father in Law,
Kept from the publick pay, consumes himself,
Sels his Revenues, turnes his plate to coyn,
To wage his souldiers, and supply the Camp,
Wasting that useful substance which indeed
Should rise to me, as my *Virginia's* Dowry.
APP. We meet that opposition thus *Icilius*.
The Camps supplies doth not consist in us,
But those that keep the common Treasury;
Speak or intreat we may, but not command.
But Sir, I wonder you, so brave a Youth,
Son to a thrifty Romane, should ally you,
And knit your strong armes to such falling branches;
Which rather in their ruine will bear down
Your strength, then you support their rottenness.

Be swayed by me, fly from that ruinous house
Whose fall may crush you; and contract with mine,
Whose bases are of Marble, deeply fixt
To mauger all gusts and impending stormes.
Cast off that beggars daughter, poor *Virginia*,
Whose dowry and beauty I'l see trebled both,
In one ally'd to me. Smile you *Icilius*?
ICIL. My Lord, my Lord, think you I can imagine
Your close and sparing hand can be profuse
To give that man a Palace, whom you late
Deny'd a cottage? Will you from your own coffers
Grant me a treble Dowry, yet interpose me
A poor third from the common Treasury?
You must move me by possibilities,
For I have brains; give first your hand and Seal,
That old *Virginius* shall receive his pay
Both for himself and souldiers, and that done,
I shall perhaps be soon induc'd to think,
That you who with such willingness did that——
APP. Is my Love mispriz'd?
ICIL. Not to *Virginia*.
APP. *Virginia?*
ICIL. Yes *Virginia*, Lustful Lord.
I did but trace your cunning all this while.
You would bestow me on some Appian Trull,
And for that dross to cheat me of my Gold;
For this the Camp pines, and the City smarts.
All *Rome* fares worse for thy incontinence.
APP. Mine, boy!
ICIL. Thine, Judg. This hand hath intercepted
Thy Letters, and perus'd thy tempting [guifts], [*Shows letters.*]
These ears have heard thy amorous passions, wretch,
These eyes beheld thy treacherous name subscrib'd.
A Judg—a Divel!
APP. Come I'l hear no more.
ICIL. Sit still, or by the powerful Gods of *Rome*
I'l nail thee to the Chair. But suffer me,
I'l offend nothing but thine ears.
APP. Our Secretary!
ICIL. Tempt not a Lovers fury—if thou dost

Now by my vow, insculpt in heaven, I'l send thee——
APP. You see I am patient.
ICIL. But withal revengeless.
APP. So, say on.
ICIL. Hope not of any grace, or the least favour—
I am so covetous of *Virginia's* love,
I cannot spare thee the least look, glance, touch—
Divide one bare imaginary thought
Into a thousand, thousand parts, and that
I'l not afford thee.
APP. Thou shalt not.
ICIL. Nay, I will not.
Hadst thou a Judges place above those Judges
That judg all souls, having power to sentence me,
I would not bribe thee, no not with one hair
From her fair temples.
APP. Thou shouldst not.
ICIL. Nay, I would not.
Think not her Beauty shall have leave to crown
Thy lustfull hopes with the least spark of blisse,
Or have thine ears charm'd with the ravishing sound
Even of her harshest phrase.
APP. I will not.
ICIL. Nay, thou shalt not.
Shee's mine, my soul is crownd in her desire,
To her I'ld travell through a land of fire.
APP. Now have you done?
ICIL. I have spoke my thoughts.
APP. Then will thy fury give me leave to speak?
ICIL. I pray say on.
APP. *Icilius*, I must chide you, and withall
Tell you, your rashnesse hath made forfeiture
Even of your precious life, which wee esteeme
Too deer to call in question. If I wisht you
Of my allyance, graft into my blood,
Condemn you me for that? Oh see the rashnesse
And blind misprision of distempred youth!
As for the Maid *Virginia*, wee are far
Even in least thought from her; and for those Letters,
Tokens and Presents, wee acknowledg none.

Alas, though great in place, wee are not gods.
If any false impostor hath usurpt
Our hand or greatnesse in his own behoof,
Can wee help that? *Icilius*, there's our hand,
Your rashnesse we remit; let's have hereafter
Your love and best opinion. For your suit,
Repair to us at both our better leisures,
Wee'l breathe in it new life.

ICIL. I crave your pardon.

APP. Granted ere crav'd, my good *Icilius*.

ICIL. ——Morrow.

APP. It is no more indeed. Morrow *Icilius*.
If any of our servants wait without,
Command them in. ICIL. I shall.

APP. Our Secretary—
We have use for him. *Icilius*, send him hither.
Again good morrow. *Exit Icilius.*
Go to thy death, thy life is doom'd and cast.
Appius be circumspect, and be not rash
In blood as th'art in lust: Be murderous stil,
But when thou strik'st, with unseen weapons kill.

Enter Clodius.

CLOD. My Honourable Lord.

APPIUS. Deride me, dog?

CLOD. Who hath stirr'd up this tempest in your brow?

APP. Not you? Fie, you!

CLOD. All you Panthean Gods,
Confound me, if my soul be accessary
To your distractions.

APPIUS. To send a ruffian hither,
Even to my closet—first, to brave my Greatness,
Play with my beard, revile me, taunt me, hisse me;
Nay after all these deep disparagements,
Threat me with steel, and menace me unarm'd,
To nail me to my seat, if I but mov'd:
All these are slight, slight toyes.

CLOD. *Icilius* do this!

APP. Ruffian *Icilius*, he that in the front
Of a smooth Citizen, bears the rugged soul

Of a most base Bandetto.
CLOD. He shall die for't.
APP. Be not too rash.
CLO. Were there no more men to support great *Rome*,
Even falling *Rome* should perish, ere he stand:
I'l after him, and kill him.
APP. Stay, I charge thee.
Lend me a patient ear; To right our wrongs,
We must not menace with a publick hand;
We stand in the worlds eye, and shall be taxt
Of the least violence, where we revenge:
We should smile smoothest where our hate's most deep,
And when our spleen's broad waking, seem to sleep.
Let the young man play still upon the bit,
Till we have brought and train'd him to our lure;
Great men should strike but once, and then strike sure.
CLOD. Love you *Virginia* still?
APP. Do I still live?
CLOD. Then she's your own. *Virginius* is, you say,
Still in the Camp?
APP. True.
CLOD. Now in his absence will I claim *Virginia*
To be the daughter of a bond-woman,
And slave to me; to prove which, I'l produce
Firme proofs, notes probable, sound Witnesses;
Then having with your Lictors summond her,
I'l bring the cause before your Judgement-Seat,
Where, upon my infallid evidence,
You may pronounce the sentence on my side,
And she become your Strumpet not your Bride.
APP. Thou hast a copius brain, but how in this
Shall we dispose *Icilius*?
CLOD. If he spurne
Clap him up close, there's wayes to charm his spleen.
By this no scandal can redound to you;
The Cause is mine; you but the Sentencer
Upon that evidence which I shall bring.
The business is, to 'ave Warrants by Arrest,
To answer such things at the Judgment-Bar
As can be laid against her; Ere her friends

Can be assembled, ere her self can study
Her answer or scarce know her cause of summons
To descant on the matter, *Appius* may
Examine, try, and doom *Virginia*.
But all this must be sudden.
APP. Thou art born
To mount me high above *Icilius*' scorn.
I'l leave it to thy manage. *Exeunt.*

Explicit Actus secundus.

Actus Tertius Scena Prima.

[*The House of Numitorius.*]

Enter Nurse and the Clown.

CORBULO. What was that you said, Nurse?

NURSE. Why, I did say thou must bestir thy selfe.

CORBULO. I warrant you I can bestir my stumps as soon as another, if fit occasion be offered; but why do you come upon me in such haste? is it because (Nurse) I should come over you at leisure?

NURSE. Come over me, thou knave? what dost thou mean by that?

CORBULO. Only this, if you will come off, I will come on.

NURSE. My Lord hath strangers to-night: you must make ready the Parlour—a table and lights; nay when, I say?

CORBULO. Me thinks you should rather wish for a bed then for a board, for darkness then for lights; yet I must confess you have been a light woman in your time: but now...

NURSE. But now? what now, you knave?

CORBULO. But now I'l go fetch the table and some lights presently.

Enter Numitorius, Horatio, Valerius, Icilius.

NUMIT. Some lights to usher in these Gentlemen—
Clear all the roomes without there. Sit, pray sit.
None interrupt our conference. *Enter Virginia.*
Ha, [who's] that?

NURSE. My [master's] child, if it please you.

NUMITOR. Fair *Virginia*, you are welcome.
The rest forbear us till we call. Sweet cozen, [*Exeunt Nurse*
Our business, and the cause of our discourse *and Clown.*]
Admits you to this Councel. Take your place.
Icilius we are private, now proceed.
ICIL. Then thus; Lord *Appius* doth intend me wrong,
And under his smooth calmnesse cloaks a tempest,
That will ere long break out in violence
On me and on my fortunes.
NUMIT. My good cozen,
You are young, and youth breeds rashness. Can I think
Lord *Appius* will do wrong, who is all Justice,
The most austere and upright Censurer
That ever sate upon the awful Bench?
VALER. *Icilius*, you are neer to me in blood,
And I esteem your safety as mine owne.
If you will needs wage eminence and state,
Chuse out a weaker opposite, not one
That in his arm bears all the strength of *Rome*.
NUMIT. Besides *Icilius*,
Know you the danger—what it is to scandal
One of his place and sway?
ICIL. I know it kinsmen, yet this popular Greatness
Can be no bug-bear to affright mine innocence.
No his smooth crest hath cast a palped film
Over *Romes* eyes. He juggles, a plain Juggler—
Lord *Appius* is no lesse.
NUMIT. Nay then, Cozen,
You are too harsh, and I must hear no more.
It ill becomes my place and gravity,
To lend a face to such reproachful terms
'Gainst one of his high presence. [*He rises to go.*]
ICIL. Sit, pray sit,
To see me draw his picture 'fore your eyes,
To make this man seem monstrous, and this god
Rome so adores, a divel, a plain divel.
This Lord, this Judg, this *Appius*, that professeth
To all the world a vestal chastity,
Is an incontinent, loose Leacher growne.
NUMIT. Fy cozen!

ICIL. Nay 'tis true. Daily and hourely
He tempts this blushing Virgin with large promises,
With melting words and Presents of high rate,
To be the stale to his unchaste desires.
OMNES. Is't possible?
ICIL. Possible!
'Tis actual Truth, I pray but ask your Neece.
VIRG. Most true, I am extremely tyr'd and wearied
With messages and tokens of his love;
No answer, no repulse will satisfie
The tediousness of his importunate suit.
And whilst I could with modesty and honour,
Without the danger of reproach and shame,
I kept it secret from *Icilius*;
But when I saw their boldness found no limit,
And they from fair intreaty grew to threats,
I told him all.
ICIL. True: understanding which
To him I went.
VALER. To *Appius*?
ICIL. To that Gyant,
The high Colossus that bestrides us all;
I went to him.
HORATIO. How did you bear your self?
ICIL. Like *Appius*, at the first, dissemblingly,
But when I saw the coast clear, all withdrawn,
And none but we two in the Lobby, then
I drew my Poinyard, took him by the throat,
And when he would have clamor'd, threatned death,
Unlesse he would with patience hear me out.
NUMIT. Did he, *Icilius*?
ICIL. I made him that he durst not squeake,
Not move an eye, not draw a breath too loud,
Nor stir a fingar.
HORATIO. What succeeded then?
NUMIT. Keep fast the door there: Sweet Couz not too loud.
What then succeeded?
ICILIUS. Why, I told him all,
Gave him his due, call'd him lascivious Judge,
(A thousand things which I have now forgot)

Shewd him his hand a witnesse 'gainst himself,
And every thing with such known circumstance,
That he might well excuse, but not deny.
NUMIT. How parted you?
ICILIUS. Why Friends, in outward shew.
But I perceiv'd his heart: that Hypocrite
Was born to gull *Rome*, and deceive us all.
He swore to me quite to abjure her love;
Yet ere my self could reach *Virginia's* chamber,
One was before me with regreets from him—
I know his hand. Th' intent of this our meeting
Was to intreat your counsell and advice:
The good old man her Father is from home,
I think it good that she now in his absence
Should lodg in secret with some private friend,
Where *Appius* nor his Lictors, those blood-hounds,
Can hunt her out. You are her unkle Sir,
I pray counsell the best.
NUMIT. To oppose our selves
Now in this heat against so great a man,
Might in my judgment to our selves bring danger,
And to my Neece no safety. If we fall
She cannot stand; lets then preserve our selves
Until her father be discharg'd the Camp.
VALER. And good *Icilius*, for your private ends,
And the dear safety of your friends and kindred,
Against that Statist, spare to use your spleen.
ICIL. I will be sway'd by you. My Lords, 'tis late,
And time to break up conference. Noble Uncle
I am your growing Debtor.
NUMIT. Lights without there.
ICIL. I will conduct *Virginia* to her lodging.
Good night to all at once.
NUMIT. The Gods of *Rome* protect you all, and then
We need not fear the envious rage of men. *Exeunt.*

[*Actus Tertius Scena Secunda.*]

[*The Forum.*]

Enter Clodius, with foure Lictors.

CLODIUS. *Lictors* bestow your selves in some close shops,
About the *forum*, till you have the sight
Of faire *Virginia*, for I understand
This present morning shee'l come forth to buy
Some necessaries at the Sempsters shops:
How ere accompanied be it your care
To sease her at our action. Good my friends,
Disperse your selves, and keep a carefull watch. [*Exit.*]

1. [LICTOR.] 'Tis strange that Ladies will not pay their debts.

2. It were strange indeed, if that our Romane Knights Would give them good example and pay theirs.

1. The Calender that we *Lictors* goe by, is all dog dayes.

2. Right, our common hunt is still to dog unthrifts.

1. And whats your book of common-prayer?

2. Faith onely for the increase of riotous young Gentlemen i'th' countrey, and banquerouts i'th' City.

1. I know no man more valiant then we are, for wee back Knights and Gentlemen daily.

2. Right, we have them by the back hourely: your French flye applied to the nape of the neck for the French Rheume, is not so sore a drawer as a *Lictor*.

1. Some say that if a little-timbred fellow would justle a great logerhead, let him be sure to lay him i'th' kennell; but when we shoulder a Knight, or a Knights fellow, we make him more sure, for we kennell him i'th' counter.

2. Come, lets about our businesse. *Exeunt.*

Enter Virginia, Nurse, and Clowne.

VIRG. You are growne wondrous amorous of late,
Why doe you looke back so often?

CLOWN. Madam, I goe as a Frenchman rides, all upon one buttock.

VIRG. And what's the reason?

CLOWN. Your Ladiship never saw a Monky in all your life-time have a clog at's taile, but hee's still looking back to see what the devil 'tis that followes him.

NURSE. Very good, we are your clogs then.

VIRG. Your crest is growne regardant; here's the beauty
That makes your eyes forgetfull of their way. [*pointing to Nurse*]

CLOW. Beauty! O the gods! Madam I cannot indure her complexion.

NURSE. Why sir, what's my complexion?

CLOW. Thy complexion is just between a moore & a french woman.

VIRG. But she hath a matchlesse eye sir—

CLOW. True, her eyes are not right matches—besides she is a widow.

NURSE. What then, I pray you?

CLOWN. Of all waters I would not have my beefe powder'd with a widowes teares.

VIRG. Why, I beseech you?

CLOW. O they are too fresh Madam—assure your selfe they will not last for the death of fourteen husbands above a day and a quarter; besides, if a man come a-wooing to a widow, and invite her to a banquet, contrary to the old rule she will sooner fill her eye then her belly. Besides that, if he looke into her estate, first—look you, Here are foure fingers—first the charge of her husbands funerall, next debts, and legacies, and lastly the reversion; now take away debts and legacies, and what remaines for her second husband?

NURSE. I would some of the Tribe heard you.

CLOWN. There's a certaine fish, that as the learned divulge, is call'd a sharke. Now this fish can never feede while he swims upon's belly—marry when he lies upon his back, oh he takes it at pleasure.

VIRG. Well sir, about your businesse, make provision
Of those things I directed.

CLOWN. Sweet Lady, these eyes shall be the clarks of the kitchin for your belly; but I can assure you Woodcocks will be hard to be spoke with, for there's a great feast towards.

VIRG. You are very pleasant.

CLOWN. And fresh cod is taken down thick and threefold, women without great bellies goe together by the ears for't, and

such a number of sweet-tooth'd caters in the market, not a calves head to be got for love or money; Muttons mutton now.

VIRG. Why, was it not so ever?

CLOWN. No Madam, the sinners i'th' Suburbs had almost tane the name quite away from't, 'twas so cheap and common: but now 'tis at a sweet reckoning—the Terme time is the muttonmonger in the whole calender.

NURSE. Doe your Lawyers eat any sallets with their mutton?

CLOW. Yes, the younger revellers use capers to their mutton, so long till with their shuffling and cutting some of them be out at heeles againe. A bountifull minde and a full purse ever attend your Ladiship.

VIRG. O I thank you. *Enter Clodius, and foure Lictors.*

CLO. See, yon's the Lady.

CLOWN. I will buy up for your Ladiship all the young cuckoes in the market. VIRG. What to doe?

CLOWN. O 'tis the most delicatest dish Ile assure you, and newest in fashion: not a great feast in all *Rome* without a cuckoe.

CLODI. *Virginia!* VIRG. Sir!

CLODI. Mistris you doe not know me,
Yet we must be acquainted: follow me.

VIRG. You doe salute me strangely. Follow you!

CLOW. Doe you hear sir?—me thinks you have followers enough. Many Gentlemen that I know, would not have so many tall followers as you have for the price of ten hunting geldings, I'le assure you.

CLODIUS. Come, will you goe?

VIRG. Whither? by what command?

CLODIUS. By warrant of these men, and priviledge
I hold even on thy life. Come ye proud dame,
You are not what you seeme.

VIRG. Uncivill sir,
What makes you thus familiar and thus bold?
Unhand me villaine.

CLODIUS. What, Mistris, to your Lord?
He that can set the rasor to your throate,
And punish you as freely as the gods,
No man to aske the cause? Thou art my slave,
And here I sease what's mine.

VIRG. Ignoble villaine,

I am as free as the best King or Consull
Since *Romulus*. What dost thou meane? Unhand me.
[*to the Clown*] Give notice to my uncle and *Icilius*,
What violence is offer'd me. CLODI. Doe, doe.

CLOW. Doe you presse women for souldiers, or do you beg women, instead of other commodities, to keep your hands in ure? By this light if thou hast any eares on thy head, as it is a question, I'le make my Lord pull you out by th' eares, though you take a Castle. *Exit.*

CLODIUS. Come, will you goe along?

NURSE. Whither should she goe sir? here's pulling and haling a poore Gentlewoman.

CLODIUS. Hold you your prating, reverence the whip
Shall [s]ease on you for your smooth cozenage.

VIRG. Are not you servant to Lord *Appius*?

CLODIUS. How ere, I am your Lord, and will approve it
'Fore all the Senate.

VIRG. Thou wilt prove thy selfe
The cursed pander for anothers lust,
And this your plot shall burst about your Ears
Like thunderbolts.

CLODI. Hold you that confidence?—
First I will sease you by the course of law,
And then I'le talke with you.

Enter Icilius, and Numitorius.

NUMIT. How now, faire cozen?

ICILIUS. How now, Gentlemen?
What's the offence of faire *Virginia*?—
You bend your weapons on us?

LICTOR. Sir stand back,
We fear a rescue.

ICILIUS. There's no need of feare,
Where there's no cause of rescue: what's the matter?

VIRG. O my *Icilius*! Your incredulity
Hath quite undone me, I am now no more
Virginius' daughter, so this villaine urges;
But publish't for his bondwoman.

NUMIT. How's this?

CLODIUS. 'Tis true my Lord, and I will take my right
By course of Law.

Icilius. Villaines set her free,
Or by the power of all our Romane gods,
I'le give that just revenge unto my rage
Which should be given to Justice. Bondwoman!
Clodi. Sir, we doe not come to fight, wee'le deale *Enter*
By course of Law. My Lord we fear a rescue. *Appius.*
Appius. A rescue? never fear't, here's none in presence
But civill men. My Lord, I am glad to see you.
Noble *Icilius*, we shall ever love you.
Now Gentlemen reach your Petitions.
Icilius. My Lord, my Lord!
App. Worthy *Icilius*,
If you have any businesse defer't
Untill to-morrow, or the afternoone—
I shall be proud to pleasure you.
Icilius. The Fox
Is earth't, my Lord, you cannot winde him yet.
Appius. Stooles for my noble friends.——I pray you sit.
Clodius. May it please your Lordship—
App. Why uncivill sir!
Have I not beg'd forbearance of my best
And dearest friends, and must you trouble me?
Clodius. My Lord, I must be heard, and will be heard,
Were all the gods in Parliament, I'de burst
Their silence with my importunity,
But they should heare me.
Appius. The fellow's mad;
We have no leasure now to heare you sir.
Clodius. Hast now no leasure to heare just complaints?
Resigne thy place O *Appius*, that some other
May doe me Justice then.
Appius. Wee'l hear't to-morrow.
Clodius. O my Lord,
Deny me Justice absolutely, rather
The[n] feed me with delayes.
Icilius. Good my Lord hear him,
And wonder when you heare him, that a case
So full of vile Imposture, should desire
To be unfoulded.
Clodius. I my Lord, 'tis true,

The Imposture is on their parts.
APPIUS. Hold your prating—
Away with him to prison, clamorous fellow!
Suspect you our uprightnesse?
CLODIUS. No my Lord:
But I have mighty Enemies, my Lord,
Will overflow my cause. See, here I hold
My bondwoman that brags her selfe to be
Descended of a noble family.
My purse is too scant to wage Law with them,
I am inforc't be mine own advocate,
Not one will pleade for me. Now if your Lordship
Will doe me justice, so; if not then know
High hills are safe, when seas poore dales o'reflow.
APPIUS. Sirra, I think it fit to let you know,
E're you proceed in this your subtle suite,
What penalty and danger you acrue,
If you be found to double. Here's a virgin
Famous by birth, by education noble,
And she forsooth, haply but to draw
Some piece of money from her worthy father,
Must needs be challeng'd for a bondwoman.
Sirra take heed, and well bethink your selfe—
I'le make you a pre[ce]dent to all the world,
If I but finde you tripping.
CLODIUS. Doe it freely.
And view on that condition these just proofes. [*Hands papers.*]
APP. Is that the Virgins nurse?
NURSE. Her milch Nurse my Lord—I had a sore hand with her for a year and a quarter—I have had somewhat to doe with her since too, for the poore Gentlewoman hath been so troubled with the green sicknesse.
ICILIUS. I pray thee Nurse intreat *Sertorius*
To come and speak with me. [*Exit Nurse.*]
APP. Here is strange circumstance, view it my Lord,
If he should prove this, it would make *Virginius*
Think he were wronged.
ICILIUS. There is a devilish cunning
Exprest in this black forgerie.
APP. *Icilius* and *Virginia*, pray come near—

Compound with this base fellow. You were better
Disburse some trifle then to undergo
The question of her freedome.
ICILIUS. O my Lord!
She were not worth a handfull of a bribe,
If she did need a bribe.
APPIUS. Nay, take your course,
I onely give you my opinion,
I aske no fee for't. Do you know this fellow?
VIRGINIA. Yes my Lord, he's your servant.
APPIUS. Y'are i'th' right:
But will you truly know his character?
He was at first a pettie Notary,
A fellow that being trusted with large summes
Of honest Citizens, to be imploy'd
I'th' trade of usury...this Gentleman,
Couching his credit like a tilting staffe
Most cunningly, it brake, and at one course
He ran away with thirty thousand pound—
Returning to the City seven year after,
Having compounded with his creditors
For the third moity, he buyes an office
Belonging to our place, depends on us—
In which the oppression and vile injuries
He hath done poore suters, they have cause to rue,
And I to pity: he hath sold his smiles
For silver, but his promises for gold,
His delayes have undone men.
The plague that in some foulded cloud remaines,
The bright Sun soone disperseth; but observe,
When black infection in some dunghill lies,
There's worke for bells and graves, if it doe rise.
NUMITOR. He was an ill prop to your house, my Lord.
APPIUS. 'Tis true my Lord, but we that have such servants,
Are like to Cuccolds that have riotous wives,
We are the last that know it: this is it
Makes noblemen suspected to have done ill,
When the oppression lies in their proud followers.
CLOD. My Lord, it was some soothing sicophant,
Some base detracting Rascal that hath spread

This falsehood in your ears.
APP. Peace Impudence!—
Did I not yesterday, no longer since,
Surprize thee in thy Study counterfeiting
Our hand? CLOD. 'Tis true, my Lord.
APP. Being subscribed
Unto a Letter fill'd with amorous stuff
Unto this Lady?
CLOD. I have askt your pardon,
And gave you reason why I was so bold
To use that forgery.
APP. Did you receive it?
VIRG. I did my Lord, and I can shew your Lordship
A packet of such Letters.
APP. Now by the Gods,
I'l make you rue it. I beseech you Sir,
Show them the reason mov'd you counterfeit
Our Letter. *Enter* [*Sertorius*].
CLOD. Sir, I had no other colour
To come to speak with her.
APP. A goodly reason!
Did you until this hour acquaint the Lady
With your intended suit?
CLOD. At several times,
And would have drawn her by some private course
To have compounded for her liberty.
VIRG. Now by a Virgins honour and true birth,
'Tis false, my Lord, I never had a dream
So terrible as is this monstrous divel.
APP. Well Sir, referring my particular wrong
To a particular censure, I would know
What is your suit? CLOD. My Lord, a speedy tryal.
APP. You shall obtain't with all severity—
I will not give you longer time to dream
Upon new sl[e]ights to cloak your forgery.
Observe you this Camelion, my Lords,
Ile make him change his colour presently.
NUMIT. My Lord, although th' uprightness of our cause
Needs no delayes, yet for the satisfaction
Of old *Virginius*, let him be present

When we shall crave a tryal.
APPIUS. Sir it needs not:
Who stands for father of the Innocent,
If not the Judg? Ile save the poor old man
That needless travel.
VIRG. With your favour Sir,
We must intreat some respit in a business
So needful of his presence.
APP. I do protest,
You wrong your selves thus to importune it.
Well, let it be to-morrow—I'l not sleep
Till I have made this thicket a smooth plain,
And giv'n you your true honor back again.
ICIL. My Lord, the distance 'twixt the Camp and us
Cannot be measured in so short a time.
Let us have four dayes respit.
APP. You are unwise;
Rumor by that time will have fully spred
The scandal, which being ended in one hour
Will turn to air: To-morrow is the Tryal—
In the mean time, let all contented thoughts
Attend you.
CLOD. My Lord, you deal unjustly
Thus to dismiss her; this is that they seek for—
Before to-morrow they'l convey her hence
Where my claim shall not seise her.
APP. Cunning knave,
You would have bond for her appearance? say.
CLOD. I think the motion's honest.
APP. Very good.
Icilius shall engage his honoured word
For her appearance.
CLOD. As you please, my Lord,
But it were fitting her old Uncle there
Were jointly bound with him.
APP. Well Sir, your pleasure
Shall have satiety. You'l take our word
For her appearance; will you not Sir, I pray?
CLOD. Most willingly my Lord.
APP. Then Sir you have it,

And i'th' mean time I'l take the honoured Lady
Into my guardianship, and by my life,
I'l use her in all kindness as my wife.
ICIL. Now by the Gods you shall not.
APP. Shall not what?
ICIL. Not use her as your wife Sir.
APP. O my Lord,
I spake it from my heart.
ICIL. I, very likely!
She is a Virgin Sir, and must not lye
Under a mans forthcoming; do you mark?
Not under your forthcoming, leacherous *Appius*.
APPI. Mistake me not, my Lord. Our Secretary,
Take bonds for the appearance of this Lady.
And now to you sir, you that were my servant,
I here casheire you; never shalt thou shrowde
Thy villanies under our noble roofe,
Nor scape the whip, or the fell hangmans hook
By warrant of our favour.
CLOD. So, my Lord—
I am more free to serve the Gods, I hope,
Now I have lost your service.
APP. Harke you sirra,
Who shall give bonds for your appearance, ha?
To justifie your claim?
CLOD. I have none, my Lord.
APP. Away, commit him prisoner to his chamber:
I'le keep you safe from starting.
CLOD. Why my Lord?
APP. Away, I wil not hear you.
A Judges heart here in the midst must stand,
And move not a haires bredth to either hand. *Exit.*
NUMIT. O were thy heart but of the self same piece
Thy tongue is, *Appius*; how blest were *Rome*!
ICIL. Post to the campe *Sertorius*, thou hast heard
Th'effect of all, relate it to *Virginius*.
I pray thee use thy ablest horsemanship,
For it concerns us near. SERTO. I goe my Lord. *Exit.*
ICIL. Sure all this is damn'd cunning.
VIRG. O my Lord,

Seamen in tempests shun the flattering shore,
To bear full sails upon't were danger more.
So men o'reborn with greatness stil hold dread
False, seeming friends that on their bosomes spread:
For this is a safe truth which never varies,
He that strikes all his sailes seldome miscarries.
ICIL. Must we be slaves both to a tyrants will,
And [to] confounding ignorance at once?
Where are we—in a mist?—or is this hell?
I have seen as great as the proud Judge have fell:
The bending Willow yeilding to each wind,
Shall keep his rooting firme, when the proud Oak
Braving the storme, presuming on his root,
Shall have his body rent from head to foote;
Let us expect the worst that may befal,
And with a noble confidence beare all. *Exeunt.*

[*Actus Tertius Scena Tertia.*]

[*The House of Appius.*]

Enter Appius, Clodius, and a servant.

APP. Here, bear this packet to *Minutius*,
And privately deliver't—make as much speed
As if thy father were deceas'd i'th' Camp,
And that thou went'st to take th'Administration
Of what he left thee. Fly. SERV. I go my Lord. *Exit.*
APP. O my trusty *Clodius*.
CLOD. My dear Lord,
Let me adore your divine policy.
You have poison'd them with sweet-meats, you have my Lord.
But what contain those Letters?
APP. Much importance.
Minutius is commanded by that packet
To hold *Virginius* prisoner in the Camp
On some suspect of Treason.
CLOD. But my Lord,
How will you answer this?
APP. Tush, any fault
Or shadow of a Crime will be sufficient

For his committing: thus when he is absent
We shall in a more calm and friendly sea
Sail to our purpose.
CLOD. *Mercury* himself
Could not direct more safely.
APP. O my *Clodius*,
Observe this rule—one ill must cure another;
As *Aconitum*, a strong poison, brings
A present cure against all Serpents stings.
In high attempts, the soul hath infinite eyes,
And 'tis necessity makes men most wise.
Should I miscarry in this desperate plot,
This of my fate in after times be spoken,
I'l break that with my weight on which I am broken. *Exeunt.*

[*Actus Tertius Scena Quarta.*]

[*A Street.*]

Enter Two Serving-men at one door, at the other Corbulo the Clowne melancholy.

1. SERVING. Why how now *Corbulo*? thou wast not wont to be of this sad temper. What's the matter now?
CORB. Times change, and seasons alter,
Some men are born to the Bench, and some to the halter.
What do you think now that I am?
1. SERVING. I think thee to be *Virginia's* man, and *Corbulo.*
CORB. No, no such matter: ghess again, tell me but what I am, or what manner of fellow you imagine me to be?
1. SERVING. I take thee to be an honest good fellow.
CORB. Wide of the bow-hand stil: *Corbulo* is no such man.
2. SERVING. What art thou then?
CORB. Listen, and I'l describe my self to you: I am something better then a Knave, and yet come short of being an honest man; and though I can sing a treble, yet am accounted but as one of the base, being indeed, and as the case stands with me at this present, inferiour to a rogue, and three degrees worse then a Rascal.
1. SERVING. How comes this to passe?
CORB. Only by my services successe. Take heed whom you

serve, Oh you serving Creatures; for this is all I have got by serving my Lady *Virginia*.

2. SERVING. Why, what of her?

CORB. She is not the woman you take her to be; for though she have borrowed no money, yet she is entered into bonds; and though you may think her a woman not sufficient, yet 'tis very like her bond will be taken. The truth is, she is challenged to be a bond woman; now if she be a bondwoman and a slave, and I her servant and Vassal, what [do] you take me to be? I am an Ant, a Gnat, a worm, a Woodcock amongst birds, a Hodmondod amongst flies, amongst Curs a trindle-tale, and amongst fishes a poor [John]; but amongst Serving men worse, worse then the mans man to the under-Yeom[a]n-Fewterer.

1. SERVING. But is it possible, thy Lady is challenged to be a slave? What witness have they?

CORB. Witness these Fountains, these Flood-gates, these Well-springs: the poor Gentlewoman was Arrested in the open Market; I offered, I offered to bail her, but (though she was) I could not be taken. The grief hath gone so near my heart, that until I be made free, I shall never be mine own man. The Lord *Appius* hath committed her to Ward, and it is thought she shall neither lye on the Knight-side, nor in the [Twopenny] Ward, for if he may have his will of her, he means to put her in the Hole. His Warrant hath been out for her, but how the case stands with him, or how matters will be taken up with her, 'tis yet uncertain.

2. SERVING. When shall the Tryal be?

CORB. I take it to be as soon as the morning is brought a-bed of a new son and Heir.

2. SERVING. And when is that?

CORB. Why to-morrow, for every morning you know brings forth a new sun, but they are all short-liv'd, for every night shee drowns them in the Western sea. But to leave these *Ænigmaes*, as too high for your dull apprehensions. . . shall I see you at the Tryal to-morrow?

1. SERVING. By *Joves* help I'l be there.

2. SERVING. And I, if I live.

CORB. And I, if I dye for't: Here's my hand I'l meet you. It is thought my old master will be there at the Bar; for though all the timber of his house yet stand, yet my Lord *Numitorius*

hath sent one of his Posts to the Camp to bid him spur cut and come to the sentence. Oh we have a house at home as heavy as if it were covered with lead. But you will remember to be there?

1. SERVING. And not to fail.

CORB. If I chance to meet you there, and that the Case go against us, I will give you a quart, not of Wine, but of Tears; for instead of a new Role, I purpose to break my Fast with sops of sorrow. [*Exeunt.*]

Explicit Actus tertius.

Actus Quartus Scena Prima.

[*The Tribunal of Appius.*]

Enter Virginius like a slave, Numitorius, Icilius, Valerius, Horatio, Virginia like a slave, Julia, Calphur[ni]a, Nurse.

VIRGINIUS. Thanks to my noble friends—it now appears
That you have rather lov'd me then my fortune,
For that's near shipwrackt: chance you see still ranges,
And this short dance of life is full of changes.
Appius! how hollow that name sounds, how dreadful!
It is a question, whether the proud Leacher
Will view us to our merit; for they say,
His memory to vertue and good men
Is still carousing *Lethe.* O the Gods,
Not with more terror do the souls in hell
Appear before the seat of *Rhadamant,*
Then the poor Clyent yonder.

NUMIT. O *Virginius.*
Why do you wear this habit? it ill fits
Your noble person, or this reverend place.

VIRG. Thats true, old man, but it well fits the case
Thats now in question. If with form and shew
They prove her slaved, all freedome I'le forgoe.

ICILIUS. Noble *Virginius,*
Put out a bold and confident defence:
Search the Imposture, like a cunning Tryer,
False mettals bear the touch, but brook not fire:

Their brittleness betrayes them; let your breath
Discover as much shame in them, as death
Did ever draw from Offenders. Let your truth
Nobly supported, void of fear or art,
Welcome whatever comes with a great heart.

VIRGINIUS. Now by the Gods, I thank thee noble youth.
I never fear'd in a besieged Town
Mines or great Engines like yon Lawyers Gown.

VIRGINIA. O my dear Lord and father, once you gave me
A noble freedom, do not see it lost
Without a forfeit; take the life you gave me
And sacrifice it rather to the gods
Then to a villains Lust. Happy the Wretch
Who born in bondage lives and dies a slave,
And sees no lustful projects bent upon her,
And neither knowes the life nor death of honor.

ICIL. We have neither Justice, no nor violence,
Which should reform corruption, sufficient
To cross their black premeditated doom.
Appius will seize her—all the fire in hell
Is leapt into his bosom.

VIRGINIUS. O you Gods,
Extinguish it with your compassionate tears,
Although you make a second deluge spread,
And swell more high then *Tenerife's* high head.
Have not the Wars heapt snow sufficient
Upon this aged head, but they will stil
Pile winter upon winter?

Enter Appius, Oppius, Clodius, six Senators, [*Orator*], *Lictors.*

APPIUS. Is he come? say.
Now by my life I'l quit the General.

NUMIT. Your reverence to the Judge, good brother.

VIRGINIUS. Yes Sir, I have learnt my complement thus—
Blest mean estates who stand in fear of many,
And great are curst for that they fear not any.

APP. What, is *Virginius* come?

VIRG. I am here my Lord.

APP. Where is your daughter?

NUMIT. Here my reverend Lord.

[APP.] [*to Virginia*] Your habit shewes you strangely.
VIRGINIA. O 'tis fit,
It sutes both time and cause. Pray pardon it—
APP. Where is your Advocate?
VIRG[INIUS]. I have none my Lord.
Truth needs no Advocate, the unjust Cause
Buyes up the tongues that travel with applause
In these your thronged Courts. I want not any,
And count him the most wretched that needs many.
ORATOR. May it please your reverend Lordships?
APP. What are you Sir?
ORAT. Of counsel with my Clyent *Marcus Clodius.*
VIRG. My Lord, I undertake a desperate combat
To cope with this most eloquent Lawyer:
I have no skill i'th' weapon, good my Lord;
I mean, I am not travell'd in your Lawes.
My suit is therefore by your special goodness
They be not wrested against me.
APP. O *Virginius,* the gods defend they should.
VIRG. Your humble servant shall ever pray for you.
Thus shall your glory be above your place,
Or those high titles which you hold in Court,
For they dy blest that dy in good report.
Now Sir I stand you.
ORAT. Then have at you Sir.
May it please your Lordships, here is such a Case
So full of subtilty, and as it were,
So far benighted in an ignorant mist,
That though my reading be sufficient,
My practice more, I never was intangled
In the like pursenet. Here is one that claimes
This woman for his daughter. Heres another
Affirms she is his Bond-slave. Now the Question
(With favour of the Bench) I shall make plain
In two words only without circumstance.
APP. Fall to your proofs.
ORAT. Where are our papers? CLOD. Here Sir.
ORAT. Where Sir? I vow y'are the most tedious Clyent.
Now we come to't my Lord. Thus stands the Case,
The Law is clear on our sides. [*to Clodius*] Hold your prating!

That honourable Lord *Virginius*,
Having been married about fifteen year,
And Issuless, this Virgins politick mother
Seeing the Land was likely to descend
To *Numitorius*...I pray Sir listen.
You my Lord *Numitorius* attend,
We are on your side...old *Virginius*
Imployed in forraign wars, she sends him word
She was with child; observe it, I beseech you,
And note the trick of a deceitful woman:
She in the mean time fains the passions
Of a great-bellyed woman, counterfets
Their passions and their qualms, and verily
All *Rome* held this for no imposterous stuff.
What's to be done now? heres a rumor spread
Of a young Heir, gods bless it, and [a] belly
Bumbasted with a cushion: but the[re] wants—
(What wants there?) nothing but a pretty babe,
Bought with some piece of mony—where, it skils not—
To furnish this supposed lying-in.

NURSE. I protest my Lord, the fellow i'th' night-cap
Hath not spoke one true word yet.

APP. Hold you your prating, woman, til you are call'd.

ORAT. 'Tis purchast. Where? From this mans bond-woman.
The mony paid. [*to Clodius*] What was the sum of mony?

CLOD. A thousand Drachmas.

ORAT. Good, a thousand Drachmas.

APP. Where is that bond-woman?

CLOD. She's dead, my Lord.

APP. O dead—that makes your Cause suspicious.

ORAT. But here's her deposition on her death-bed,
With other testimony to confirm
What we have said is true. Wil't please your Lordship
Take pains to view these writings? Here, my Lord,
We shall not need to hold your Lordships long,
We'l make short work on't. VIRG. My Lord...

APP. By your favour.
[*to Orator*] If that you claim be just, how happens it
That you have discontinued it the space
Of fourteen years?

ORAT. I shall resolve your Lordship.
ICIL. I vow this is a practis'd Dialogue:
Comes it not rarely off?
VIRG. Peace, give them leave.
ORAT. 'Tis very true, this Gentleman at first
Thought to conceal this accident, and did so—
Only reveal'd his knowledg to the mother
Of this fair bond-woman, who bought his silence
During her lifetime with great sums of Coyn.
APP. Where are your proofs of that?
ORAT. Here, my good Lord,
With depositions likewise.
APP. Well, go on.
ORAT. For your question
Of discontinuance. Put case my slave
Run away from me, dwell in some near City
The space of twenty years, and there grow rich,
It is in my discretion, by your favor,
To seize him when I please. APP. That's very true.
VIRGINIA. Cast not your nobler beams, you reverend Judges,
On such a putrified dunghil.
APP. By your favour—you shall be heard anon.
VIRG[INIUS]. My Lords, believe not this spruce Orator.
Had I but fee'd him first, he would have told
As smooth a tale on our side. APP. Give us leave.
VIRG. He deals in formal glosses, cunning showes,
And cares not greatly which way the Case goes;
Examine I beseech you this old woman,
Who is the truest witness of her birth.
APP. Soft you—is she your only witness?
VIRG. She is, my Lord.
APP. Why, is it possible
Such a great Lady in her time of child-birth,
Should have no other Witness but a Nurse?
VIRG. For ought I know the rest are dead, my Lord.
APP. Dead? no my Lord, belike they were of counsel
With your deceased Lady, and so sham'd
Twice to give colour to so vile an act.
Thou Nurse observe me, thy offence already
Doth merit punishment beyond our censure,

Pull not more whips upon thee.
NURSE. I defie your whips, my Lord.
APP. Command her silence Lictors.
VIRG. O injustice!
You frown away my Witness; is this Law?
Is this uprightness?
APP. Have you viewed the Writings?
This is a trick to make our slaves our heirs
Beyond prevention.
VIRG. *Appius*, wilt thou hear me?
You have slandred a sweet Lady that now sleeps
In a most noble Monument. Observe me,
I would have ta'ne her simple word to gage
Before his soul or thine.
APP. That makes thee wretched.
Old man, I am sorry for thee that thy love
By custome is growne natural, which by nature
Should be an absolute loathing. Note the Sparrow,
That having hatch'd a Cucko, when it sees
Her brood a Monster to her proper kind,
Forsakes it, and with more fear shuns the nest,
Then she had care i'th' Spring to have it drest.
Cast thy affection then behind thy back,
And think...
ORAT. Be wise, take counsel of your friends.
You have many souldiers in their time of service
Father strange children.
VIRG. True: and Pleaders too,
When they are sent to visit Provinces.
You my most neat and cunning Orator,
Whose tongue is Quick-silver—Pray thee good *Janus*
Look not so many several wayes at once,
But go to th' point.
ORAT. I will, and keep you out
At points end, though I am no souldier.
APP. First the oath of the deceased bond-woman.
ORAT. A very vertuous Matron.
APP. Join'd with the testimony of *Clodius*.
ORAT. A most approved honest Gentleman.
APP. Besides six other honest Gentlemen.

ORAT. All Knights, and there's no question but their oaths
Will go for currant.
APP. See my reverend Lords,
And wonder at a Case so evident.
VIRG. My Lord, I knew it.
ORAT. Observe my Lord how their own Policy
Confounds them. Had your Lordship yesterday
Proceeded as 'twas fit, to a just sentence,
The Aparrel and the Jewels that she wore,
More worth then all her Tribe, had then been due
Unto our Client: now to cosen him
Of such a forfeit, see they bring the maid
In her most proper habit, bond-slave like,
And they will save by th' hand too. Please your Lordships,
I crave a sentence.
VIRGINIUS. *Appius!* VIRGINIA. My Lord!
ICIL. Lord *Appius*!
VIRGINIUS. Now by the Gods here's juggling.
NUMIT. Who cannot counterfeit a dead mans hand?
VIRGINIUS. Or hire some villains to swear forgeries?
ICIL. *Clodius* was brought up in your house my Lord,
And that's suspicious.
NUMIT. How is't probable,
That our wife being present at the child-birth,
Whom this did nearest concern, should nere reveal it?
VIRG. Or if ours dealt thus cunningly, how haps it
Her policy, as you term it, did not rather
Provide an Issue male to chear the father?
ORAT. I'l answer each particular.
APP. It needs not.
Heres witness, most sufficient witness.
Think you, my Lord, our Lawes are writ in snow,
And that your breath can melt them?
VIRGINIUS. No my Lord,
We have not such hot livers: Mark you that?
VIRGINIA. Remember yet the Gods, O *Appius*,
Who have no part in this. Thy violent Lust
Shall like the biting of the invenom'd Aspick,
Steal thee to hell. So subtil are thy evils,
In life they'l seem good Angels, in death divels.

APP. Observe you not this scandal?
ICIL. Sir, 'Tis none.
I'l show thy Letters full of violent Lust
Sent to this Lady.
APP. Wilt thou breath a lye
'Fore such a reverend Audience?
ICIL. That place
Is sanctuary to thee. Lye! see here they are.
APP. My Lords, these are but dilatory shifts.
Sirrah I know you to the very heart,
And I'l observe you.
ICIL. Do, but do it with Justice.
Clear thy self first, O *Appius*, ere thou judg
Our imperfections rashly, for we wot
The Office of Justice is perverted quite
When one thief hangs another.
1. SENATOR. You are too bold.
APP. Lictors take charge of him. [*They seize him.*]
ICIL. 'Tis very good.
Will no man view these papers? What not one?
Jove thou hast found a Rival upon earth,
His nod strikes all men dumb. My duty to you.
The Ass that carried *Isis* on his back,
Thought that the superstitious people kneel'd
To give his dulnesse humble reverence.
If thou thinkst so, proud Judg, I let thee see
I bend low to thy Gown, but not to thee.
VIRG. There's one in hold already. Noble youth
Fetters grace one being worn for speaking truth;
I'l lye with thee, I swear, though in a dungeon;
[*to Appius*] The injuries you do us we shall pardon,
But it is just the wrongs which we forgive—
The gods are charg'd therewith to see revenged.
APP. Come, y'are a proud *Plebeian.*
VIRG. True my Lord.
Proud in the glory of my Ancestors,
Who have continued these eight hundred years:
The Heralds have not knowne you these eight months.
APP. Your madness wrongs you—by my soul I love you.
VIRG. Thy soul!

O thy opinion old *Pythagoras*!—
Whither, O whither should thy black soul fly,
Into what ravenous bird or beast most vile?
Only into a weeping Crocodile.
Love me?
Thou lov'st me (*Appius*) as the earth loves rain,
Thou fain wouldst swallow me.
APP. Know you the place you speak in?
VIRG. I'l speak freely.
Good men too much trusting their innocence
Do not betake them to that just defence
Which Gods and Nature gave them; but even wink
In the black tempest, and so fondly sink.
APP. Let us proceed to sentence.
VIRG. Ere you speak
One parting farwel let me borrow of you
To take of my *Virginia.*
APP. Now my Lords,
We shall have fair confession of the truth.
Pray take your course.
VIRG. Farewel my sweet *Virginia*, never, never
Shall I taste fruit of the most blessed hope
I had in thee. Let me forget the thought
Of thy most pretty infancy, when first
Returning from the Wars, I took delight
To rock thee in my Target; when my Girl
Would kiss her father in his burganet
Of glittering steel hung 'bout his armed neck;
And viewing the bright mettal, smile to see
Another fair *Virginia* smile on thee:
When I first taught thee how to go, to speak:
And when my wounds have smarted, I have sung
With an unskilful, yet a willing voice,
To bring my Girl asleep. O my *Virginia*,
When we begun to be, begun our woes,
Increasing still, as dying life still growes.
APP. This tediousness doth much offend the Court.
Silence: attend her Sentence.
VIRG. Hold, without Sentence I'l resign her freely,
Since you will prove her to be none of mine.

APP. See, see, how evidently Truth appears.
Receive her *Clodius*.
VIRG. Thus I surrender her into the Court *Kills her.*
Of all the Gods. And see proud *Appius* see,
Although not justly, I have made her free.
And if thy Lust with this Act be not fed,
Bury her in thy bowels, now shee's dead.
OMNES. O horrid act!
APP. Lay hand upon the Murderer.
VIRG. Oh for a ring of pikes to circle me.
What? have I stood the brunt of thousand enemies
Here to be slain by hang-men? No. I'l fly
To safety in the Camp. [*Exit*]
APP. Some pursue the villain,
Others take up the body. Madness and rage
Are still th' Attendants of old doting age. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Actus Quartus Scena Secunda.*]

[*The Camp.*]

Enter two Souldiers.

1 Is our Hut swept clean?
2 As I can make it.
1 'Tis betwixt us two;
But how many think'st thou, bred of Roman blood,
Did lodg with us last night?
2 More I think then the Camp hath enemies,
They are not to be numbred.
1 Comrague, I fear
Appius will doom us to *Acteons* death,
To be worried by the Cattel that we feed.
How goes the day?
2 My stomack has struck twelve.
1 Come see what provant our knapsack yeilds.
This is our store, our Garner.
2 A smal pittance.
1 Feeds *Appius* thus, is this a City feast?
This crust doth taste like date stones, and this thing
If I knew what to call it...

2 I can tell you:
Cheese struck in years.
1 I do not think but this same crust was bak'd
And this cheese frighted out of milk and whey
Before we two were souldiers: though it be old
I see 't can crawl; what living things be these
That walk so freely 'tween the rind and pith?
For here's no sap left.
2 They call them Gentles.
1 Therefore 'tis thought fit,
That Souldiers, by profession Gentlemen,
Should thus be fed with Gentles. I am stomack-sick,
I must have some strong water.
2 Where will you hav't?
1 In yon green ditch, a place which none can pass
But he must stop his nose—thou know'st it well—
There where the two dead dogs lye.
2 Yes I know't.
1 And see the Cat that lyes a distance off
Be flead for supper. Though we dine to-day
As Dutch men feed their souldiers, we will sup
Bravely like *Roman* Leaguerers.
2 Sir, the General.
1 Wee'l give him place,
But tell none of our dainties, lest we have
Too many guests to supper. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Minutius with his souldiers, reading a Letter.

Minut. Most sure 'tis so, it cannot otherwise be—
Either *Virginius* is degenerate
From the ancient vertues he was wont to boast,
Or in some strange displeasure with the Senate;
Why should these letters else from *Appius*
Confine him a close prisoner to the Camp?
And which confirmes his guilt, why should he fly?
Needs then must I incur some high displeasure
For negligence to let him thus escape;
Which to excuse, and that it may appear
I have no hand with him, but am of faction
Oppos'd in all things to the least misdeed,

I will casheir him, and his Tribuneship
Bestow upon some noble Gentleman
Belonging to the Camp. Souldiers and friends,
You that beneath *Virginius*' Colours marcht,
By strict command from the *Decemvirat*,
We take you from the charge of him late fled,
And his Authority, Command, and Honour
We give this worthy Roman. Know his Colours,
And prove his faithful Souldiers.

ROMAN. Warlike Generàl,
My courage and my forwardnesse in battel,
Shal plead how well I can deserve the title,
To bee a Roman Tribune.

Enter the first mutinous Souldier in haste.

MINUT. Now, the newes?

1. SOULD. *Virginius* in a strange shape of distraction,
Enters the Campe, and at his heels a legion
Of all estates, growths, ages, and degrees,
With breathlesse paces dog his frighted steps.
It seemes half *Room's* unpeopled with a traine
That either for some mischiefe done, pursue him,
Or to attend some uncouth novelty.

MINUT. Some wonder our fear promises. Worthy souldiers
Martial your selves, and entertaine this novel
Within a ring of steele: Wall in this portent
With men and harnesse, be it ne're so dreadful.
Hee's entred, by the clamour of the camp,
That entertaines him with these ecchoing showts.
Affection that in Souldiers hearts is bred,
Survives the wounded, and outlives the dead.

Enter Virginius with his knife, that and his arms stript up to the elbowes all bloudy; coming into the midst of the souldiers, he makes a stand.

VIRG. Have I in all this populous Assembly
Of souldiers that have prov'd *Virginius*' valour,
One friend? Let him come thrill his partisan
Against this brest, that through a large wide wound,
My mighty soule might rush out of this prison

To flie more freely to yon christal pallace,
Where honour sits inthronis'd. What, no friend?
Can this great multitude then yeild an enemy
That hates my life? Here let him seise it freely.
What, no man strike? am I so wel beloved?
Minutius then to thee. If in this camp
There lives one man so just to punish sin,
So charitable to redeem from torments
A wretched souldier, at his worthy hand
[I] beg a death.
MINUT. What means *Virginius*?
VIRG. Or if the Generals heart be so obdure
To an old begging souldier, have I here
No honest Legionary of mine own Troop
At whose bold hand and sword, if not entreat,
I may command a death?
1. SOULD. Alas good Captain.
MINUT. *Virginius*, you have no command at all,
Your Companies are elsewhere now bestowed.
Besides, we have a Charge to stay you here,
And make you the Camps prisoner.
VIRG. General, thanks.
For thou hast done as much with one harsh word
As I beg'd from their weapons. Thou hast kill'd me
But with a living death.
MINUT. Besides, I charge you
To speak what means this ugly face of blood
You put on your distractions? Whats the reason
All *Rome* pursues you, covering those high hils,
As if they dog'd you for some damned act?
What have you done?
VIRG. I have plaid the Parricide,
Kill'd mine own child—
MINUT. *Virginia?*
VIRG. Yes, even she.
These rude hands ript her, and her innocent blood
Flow'd above my elbowes.
MINUT. Kill'd her willingly?
VIRG. Willingly, with advice, premeditation,
And settled purpose; and see still I wear

Her crimson colours, and these withered armes
Are dy'd in her heart-blood.
MINUT. Most wretched villain!
VIRG. But how? I lov'd her life. Lend me amongst you
One speaking Organ to discourse her death;
It is too harsh an imposition
To lay upon a father. O my *Virginia*!
MINUT. How agrees this? love her, and murder her?
VIRG. Yes, Give me but a little leave to drayn
A few red tears, (for souldiers should weep blood)
And I'l agree them well. Attend me all.
Alas, might I have kept her chaste and free,
This life so oft ingag'd for ingrateful *Rome*,
Lay in her bosom. But when I saw her pull'd
By *Appius*' Lictors to be claim'd a slave,
And drag'd unto a publick Sessions-house,
Divorc'd from her fore-Spousals with *Icilius*,
A noble youth, and made a bond-woman,
Inforc'd by violence from her fathers armes
To be a Prostitute and [Paramour]
To the rude twinings of a leacherous Judge;
Then, then, O loving Souldiers, (I'l not deny it)
For 'twas mine honor, my paternal pity,
And the sole act, for which I love my life...
Then lustful *Appius*, he that swayes the Land,
Slew poor *Virginia* by this fathers hand.
1. SOULD. O villain *Appius*.
2. SOLD. O noble *Virginius*.
VIRG. To you I appeal, you are my Sentencers:
Did *Appius* right, or poor *Virginius* wrong?
Sentence my Fact with a free general tongue.
1. SOLD. *Appius* is the Parricide.
2. SOLD. *Virginius* guiltless of his daughters death.
MINUT. If this be true, *Virginius*, as the moan
Of all the Roman fry that followes you
Confirmes at large, this cause is to be pityed,
And should not dy revengelesse.
VIRG. Noble *Minutius*,
Thou hast a daughter, thou hast a wife too,
So most of you have, Souldiers. Why might not this

Have hapned you? Which of you all, deer freinds,
But now, even now, may have your wives deflowred,
Your daughters slav'd, and made a Lictors prey?
Think them not safe in *Rome*, for mine lived there.
ROMAN. It is a common cause.
1. SOLD. *Appius* shall dy for't.
2. SOLD. Let's make *Virginius* General.
OMNES. A General, a General, lets make *Virginius* General.
M[INU]T. It shall be so. *Virginius* take my Charge,
The wrongs are thine, so violent and so weighty
That none but he that lost so fair a child,
Knowes how to punish. By the Gods of *Rome*,
Virginius shall succeed my full command.
VIRG. What's honor unto me, a weak old man,
Weary of life, and covetous of a grave?
I am a dead man now *Virginia* lives not—
The self same hand that dar'd to save from shame
A child, dares in the father act the same. *Offers to kill himself.*
1. SOULD. Stay noble General.
MINUT. You much forget revenge, *Virginius*.
Who, if you dye, will take your cause in hand,
And proscribe *Appius*, should you perish thus?
VIRG. Thou oughtest *Minutius*. Soldiers, so ought you.
I'm out of fear, my noble wife's expir'd,
My daughter (of blest memory) the object
Of *Appius*' lust, lives 'mongst the Elysian Vestals,
My house yeilds none fit for his Lictors spoil.
You that have wives lodg'd in yon prison *Rome*,
Have Lands unrifled, houses yet unseis'd,
Your freeborn daughters yet unstrumpeted,
Prevent these mischiefs yet while you have time.
1. SOLD. We will by you our noble General.
2. SOLD. He that was destin'd to preserve great *Rome*.
VIRG. I accept your choice, in hope to guard you all
From my inhumane sufferings. Be't my pride
That I have bred a daughter whose chast blood
Was spilt for you, and for *Romes* lasting good. [*Exeunt.*]

Explicit Actus Quartus.

Actus Quintus Scena Prima.

[*The Forum.*]

Enter Opius, a S[en]ator, and the Advocate.

OPIUS. Is *Appius* then committed?
SENATOR. So 'tis rumor'd.
OPIUS. How will you bear you in this turbulent state?
You are a Member of that wretched Faction.
I wonder how you scape imprisonment?
ADVOCATE. Let me alone, I have learnt with the wise Hedghog
To stop my cave that way the tempest drives.
Never did Bear-whelp tumbling down a hill
With more art shrink his head betwixt his clawes
Then I will work my safety. *Appius*
Is in the sand already up to th' chin,
And shal I hazard landing on that shelf?
Hee's a wise friend that first befriends himself.
OPIUS. What is your course of safety?
ADVOC. Marry this.
Virginius with his Troops is entering *Rome*,
And it is like that in the market-place
My L[ord] *Icilius* and himself shall meet.
Now to encounter these, two such great Armies,
Where lies my Court of Guard?
SENAT. Why in your heels.
There are strange dogs uncoupled.
ADV. You are deceiv'd,
I have studied a most eloquent Oration,
That shall applaud their fortune, and distaste
The cruelty of *Appius*.
SENAT. Very good, Sir.
It seems then you will rail upon your Lord,
Your late good Benefactor.
ADV. By the way Sir.]
SENAT. Protest *Virginia* was no bond-woman,
And read her noble Pedigree.

ADV. By the way Sir.
OPIUS. Could you not by the way too find occasion
To beg Lord *Appius*' Lands?
ADV. And by the way
Perchance I will. For I will gull them all
Most pal[p]ably.
OPIUS. Indeed you have the Art
Of flattery.
ADV. Of Rhetorick you would say.
And I'l begin my smooth Oration thus,
"Most learned Captains:"
SENAT. Fie, fie, thats horrible—most of your Captains
Are utterly unlearned.
ADV. Yet I assure you,
Most of them know Arithmatick so well,
That in a Muster to preserve dead payes,
They'l make twelve stand for twenty.
OPIUS. Very good.
ADV. Then I proceed—
"I do applaud your fortunes, and commend
In this your observation, noble shake-rags.
The Helmet shall no more harbour the spider,
But it shall serve to carowse Sack and Sider."
The rest within I'l study.
OPIUS. Farewel *Proteus*,
And I shall wish thy eloquent bravado
May sheild thee from the whip and Bastinado.
Now in this furious tempest let us glide,
With foulded sails at pleasure of the Tyde. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Icilius, Horatio, Valerius, Numitorius (at one door) with Souldiers; Virginius, Minutius, and others at the other doore.

ICIL. Stand.
VIRG. Make a stand.
ICIL. A parly with *Virginius.*
MINUT. We wil not trust our General 'twixt the Armies,
But upon terms of hostage.
NUMIT. Well advised!
Nor we our General: who for the leaguer?

MINUT. Our selfe.
VIRG. Who for the City?
ICIL. *Numitorius.*

Minutius and Numitorius meet, embrace, salute the Generals.

NUMIT. How is it with your sorrow noble brother?
VIRG. I am forsaken of the gods, old man.
NUMIT. Preach not that wretched doctrine to your self,
It wil beget despaire.
VIRG. What doe you call
A burning Feaver? Is not that a divel?
It shakes me like an earthquake. Wilt a, wilt a? [*He speaks as to a spirit.*]
Give me some Wine.
NUMIT. O it is hurtful for you!
VIRG. Why so are all things that the appetite
Of man doth covet in his perfect'st health—
Whatever Art or Nature have invented,
To make the boundlesse wish of man contented,
Are all his poison. Give me the Wine there.——When!
Do you grudge me a poor cup of drink? Say, Say.
Now by the gods, I'll leave enough behind me
To pay my debts, and for the rest, no matter
Who scrambles for't.
NUMIT. Here my noble brother!
Alas, your hand shakes. I will guide it to you.
VIRG. 'Tis true, it trembles. Welcome thou just palsie,
'Twere pity this should doe me longer service,
Now it hath slain my daughter. So, I thank you;
Now I have lost all comforts in the world,
It seems I must a little longer live,
Bee't but to serve my belly.
MINUT. O my Lord,
This violent Feaver took him late last night,
Since when, the cruelty of the disease
Hath drawn him into sundry passions
Beyond his wonted temper.
ICIL. 'Tis the gods
Have powred their Justice on him.
VIRG. You are sadly met my Lord.
ICIL. Would we had met
In a cold grave together two months since—
I should not then have curst you.

VIRG. Ha! Whats that?
ICIL. Old man, thou hast shewed thy self a noble *Roman*,
But an unnatural Father; thou hast turned
My Bridal to a Funeral. What divel
Did arme thy fury with the Lions paw,
The Dragons taile, with the Bulls double horne,
The Cormorants beak, the Cockatrices eyes,
The Scorpions teeth? and all these by a father
To be imployed upon his innocent child!
VIRG. Young man, I love thy true description;
I am happy now, that one beside my selfe,
Doth teach me for this act. Yet were I pleased,
I cou'd approve the deed most Just and noble;
And, sure, posterity, which truely renders
To each man his desert, shal praise me for't.
ICIL. Come, 'twas unnatural and damnable.
VIRG. You need not interrupt me. Here's a fury
Wil doe it for you! You are a *Roman* Knight.
What was your oath when you receiv'd your Knighthood?
A parcel of it is, as I reme[mb]er,
Rather to die with honour, then to live
In servitude. Had my poor girle been ravish'd,
In her dishonour, and in my sad griefe,
Your love and pity quickly had ta'ne end.
Great mens misfortunes thus have ever stood,
They touch none neerly, but their neerest blood.
What do you meane to do? It seems, my Lord,
Now you have caught the sword within your hand,
Like a madman you'le draw it to offend
Those that best love you; and perhaps the counsel
Of some loose unthrifts, and vile malecontents
Hearten you to't: goe to, take your course,
My faction shal not give the least advantage
To murtherers, to banquerouts, or theeves,
To fleece the common-Wealth.
ICIL. Do you term us so?
Shal I reprove your rage, or is't your malice?
He that would tame a Lion, doth not use
The goad or wi[re]d whip, but a sweet voice,
A fearful stroaking, and with food in hand

Must ply his wanton hunger.
VIRG. Want of sleep
Wil do it better then all these, my Lord.
I would not have you wake for others ruine,
Lest you turn mad with watching.
ICIL. O you gods!
You are now a General; learn to know your place,
And use your noble calling modestly.
Better had *Appius* been an upright Judg,
And yet an evil man, then honest man,
And yet a dissolute Judg; for all disgrace
Lights lesse upon the person, then the place.
You are i'th' City now, where if you raise
But the least uproare, even your Fathers house
Shal not be free from ransack. Piteous fires
That chance in Towrs of stone, are not so feared
As those that light in Flax-shops; for there's food
For eminent ruin.
MINUT. O my noble Lord!
Let not your passion bring a fatal end
To such a good beginning. All the world
Shal honour that [good] deed in him, which first
Grew to a reconcilement.
ICIL. Come my Lord,
I love your friendship; yes in sooth I do,
But wil not seale it with that bloody hand.
Joine we our armies. No phantastick copy,
Or borrowed Pre[ce]dent wil I assume
In my revenge. There's hope yet you may live,
To outwear this sorrow.
VIRG. O impossible.
A minutes joy to me, would quite crosse nature,
As those that long have dwelt in noisome rooms,
Swoun presently if they but scent perfumes.
ICIL. To th' Senate. Come, no more of this sad tale,
For such a tel-tale may we term our grief,
And doth as 'twere so listen to her own words,
Envious of others sleep, because shee wakes.
I ever would converse with a griev'd person
In a longe journey to beguile the day,

Or winter evening to passe time away.
March on, and let proud *Appius* in our view
Like a tree rotted, fall that way he grew. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Actus Quintus Scena Secunda.*]

Appius, and Marcus Clodius [are discovered] in prison, fettered and gyved.

App. The world is chang'd now. All damnations
Seize on the Hydra-headed multitude,
That only gape for innovation!
O who would trust a people?
Clod. Nay, who would not,
Rather then one rear'd on a popular suffrage,
Whose station's built on Avees and Applause?
There's no firm structure on these airy Bases.
O fie upon such Greatness!
App. The same hands
That yesterday to hear me conscionate,
And Ora[t]orize, rung shril Plaudits forth
In sign of grace, now in contempt and scorn
Hurry me to this place of darkness.
Clod. Could not their poisons rather spend themselves,
On th' Judges folly, but must it needs stretch
To me his servant, and sweep me along?
Curse on the inconstant rabble!
App. Grieves it thee
To impart my sad disaster?
Clod. Marry doth it.
App. Thou shared'st a fortune with me in my Greatness,
I hal'd thee after when I cl[o]mb my State,
And shrink'st thou at my ruine?
Clod. I loved your Greatness,
And would have trac'd you in the golden path
Of sweet promotion; but this your decline
Sowrs all these hoped sweets.
App. 'Tis the world right.
Such gratitude a great man still shall have
That trusts unto a temporizing slave.

CLOD. Slave! Good. Which of us two in our
Dejection is basest? I am most sure
Your loathsome dungeon is as dark as mine,
Your conscience for a thousand sentences
Wrongly denounc'd, much more opprest then mine.
Then which is the most slave?
APP. O double baseness,
To hear a drudg thus with his Lord compare!
Great men disgrac'd, slaves to their servants are.

Enter Virginius, Icilius, Minutius, Numitorius, Horatio, Valerius, Opius with souldiers.

VIRG. Souldiers, keep a strong guard whilst we survey
Our sentenc'd prisoners. And from this deep dungeon
Keep off that great concourse, whose violent hands
Would ruine this stone building and drag hence
This impious Judg, peice-meal to tear his limbs
Before the Law convince him.
ICIL. See these Monsters,
Whose fronts the fair *Virginias* innocent blood
Hath visarded with such black ugliness,
That they are loathsome to all good mens souls.
Speak damn[e]d Judg, how canst thou purge thy self
From Lust and blood?
APP. I do confess my self
Guilty of both: yet hear me, noble Romans—
Virginius, thou dost but supply my place,
I thine. Fortune hath lift thee to my Chair,
And thrown me headlong to thy pleading-bar.
If in mine eminence I was stern to thee;
Shunning my rigor, likewise shun my fall.
And being mild where I shewed cruelty,
Establish still thy greatness. Make some use
Of this my bondage. With indifference
Survey me, and compare my yesterday
With this sad hour, my heighth with my decline,
And give them equal ballance.
VIRG. Uncertain fate!—but yesterday his breath
Aw'd *Rome*, and his least torved frown was death:
I cannot chuse but pity and lament,

So high a rise should have such low discent.
ICIL. [*aside*] He's ready to forget his injury.
(Oh too relenting age!) Thinks not *Virginius*,
If he should pardon *Appius* this black deed,
And set him once more in the Ivory Chair,
He would be wary to avoid the like,
Become a new man, a more upright Judge,
And deserve better of the Common Weal?
VIRG. 'Tis like he would.
ICIL. Nay, if you thus begin,
I'l fetch that shall anatomize his sin. *Exit.*
NUMIT. *Virginius*, you are too remiss to punish
Deeds of this nature. You must fashion now
Your actions to your place, not to your passion—
Severity to such acts is as necessary
As pity to the tears of innocence. *A shout.*
MINUT. He speaks but Law and Justice.
Make good the streets, with your best men-at-arms:
Valerius and *Horatio*, know the reason
Of this loud uproar, and confused noise. [*Exeunt Valerius*
Although my heart be melting at the fall *& Horatio.*]
Of men in place and Office, we'l be just
To punish murdrous Acts, and censure Lust.

[*Re-*]*Enter Valerius and Horatio.*

VALER. *Icilius*, worthy Lord, bears through the street
The body of *Virginia* towards this prison;
Which when it was discovered to the people,
Mov'd such a mournful clamour, that their cryes
Pierc'd heaven, and forc'd tears from their sorrowing eyes.
HORAT. Here comes *Icilius*.

Enter Icilius with the body of Virginia.

ICIL. Where was thy pity when thou slewest this maid,
Thou wouldst extend to *Appius*? Pity! See
Her wounds still bleeding at the horrid presence
Of yon stern Murderer, till she find revenge;
Nor will these drops st[a]nch, or these springs be dry
Till theirs be set a-bleeding. Shall her soul
(Whose essence some suppose lives in the blood)

Still labour without rest? Will old *Virginius*
Murder her once again in this delay?
VIRG. Pause there *Icilius*.
This sight hath stiffned all my operant powers,
Ic'd all my blood, benum'd my motion quite.
I'l powre my soul into my daughters belly,
And with a soldiers tears imbalm her wounds.
My only dear *Virginia*!
APP. Leave this passion,
Proceed to your just sentence.
VIRG. We will. Give me two swords. *Appius* grasp this,
You *Clodius* that. You shall be your own hang-men,
Do Justice on your selves. You made *Virginius*
Sluce his own blood lodg'd in his daughters brest,
Which your own hands shall act upon your selves.
If you be Romans, and retain their spirits,
Redeem a base life with a noble death,
And through your lust-burnt veins confine your breath.
APP. *Virginius* is a noble Justicer—
Had I my crooked paths levell'd by thine,
I had not swayed the ballance. Think not Lords,
But he that had the spirit to oppose the Gods,
Dares likewise suffer what their powers inflict.
I have not dreaded famine, fire, nor strage,
Their common vengeance, poison in my cup,
Nor dagger in my bosom, the revenge
Of private men for private injuries;
Nay more then these, not fear'd to commit evil,
And shall I tremble at the punishment?
Now with as much resolved constancy,
As I offended, will I pay the mulct,
And this black stain laid on my family,
Then which a nobler hath not place in *Rome*,
Wash with my blood away. Learn of me *Clodius*,
I'l teach thee what thou never studie[d]st yet,
Thats bravely how to dy. Judges are term'd
The Gods on earth; and such as are corrupt
Read me in this my ruine. Those that succeed me
That so offend, thus punish. This the sum of all,
Appius that sin'd, by *Appius*' hand shall fall. *Kils himself.*

VIRG. He dyed as boldly as he basely err'd,
And so should every true-bred Roman do.
And he whose life was odious, thus expiring,
In his death forceth pity. *Clodius* thou
Wast follower of his fortunes in his being,
Therefore in his not-being imitate
His fair example.
CLOD. Death is terrible
Unto a conscience that's opprest with guilt.
They say there is *Elizium* and Hel,
The first I have forfeited, the latter fear.
My skin is not sword-proof.
ICIL. Why dost thou pawse?
CLOD. For mercy, mercy I intreat you all.
Is't not sufficient for *Virginia* slain
That *Appius* suffered; one of noble blood,
And eminence in place, for a *Pleb[e]ian*?
Besides, he was my Lord and might command me:
If I did ought, 'twas by compulsion, Lords,
And therefore I crave mercy.
ICIL. Shall I doom him?
VIRG. Do, good *Icilius*.
ICIL. Then I sentence thus:
Thou hadst a mercy, most unmerriting slave,
Of which thy base birth was not capable,
Which we take off by taking thence thy sword.
And note the difference 'twixt a noble strain,
And one bred from the rabble: both alike
Dar'd to transgresse, but see their odds in death:
Appius dy'd like a Roman Gentleman,
And a man both wayes knowing; but this slave
Is only sensible of vitious living,
Not apprehensive of a noble death.
Therefore as a base Malefactor we
And timerous slave, give him (as he deserves)
Unto the common Hangman.
CLOD. What, no mercy?
ICIL. Stop's mouth,
Away with him: the life of the *Decemviri* [*Clodius is dragged*
Expires in them. *Rome* thou at length art free, *away.*]

Restored unto thine ancient liberty...
MINUT. Of Consuls: which bold *Junius Brutus* first
Begun in *Tarquins* fall. *Virginius* you
And young *Icilius* shall his place succeed,
So by the peoples suffrage 'tis decreed.
VIRG. We martial then our souldiers in that name
Of Consuls, honoured with these golden bayes.
Two [Ladies fair, but] most infortunate,
Have in their ruins rais'd declining *Rome*—
Lucretia and *Virginia*, both renown'd
For chastity. Souldiers and noble Romans,
To grace her death, whose life hath freed great *Rome*,
March with her [Corse] to her sad Funeral Tomb. *Exeunt.*
Flourish.

FINIS.

COMMENTARY

APPIUS AND VIRGINIA

TITLE-PAGE

Rich. Marriot: Bookseller 1645–79; in the previous year (1653) he had published the first edition of *The Compleat Angler*. He succeeded his father J. Marriot, who was in business from 1616 to 1657 and published for Breton, Donne, Drayton, Massinger, and Quarles.

[DRAMATIS PERSONAE]

Calphurnia: the name perhaps comes from *Julius Caesar*, which is several times imitated in passages of this play: for there is nothing to suggest it in the sources of the Virginia story.

I. 1.

Outer stage.

10. *Decemviri*: in 451 B.C. after long dissensions between the patricians and plebeians it was agreed to appoint a board of Ten (Decemviri) to codify the laws. They were given supreme power for their year of office and used it so well that a similar board was elected for a second year to complete their work. The one Decemvir re-elected was Appius Claudius; who now took advantage of his position to turn the Decemvirate into a tyranny, till he was overthrown after Virginia's death by a popular rising, in 449. Such at least was the Roman tradition.

15. *Mirrour of the times*: not their reflexion, but the pattern they should dress themselves by. Cf. *D.M.* I. 1. 208–9; *D.L.* III. 3. 15; Grafton, *Chron.* II. 81: "Wherefore this Princes actes may be a myrour unto all Princes"; and the title of *A Myrroure for Magistrates*.

20–1. Repeated from *D.M.* I. 1. 533–4.

25. *affection*: desire, fancy.

38. *Or banisht Rome!* Cf. *W.D.* I. 1. 1: *D.M.* III. 5. 1.

39. *forbear*: withdraw.

44. *accepted at*: "of" is the usual preposition, if there is one, after "accept".

48–50. Cf. *D.M.* III. 5. 8–9 and note.

55–7. H.D.S. suggests that this idea comes from Montaigne II. 2, where the author describes how his father used to employ hollow staves filled with lead to exercise his arms "and shoes with leaden soles, which he wore to enure himselfe to leape, to vault, and to run". But this was not peculiar to Montaigne's father. Thus the Italian fencing-master Rocko, who taught in England in the closing years

of the sixteenth century, made his pupils "weare leaden soules in their shoes to make them more nimble". Again it is curious to find that pedant Madame de Genlis inflicting this same device on the future Louis Philippe, whose childhood she supervised.

65. *thrifty*: profitable.

66–7. Stoll (who finds, with some exaggeration, the whole character of Appius to be a definite reversion to the Machiavellian villain of the type of Marlowe) here very appositely quotes *Dr Faustus*, sc. III. ll. 104–5:

> Had I as many souls as there be stars,
> I'd give them all for Mephistophelis.

In view of the acknowledged influence of Marlowe on the villain of *D.L.* this is quite in keeping with Webster's authorship.

76–7. *great men . . . shadowes*: *i.e.* all glory has a dark side to it. *Shadowes* may have been also associated in Webster's mind here with the Latin use of *umbra* to denote the hangers-on of the great: see *D.L.* "To the Juditious Reader", 5 and note.

78. *this generall frame*: the structure of the universe.

84–8. Cf. *D.M.* I. 1. 404–6.

88. *travell*: a quibble on the two senses (1) travel, (2) travail, toil. Cf. *D.L.* I. 2. 210–1.

118. *But only*: "only"—a not uncommon pleonasm, cf. 3 *Hen. VI*, IV. 2. 25:

> For I intend but only to surprise him.

127. *excellent Lapwing!* Cf. *W.D.* II. 1. 128. Here the other striking habit of the lapwing is referred to—its policy of decoying enemies away from its nest, by screaming with feigned agitation and alarm over some spot distant from the nest itself. Hence the adage in Ray's *Proverbs*: "The lapwing cries furthest from the nest". Cf. *Com. of Errors*, IV. 2. 27 ("Far from her nest the lapwing cries away"), and note in the *Arden Shakespeare*; Lyly, *Campaspe*, II. 2. 8; *Mother Bombie*, III. 3. 27; *Euphues*, p. 214, etc.

135. [*Algidon*]: Mt Algidus, in Latium, part of the volcanic group of the Alban Hills and repeatedly occupied by the Aequi in their wars with infant Rome.

This word, wrongly corrected by Dyce to *Algidum* (a non-existent form), is interesting as proving in itself that the Greek of Dionysius of Halicarnassus was here the source employed. The Quarto has *Agidon*, which is clearly meant for *Algidon*; and the metre shows the second syllable to be long, *Algīdon*. Now the correct Latin form is *Algĭdus* (*algĭdus*, cold), the Greek equivalent of which is simply Ἀλγιδός. Whence then *Algīdon*?

In Sylburg's edition of 1586, although the correct Ἀλγιδῷ occurs on p. 705, on p. 647 and p. 687 (XI. 3—dealing with the same Aequian war as our play, and just before the story of Virginia) we find corrupt forms based on a false reading of some MSS.—Ἀλγιδόνα,

Ἀλγιδόνι (as if from a nominative Ἀλγιδών). Here then is the origin of *Algidon*. And the long second syllable is also explained; for Ἀλγιδών is undoubtedly due to a false association with ἀλγηδών, "pain" (cf. Procopius, *B.G.* III. 22: χωρίῳ Ἀλγηδόνι; though the actual place there meant is more probably Alsium); hence the lengthening of the ι.

Thus it seems likely that the author of this passage had at least a smattering of Greek, but not much more than a smattering of Latin; otherwise he would have known that the *i* of *algidus*, a not uncommon word, was short.

I. 2.

Inner stage.

7. *character*: with a play on the two senses of written character (cf. *read*) and moral character.
9. *censure*: judgment.
12–4. Cf. *D.M.* III. 2. 296–8.
15. *shew*: appear.

I. 3.

Outer stage.

6–9. Cf. *Jul. Caes.* II. 1. 63 ff.:

> Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
> And the first motion, all the interim is
> Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
> The Genius, and the mortal instruments
> Are then in council; and the state of man,
> Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
> The nature of an insurrection.

12. *uncranied*: "perfectly secret", with no cracks or crannies by which anything could leak out. Cf. Drayton, *Sheph. Sirena*, 70:

> There is nothing to that friend,
> To whose close uncranied breast
> We our secret thoughts may send.

14. *centre*: "the earth", as centre of the Universe (cf. *Troil. and Cress.* I. 3. 85); not, as sometimes, "the centre of the earth".
17. *and not to fear*: *i.e.* "and (would) not fear". The redundant *to* has been illogically inserted owing to the neighbouring *to* in *to bear*; cf. II. 3. 92–3:

> You would bestow...and *to* cheat me.

Similarly in III. 2. 232; *D.M.* II. 5. 92.

38. *deject*: a Heywoodian word. Brooke quotes *If you know not me* (*Wks.* I. 206): "deject your knee". But a closer parallel is 'dejects his humble eye" in Drayton, *Polyolbion*, XII.

39. *countermand*: sometimes used simply as a synonym of "command", *e.g.* 1 *Tamburlaine*, III. 1. 63:

> And all the sea my gallies countermand.

So Hazlitt takes the word here. But some force can be given to the prefix—in the sense of beating down all opposition and countering it. Cf. Daniel, *Complaint of Rosamond* (*Wks.*, Grosart, 1. 87):

> Found well (by proofe) the priviledge of beauty
> That it had powre to counter-maund all duty.

41. *prostrate you*: apparently "serve you", rather than "pander to you" as Baron Bourgeois suggests. *N.E.D.* ignores this use: but the word is frequently used by Heywood in such phrases as—"prostrates allegiance" (*Rape of Lucrece*, 1. 2): "to you...A virgin's love I prostrate" (*Royal King and Loyal Subject*, III., *Wks.* VI. 42). It *might* seem that Webster borrowed the word rather carelessly and, making the indirect object the direct, modified such a use as "I prostrate you my services" (which occurs in *The Fair Maid of the West*) to "I prostrate you" (= "I serve you"); some association with "prostitute" may of course have been present as well (cf. Heywood, *Chall. for Beauty*, II. (*Wks.* V. 26): "prostrate their wives"). The word is normally used in 1. 4. 124 below.

43. *fee-simple*: absolute possession.

52. *scantle*: stint, cut down.

1. 4.

Whole stage; at 105 after "Break up the Senate" I take it that the curtains of the inner stage were closed, leaving the outer stage free for Virginius to continue his speech and the inner stage ready for the next scene.

6 ff. It is to be noted how in this fine speech Virginius does ill justice to his cause by the truculence with which he pleads it; and thus makes it possible for Appius to refuse his demands without forfeiting his colleagues' sympathy. That is the "tragic error" of Virginius.

The general situation of an army being starved by its government and only maintained out of its general's private purse, fantastic as it may seem to us, must have been only too familiar to Elizabethans. Cf. Froude, *Hist. of Engl.* (1870), XII. 490: "The greatest service ever done by an English fleet had been thus successfully accomplished by men whose wages had not been paid from the time of their engagement, half-starved, with their clothes in rags and falling off their backs". And even after the victory this state of things continued—no pay, starvation, and poisonous beer. Lord Howard of Effingham and Sir John Hawkins had to spend lavishly, and without compensation, to provide for their men as best they could. See also Introd. p. 125.

6–7. Cf. Heywood, *Royal King and Loyal Subject*, III. 1 (*Wks.* VI. 39): "We have store, of rags; plenty, of tatters". (H.D.S.)

9. *star-chamber*: the original Star Chamber seems to have been a room

in the King's Palace at Westminster, with a star-studded ceiling, where the Chancellor, Treasurer, and other members of the royal council met. It was developed by the Tudors, became one of the chief engines of tyranny under the first Stuarts, and was abolished in 1641. For this figurative use, cf. Dekker, *Whore of Babylon* (*Wks.* II. 199) (H.D.S.); *Edw. III*, II. 2. 165; *F.M.I.* v. 3. 155.

13. *provant apparell*: clothes issued to the soldier, not provided by him (Lat. *praebere*).

24. *wretchlesse*: reckless, desperate.

36. *possess'd*: "informed"—a common use. (To possess one with an idea = to cause him to be possessed by or of it, to inform him. Cf. *Merch. of Ven.* I. 3. 65.)

52. *Statists*: statesmen (cf. Ital. *statista*).

55. *Furs and Metall*: Webster thinks of the Senate as arrayed like City-Fathers of his own day. Fur was worn by prosperous merchants and "Fur-man" is found as seventeenth-century slang for Alderman; *Metall* refers to the Alderman's gold chain.

58. *an infinite*: an infinite number (a usage found at least 17 times in Heywood), though also in Middleton, *Changeling*, I. 1. 121; Fletcher, *Mad Lover*, v. 4; Chapman, *Caesar and Pompey*, I. 2; Rowley, *All's Lost by Lust*, I. 2. (H.D.S.)

71. *invasive steel*: found also in Heywood, *Golden Age* (*Wks.* III. 40); Shakespeare has "arms invasive" in *K. John*, v. 1. 69.

75. *double dye their robes in Scarlet*: with allusion to the *latus clavus* or broad stripe (of purple) in the dress of senators (Krusius). But would not an Elizabethan dramatist and his audience think rather of the Alderman's red of the London City-Fathers? (Cf. "Furs and Metall" above, and *A.Y.L.* v. 1. 76.)

76. *brawns*: muscles.

78. *Janus' Temple be devolv'd*. Cf. Heywood, *Rape of Lucrece*, v. 3: "They behind him will devolve the bridge". So here the meaning is clearly "overthrown"; and Hazlitt, followed by Thorndike, is wrong in supposing a reference to the opening of the Temple of Janus when war was declared. Indeed the temple must have been open already for the war at Algidus.

100. *quick perdue*. Not, as Hazlitt explains, "ambush" of the enemy; but simply "alert, vigilant outpost". "Perdue" is short for "*sentinelle perdue*": cf. Barret, *Theorike and Practike of Modern Warres* (1598), IV. 2 (quoted in *N.E.D.*): "The proper *forlorne Sentinell* is that which is set either on horsebacke or foote...so neare unto the enemie, that being discryed and seene, he shall with great difficulty retire and escape". Cf. *Lear*, IV. 7. 35 (where commentators have confused the *sentinelle perdue* with the Swiss *enfans perdus*, storm-troops used in forlorn hopes); Jonson, *Magnetic Lady*, III. 4.

103. *under-Keeper*: probably "under-gaoler", especially as the dialogue is running on prisons and imprisonment.

104. *The gods of Rome amend it!* Cf. *Lucrece*, II. 1: "Great Jove amend it!"

113. *searcht*: probed by the surgeon.

115. *resty ease*: idle ease. Some might emend to *rusty*; but the text is strongly supported by Jonson, *Epicoene*, I. 1 (quoted by Bourgeois): "He would grow *resty* else in his ease. His virtue would *rust* without action".

121. *The earth shal find*: *i.e.* "shall sustain, nourish"—a use of *find* as old as the fourteenth century. Cf. too Hakluyt, *Voy.* II. 2. 73: "Condemned persons are found by the king as long as they do live"; and we still have the phrase "all found", *i.e.* "provided".

124. *Prostrates . . . Duty*: see on I. 3. 41.

129–30. *adopt you with the title Of a new son.* "To adopt" = (1) "to adopt as a son"; (2) (since in adoption one bestows one's name) "to bestow one's name on, re-name after oneself". Cf. Pliny (Holland's transl.) v. 29: "certain plains occasioned by the river Hermus, and therefore adopted in his name", *i.e.* called "the plains of the Hermus". Both senses seem present here.

164. *pay use . . . forbear*: pay usuriously hereafter for what you now withhold.

II. 1.

Whole stage (the Musicians might appear on the outer stage as serenading Virginia in her room).

5. *Heir*: with a play on *air*.

9–10. *Lor[d]ships . . . manners*: with a quibble—"manners", "manors".

13–4. *melior . . . mulier*. Philologists, less gallant than Corbulo, derive *mulier* (woman) from *mollior* (softer, *i.e.* "the weaker vessel").

35. *contemplation*: private meditations.

41. *mediate*: beg for. Cf. *C.C.* III. 3. 87. A Heywoodian word. See *Eng. Trav.* (*Wks.* IV. 84) "mediate my peace". (Also *Wks.* VI. 277 and 374.) The phrase is, however, found earlier, in Marlowe, *Jew of Malta*, V. 5. 116: "mediate your peace". There it is used quite logically, = "ask for, as a mediator, on behalf of another": similarly in Heywood; whereas in *C.C.* and perhaps here it is simply equivalent to "ask for".

47. *usurpe your notes*: take and echo them, as though they were its own.

71. *populous*: famous among the people. This exact use is not given by *N.E.D.*

76. *refin'd Citizen*: a *mere* bourgeois of the better sort.

84–5. Cf. *D.M.* III. 2. 272.

86. *Shadow*: cast a discreet veil over.

II. 2.

Outer stage. It is in this scene particularly that Stoll (193 ff.) sees the influence of *Coriolanus*.

3. *O the misery of Souldiers!* For the turn of expression cf. *D.M.* I. 1. 507:

The misery of us, that are borne great!

5. *spread the earth*: strew it with our dead bodies.

11. *motion*: proposal. Perhaps also with allusion to the use of *motion* to denote the movements in military and fencing exercises: cf. *Twelfth Night*, III. 4. 307.

54. *Carouse*: drink up (German *gar-aus trinken*, drink at one draught).

62. *Deale on.* Cf. *Rich. III*, IV. 2. 71–3:

two deep enemies...
Are they that I would have thee deal upon.

67–71. An ancient (and a modern) grievance of the common soldier: cf. the famous passage of Euripides, *Andromache* (693 ff.).

75–6. *bestow...of us*: on us. Cf. Martin Marprelate, *Epitome* (1589) 60: "Ile bestow a whole booke *of* him".

77–9. Cf. *W.D.* v. 3. 60–3.

87. *And all the Suburbs!* To the modern reader this seems a ridiculous anti-climax, as Rupert Brooke complains. But to Webster's audience, we must remember, this would not be so. Probably they took the allusion humorously and piquantly to themselves. For they were very likely sitting in the suburbs at the moment; and the more disreputable of them would have more than a merely dramatic interest in those haunts of evil fame, the Bohemia of London. Cf. III. 2. 75; *Hen. VIII*, v. 4. 65 ff.; *Meas. f. Meas.* I. 2. 103.

110. *order our companies*: parade them.

112. *Take air*: *i.e.* I mean to take air.

122. *shoot your quils*: as porcupines were supposed to do. H.D.S. quotes Dekker, *Satiromastix*, IV. 2: "Thou'lt shoot thy quills at me when my terrible back's turned for all this, wilt not, porcupine?" Cf. Topsell, *Four-footed Beasts*: "When they are hunted, the Beast stretcheth her skin and casteth then her quills off, one or two at a time, upon the mouths of the Dogs, or legs of the Hunters that follow her, with such violence, that many times they stick into trees and wood".

123. *no points to hurt you, noble Captain.* Cf. *Jul. Caes.* III. 1. 173:

To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony.

124. *shaver*: slang, (1)="swindler" (one who "shaves" his victims—often "cunning shaver"); (2) more widely, "fellow", as here.

138–40. Stoll points out the resemblance between this scene and the mutiny in *Bonduca* II. 1 (which Macaulay attributes to Field as Fletcher's partner in the play); cf. especially—

Tell the great general,
My companies are no fagots to fill breaches.

And again the soldiers address their commander as "Dear, honour'd captain", as in 159.

141 ff. Was the author thinking of Caesar's famous subdual of his mutinous legions in Italy (47 B.C.) by similarly cashiering them and addressing them as "Quirites" ("Citizens") instead of "Soldiers"? Cf. Plutarch, *Caesar*, 51; Suetonius, *Julius*, 70; Appian, *Civil Wars*, II. 93 (where, like Minutius here, Caesar's friends beg the general not to be too harsh).

146. *my mind gives*: "misgives", "gives me the idea that...". Cf. *Hen. VIII*, v. 3. 109.

159. *presently*: instantly.

160. *Refuse me*: *i.e.* may God refuse me! Cf. *W.D.* I. 2. 78.

186. *forme*: discipline, good order (cf. formality). So 2 *Hen. IV*, IV. 1. 20: "In goodly form comes on the enemy".

200. *pennance worth your faulting*: punishment commensurate with your crime.

217. *an elder brothers wit*. Cf. "Overbury", *Characters*, "An Elder Brother" (clearly written by a younger one): "He judgeth it no small sign of wit to talk much, his tongue therefore goes continually his errand but never speeds".

232. *donative*: "gift of money"—the regular Roman word under the Empire for bounties to the army.

233. A climax of Virginius' irony; only surpassed by 242–4.

249. *slight*: ignore, disregard. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV*, v. 2. 94: "See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted".

II. 3.

Whole stage; with perhaps the inner stage representing the actual study of Appius. This would save publicly removing the chairs at the end, as would be necessary if they were brought on to the outer stage.

20. *eares...forfeited*: this is no mere metaphor. The sting lies in the suggestion that Clodius is a felon who has had his ears cropped. Cf. III. 2. 118; *Ind. Malc.* 87.

26. *Attend!*: "wait"—doubtless a word familiar and hateful to lawyers' clients in Webster's day. H.D.S. quotes *The Dumb Knight* (1611—Hazlitt's *Dodsley* x. 159) where a similar use of the word by a lawyer's clerk calls forth the outburst—

> We must *attend*; umph! even snails keep state
> When with slow thrust their horns peep forth the gate.
> We must *attend!* 'Tis custom's fault, not mine,
> To make men proud on whom great favours shine:
> 'Tis somewhat 'gainst my nature to *attend*,
> But when we must, we must be patient;
> A man may have admittance to the king
> As soon as to these long-robes, and as cheap.

34. *only spar'd for us*: kept for us alone.

41. *Pray, your courtesie*: *i.e.* pray put on your hat, do not stand uncovered before me.

42. *My duty*. Icilius in reply is still courteously reluctant to cover his head.

55. *Revenues*: accented on second syllable.

60. *consist in*: depend on.

71. *To mauger*: to defy. (Fr. *maugréer*.)

79–80. *interpose me A poor third*: "cut off, block the payment of a poor third". Cf. Heywood, *Gynaikeion*, v. 258: "Robbers that interposed him in his way to Athens". "Me" is ethic dative; as in *Tam. Shrew*, I. 2. 11:

> Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
> And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

87. *mispriz'd*: contemned.

92–3. *You would bestow... And... to cheat*. For the redundant "to" cf. on I. 3. 17.

110. *But withal revengeless*: *i.e.* you may well be patient, seeing you cannot hit back at me now. But perhaps we should add a question-mark—"but will you take no revenge for this hereafter?" To which Appius' *So* might be an answer. The first, however, is perhaps more likely, and more in keeping with Icilius' confident daring.

142. *graft* = graffed, a past participle of "to graff" = "to graft".

144. *misprision*: "mistake", a different word from "misprision" = "contempt". See on *D.M.* v. 4. 93.

152. *remit*: "pardon" (the original sense).

159. *more*: with a pun on *Morrow*. The sense is: "It is indeed not yet noon" (after which "good morrow" or "good morning" would be out of place). H. D. Gray quotes a parallel from Heywood's *Royal King and Loyal Subject*:

> — Morrow, Gentlemen.
> — The morning's past, 'tis mid-day at the least.

165. *cast*: "condemned". Cf. Jewel, *Def. of the Apol.*: "So might he cast Christ and quit Barabbas". H.D.S. quotes *Thracian Wonder*, v. 2:

> If a jury of women go upon me, I'm sure to be cast.

169. *Honourable*: note emphatic capital.

173. *Panthean*: *N.E.D.* gives no example of the word before the eighteenth century and none of this use of it (= "of all heaven").

195. *the worlds eye*. Cf. *Sir T. Wyat* (p. 6), *D.L.* II. 1. 245, III. 3. 115. (H.D.S.)

195. *taxt*: accused.

199–201. Cf. the finely bitter lines of Theognis:

> Εὖ κώτιλλε τὸν ἐχθρόν· ὅταν δ' ὑποχείριος ἔλθῃ,
> τεῖσαι μιν, πρόφασιν μηδεμίαν θέμενος.

199. *bit*: the metaphor is not from horsemanship, but falconry; and the sense of the whole—"Let the young man have his way, as a young hawk is first trained to feed boldly before company on the

morsel of hen's or pullet's wing or coney's foot that is given it before it is trained to come obediently to the lure". For the "lure", see on *W.D.* IV. 1. 139.

201. *strike but once, and then strike sure.* Cf. *W.D.* IV. 1. 21; and *Lycidas*:

> But that two-handed engine at the door
> Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

210. *probable*: not "likely", but "demonstrable, provable": cf. Hall, *Chron. of Hen. VII*, 33: "It is probable by an invincible reason and an argument infallible".

213. *infallid*: infallible. A Heywoodian word: cf. his *Hierarchy of Angels* (1635), p. 308: "infallid testimonies" (also pp. 285, 311) (Clark); "unfallid signs" occurs in his *Captives* (IV. 1).

223–4. *Warrants by Arrest, To answer*: *i.e.* warrants summoning her to answer.

233. *leave it to thy manage.* Cf. Heywood, *Fair Maid of the West*, Pt. 1. IV (*Wks.* II. 316):

> the manage of the fight
> We leave to you. (Clark.)

But cf. also *Merch. of Ven.* III. 4. 25 ("commit the manage"), *Tempest*, I. 2. 70.

III. 1.

We may imagine this as beginning on the outer stage, the curtain of the inner stage having been drawn at the end of the last scene to mark the change; then at 17 the inner stage would be opened again as the "Parlour".

9. *come off*: retire.

11. *when*: exclamation of impatience, cf. *D.M.* II. 1. 116.

14. *light woman*: for the quibble cf. *D.M.* IV. 1. 50.

29. Cf. *D.M.* III. 1. 24; III. 5. 34–6. (H.D.S.)

39. *wage eminence and state. N.E.D.* takes *wage* to mean "hazard, wager"; Nares renders "contend in" (cf. to wage war, wage law).

But what *eminence and state* had a private citizen of the middle classes like Icilius to "hazard"? Or how could he "contend in" them? Hazlitt and H.D.S. are certainly right in explaining *wage* as "contend against", though, as often with Webster's usages, there is no exact parallel. *Wage* is indeed used elsewhere as equivalent to "wage war", "contend" (cf. *Lear*, II. 4. 212: "To wage against the enmity oth' air"); but there seems to be no other instance of its simple transitive use, without "against", as a synonym for "oppose". That sense here is, however, further supported by the next line—"Chuse out a weaker *opposite*".

43. *scandal*: either "revile" or "be a stumbling-block to", "offend". The first is more likely, as both apparently commoner (cf. *Jul. Caes.* I. 2. 76; *W.D.* III. 2. 134) and agreeing with ll. 50–4 below: while if

it is taken to mean "be a stumbling-block to Appius", we have merely a repetition of the previous lines.

47. *palped film*: this might seem a malapropriety on Webster's part, due perhaps to incautious imitation of Heywood's Latinisms. *Palped* means "that is or can be felt", like "palpable"; and it is accordingly used by Heywood of darkness, like that of Egypt, which can be felt (cf. the Vulgate, *Exodus*, x. 21: "tenebrae tam densae ut palpari queant"): *e.g. Gt. Britain's Troy* (1609), xv. 42 ("Fearlesse he through palped darkness scoures"); *Brazen Age* (1613), *Wks.* III. 206 ("bring a palped darknesse on the earth"); and "palped darknesse" again in *Hierarchy* (1635: p. 27). See however p. 142.

56–8. Cf. *W.D.* III. 2. 224–5, 251.

66. *stale*: whore. The word means originally "decoy" (Anglo-Fr. *estale*, a pigeon used to decoy the hawk into the net). In Elizabethan fowling the word is applied to any stuffed or captive decoy-bird. Thence it became used of prostitutes because of their employment by sharpers to attract victims: and doubtless this was helped by association also with the adj. "stale".

84. *Colossus...bestrides*: a clear reminiscence of *Jul. Caes.* I. 2. 134:

> he doth bestride the narrow world
> Like a Colossus.

89. *Lobby*: "passage", thence "ante-room".

112. *regreets*: renewed greetings. It sometimes means simply "greetings"; cf. *Merch. of Ven.* II. 9. 89. On the other hand the sense "*renewed* greetings" is clearly needed here and in passages like 1 *Tamburlaine*, III. 1. 37; *K. John*, III. 1. 241; *Rich. II*, I. 3. 142.

III. 2.

Outer stage.

1. *close*: "inconspicuous" rather than "adjacent". (H.D.S.)

7. *at our action*: at our suit.

9–10. *strange...strange*. Cf. *D.M.* I. 1. 445–6.

12. We may compare "Overbury", *Characters*, "A Prisoner": "He is an Almanacke out of date; none of his dayes speakes of faire weather": similarly *W.D.* III. 3. 67.

16. *banquerouts*: bankrupts (Ital. *banca rotta*, Fr. *banqueroute*). Our form "bank*rupt*" is caused by assimilation to the Lat. *ruptus*.

17. *back*: "subdue". Originally of breaking in a horse. H.D.S. points out a similar pun in *W.Ho!* III. 2 (p. 113). Cf. too W. Fennor, *Compter's Commonwealth* (1617), p. 40 (of Sergeants): "They are very valiant men...I have known many Knights run away at the sight of them".

19–20. *French flye*: more usually called "Spanish fly", *Cantharis vesicatoria*, the poisonous blister-beetle from which the substance "cantharides" is made, a drug used, externally, for raising blisters.

20. *French Rheume*: the pox.

21. *drawer*: "draw" is still used technically of drawing out a blister. Cf. Topsell, *Serpents*, 808: "He scarified the place and drawed it with cupping-glasses".

22. *little-timbred*: slightly built. "To timber" originally = "to build"; "timber" = "building". Cf. Germ. *Zimmer*.

23. *logerhead*: blockhead. A "logger" is a block of wood fastened to a horse's feet to prevent it straying.

23. *kennell*: gutter (cf. "channel"). There is a similar idea in Marston, *Malcontent*, IV. 1. 177: "Shoulder not a huge fellow; unless you may be sure to lay him in the kennel".

24. *Knights fellow*: ? one of the same sort of standing as a knight; hardly "a knight's servant".

25. *counter*: originally "a mayor's court of justice"; thence "the prison attached", especially for debtors. Thus London, Southwark, Exeter all had their Counters or Compters. In London there were two at this time, one in Poultry, one in Wood St.

29–30. *upon one buttock*: from turning in the saddle to look round.

32–3. *Monky...clog*. Cf. Selden, *Table Talk*, on the subject "Wife": "You shall see a Monkey sometime, that has been playing up and down the Garden, at length leap up to the top of the Wall, but his Clog hangs a great way below on this side; a Bishop's Wife is like that Monkey's Clog, himself is got up very high, takes place of the Temporal Barons, but his wife comes a great way behind". Cf. too *W.D.* v. 1. 154.

36. *regardant*: (heraldic) looking backwards.

44. *matches*. Cf. *W.D.* IV. 2. 134–5.

47. *powder'd*: salted.

50 ff. Another of Webster's stock onslaughts on widowhood. Cf. *W.D.* v. 6. 155 ff.; *D.M.* I. 1. 335 ff.; Chapman, *The Widow's Tears* (perhaps alluded to in 48: it was acted *c.* 1605–6, published 1612).

50. *fresh*: (1) recent, (2) unsalted. Cf. *C.C.* II. 3. 19–20.

53–4. *the old rule...belly*: a reference to the proverbial saying, of a glutton, that "his belly is sooner filled than his eye" (Dilke).

57. *the reversion*: the part of the property which reverts to the dead husband's next of kin.

57–8. *what remaines for her second husband?* Corbulo, I suppose, having taken down two middle fingers for "debts and legacies", "makes horns" with the remaining two.

60–3. For this piece of ichthyology cf. *D.M.* III. 5. 150 ff. The combination of natural history and "as the learned divulge" recalls Euphuism and its earlier parodies. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV*, II. 4. 460: "this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile"; so in *The Pilgrimage to Parnassus*: "there is a beast in India called polecat...and the further she is from you, the less you smell her". Euphuism had long lost its first vogue; but Lyly's memory was not dead and his six Court Comedies were published in a collected edition in 1632.

61–3. The sole point is, of course, the series of *double entendres*.

72. *caters*: caterers.

75–6. *the sinners i'th' Suburbs . . . name*: *i.e.* "Mutton", being the cant term for "prostitute", was so perpetually used in this sense by the debauchees of the suburbs, that the word had almost lost its literal sense.

For the suburbs, cf. on II. 2. 87 above.

77. *a sweet reckoning*: a dear one.

77–8. *the Terme time, etc.*: *i.e.* during the law-terms the demand is at its highest; in the vacations the members of the Bar are away and it falls.

79. *sallets*: another word with improper associations, salads being highly seasoned. Cf. *Hamlet*, II. 2. 471: "no sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury".

81. *cutting*: "to spring from the ground and, whirling in the air, to twiddle the feet one in front of the other alternately with great rapidity" (*N.E.D.*).

87. *cuckoes*: with a play on "cuckolds", whence the point of 89.

96. *followers*: officers of justice after you?

117–8. *in ure*: "use", "practice" (Norman or Law-French word). Cf. (H.D.S.) *The Weakest goeth to the Wall*, II. 1: "to keep our hands in ure and breathe our pursy bodies". See Nares, who seems however to be wrong in deriving the word from Lat. *usura*: Skeat connects it with O.Fr. *eure, ovre*, Lat. *opera*.

118. *any eares*: with insulting allusion to the cropping of criminals' ears. Cf. above II. 3. 20.

120. *take a Castle*: take refuge in one. It has been suggested that *Castle* means here "a close-fitting helmet" (? from Lat. *cassis, cassida*—a most unconvincing derivation). Nares quotes (1) Holinshed (1577) II. 815: "Then . . . entered Sir Thomas Knevet in a castell of cole black"; (2) *T. Andron.* III. 1. 169: "the bloody battle-axe Writing destruction on the enemy's castle"; (3) *Troil. and Cress.* V. 2. 183:

> Diomed,
> Stand fast and wear a castle on thy head.

H. B. Baildon, however, in a note on (2) in the *Arden Shakespeare* takes a view that the "castle" in Holinshed was some painted canvas structure and that in (2) and (3) the word is used figuratively.

In any case, whether or no "castle" can ever mean "helmet", it cannot, I think, mean that here; it is clearly used in its ordinary sense, as a symbol of security, just as when we say "an Englishman's home is his castle". Cf. 1 *Hen. IV*, II. 1. 95: "We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible". Similarly "Beaum. & Fl.", *Little French Lawyer*, I. 2; Drayton *Nymphidia*:

> And lying down they soundly slept
> As safe as in a castle.

What could be the safety of stealing or sleeping in a helmet? And again in Rowley's *A Match at Midnight*, II. I, where a character takes refuge behind a piece of furniture, another exclaims—"Look, an' he have not ensconced himself in a wooden castle". (See also *A.Y.L.* v. I. 454; *N.Y.* II. VII. 165, 253, 394.)

124–5. *the whip Shall* [s]*ease*: *i.e. which* shall seize.

127. *How ere*: however that may be.

144–5. *Your incredulity Hath quite undone me.* It needed the ingenuity of a commentator to discover any difficulty here. Virginia in her dismay very naturally complains that if her warnings had been taken more seriously and she had been hidden out of Appius' reach, all this trouble would never have happened. It is true that Icilius himself had urged this course; but he allowed himself to be overruled. Virginia's outcry is thus very human without being quite fair; and, if we wish, we may suppose "Your" to be plural and referring to the family council as a whole.

Rupert Brooke, however, in his Appendix A, and A. M. Clark in *Mod. Lang. Rev.* Jan. 1921, have based on this imaginary inconsistency a theory of an earlier version of the play containing a dispute between Virginia and Icilius, in which the latter was incredulous of Appius' designs. This invention of earlier versions is one of the most tiresome of modern critical manias; a supreme instance of it is the note in the new *Cambridge Shakespeare* on *The Tempest*, III. I. 33–4, where Ferdinand says to Miranda—

> Noble mistress, 'tis fresh morning with me
> When you are by at night—

"This is curious, as the lovers had never been in each other's company at night. Possibly a relic of the earlier version". Earlier version there may be: but what evidence! Indeed this rage for "revisions" reminds one exactly of Fontenelle's description of pre-Copernican astronomers. "Ces philosophes, pour expliquer une sorte de mouvement dans les corps célestes, faisaient, au delà du dernier ciel que nous voyons, un ciel de cristal, qui imprimait ce mouvement aux cieux inférieurs. Avaient-ils nouvelle d'un autre mouvement? c'était aussitôt un autre ciel de cristal. Enfin les cieux de cristal ne leur coûtaient rien". Revisions too are cheap.

147. *publish't for*: proclaimed to be.

166–7. *The Fox . . . yet*: these words must be addressed to Numitorius, not to Appius, who is himself the fox that has not yet been exposed to the light of day. Numitorius is similarly called "My Lord" in 158 above.

200. *wage Law*: O.Fr. *gager la ley*; (1) "to defend an action by wager of law", *i.e.* to offer to take an oath of innocence supported by the oaths of eleven compurgators. (2) (In popular use—on the analogy, doubtless helped by the sound, of "wage war") "to engage in a legal

conflict with"; cf. Jonson, *Staple of News*, v. 1: Middleton, *Widow*, IV. 1. 129.

204. Cf. *D.M.* III. 5. 169; *D.L.* IV. 2. 672–3.

207. *acrue*: "incur"—an inversion of the logical usage in which a thing accrues to a person (Lat. *accrescere*, to grow to).

219–20. *had a sore hand with her*: had hard work with her.

222. *green sicknesse*: chlorosis, a form of anaemia, accompanied in extreme cases by a craving to eat chalk and coal, liable to attack women between fifteen and twenty-five, especially in periods when they were more shut up in-doors than now.

232. *then to undergo*: for the redundant "to" cf. 1. 3. 17 and note.

238–9. Cf. *W.Ho!* v. 3 (p. 160): *W.D.* 1. 2. 87 (H.D.S.).

242 ff. For this Character cf. Dekker's *Seven Deadly Sins of London*, 1. "Politic Bankruptism" (a racy piece of description); but of course the device of judicious bankruptcy has been familiar in all ages—cf. the soliloquy of Crispin in Le Sage's *Crispin rival de son Maître*: "Tu devrais présentement briller dans la finance....Avec l'esprit que j'ai, morbleu! j'aurais déjà fait plus d'une banqueroute".

247. *tilting staffe*: remember that these were meant to break *easily*, and made accordingly.

252. *third moity*: *i.e.* he paid 6*s.* 8*d.* in the pound. "Moiety" is used at this period for other fractions besides a half.

259–62. Here for a moment Webster recaptures his earlier, greater style.

289. *colour*: pretext.

300–1. *referring...censure*: "leaving, for the moment, the injury to myself to be considered by itself".

300 ff. The adroitness of Appius in this scene is unusual among Elizabethan villains, whose intrigues are usually of the most ingenuous transparency.

339. *motion*: proposal.

353. *use her...as my wife*: for the equivocation cf. *D.L.* 1. 2. 219–20. (H.D.S.)

361. *forthcoming*: apparently, "security or bail that a person will be forthcoming". Not in *N.E.D.* in this sense; for its proper meaning is simply "appearance in court", not "responsibility for that appearance". Brooke is, I think, right in suggesting that Webster drew the word from Holland's *Livy* (1600), p. 118, where Appius rules that M. Claudius "might lead away the wench, promising and assuring to have her forthcomming, and to present her in court" (Livy III. 45: "sistendamque...promittat"). Brooke however does not seem to have seen that the word is used quite differently in Holland and in Webster. In Holland "forthcomming" is a participle, used in the ordinary sense; "to have her forthcomming" = "to see that she should be forthcoming". In Webster "forthcoming" is a noun, used in a sense without parallel elsewhere. I believe that

Webster himself, like Brooke, misread Holland, thinking that "forthcomming" was there too a noun; *i.e.* "to have her forthcomming" = "to have the responsibility for her forthcoming". That misunderstanding has produced this nonce-use.

366. Cf. the similar trick of the mock dismissal of Antonio by the Duchess.

366. *shrowde*: shelter. See on *D.M.* I. 1. 574.

368. *hook*: perhaps a Roman touch, with reference to the hook by which at Rome the bodies of the executed were dragged to the Scalae Gemoniae down which they were hurled. See Mayor on Juvenal, x. 66; and cf. Jonson, *Sejanus*, v. 10; Massinger, *Roman Actor*, IV. 2.

371–2. Cf. *D.L.* IV. 2. 499–501.

383–4. H.D.S. quotes Jonson, *Sejanus* (1605) I. 2:

> If this man
> Had but a mind allied unto his words,
> How blest a fate were it to us and Rome!

390 ff. Virginia's speech is so full of rhyme that it is a little hard to follow its reasoning. She seems, however, to be warning her lover against either trusting or defying the hypocrisy of Appius.

398. *confounding ignorance*: bewildering uncertainty of how we stand.

398–9. *confounding...in a mist.* Cf. *W.D.* v. 6. 259–60; *D.M.* v. 5. 118.

III. 3.

Inner stage.

19. *committing*: arrest.

25. A Senecan tag: see on *W.D.* II. 1. 315.

26–7. *Aconitum..Serpents stings.* Aconite is an anodyne and depresses the action of the heart in feverish states; Pliny (XXVII. 2) mentions its use, in hot wine, as an antidote to the bite of the scorpion: "For of this nature it is, that if it meet not with some poison or other in men's bodies for to kill, it presently setteth on them, and soone brings them to their end; But if it encountre any such, it wrestleth with it alone, as having found within a fit match to deale with".

Jonson has adapted this in *Sejanus*, III. 3. Cf. too (H.D.S.) *W.D.* III. 3. 59–60.

III. 4.

Outer stage.

10. *the bow-hand*: the left, which held the bow. Cf. our metaphor "wide of the mark".

25. *sufficient*: in a position to stand surety for another's debt.

26. *challenged*: claimed.

29. *Woodcock*: proverbially stupid.

29. *Hodmondod*: "snail"—a reduplicated form of "dodman" (?connected with "dod" = "hill", common in the Lake District), probably influenced by the analogy of "hodman".

The variant "hoddy doddy" is used meaning "nincompoop", "cuckold". Cf. Jonson, *Ev. Man in his H.* IV. 8.

30. *amongst flies.* Hazlitt is much worried by the snail being classed among flies; but surely they can be classed together in the mouth of a clown. And the quickness of the fly contrasts effectively with the slowness of the miserable snail.

30. *trindle-tale*: "trendle-tail", "curly-tailed dog" (cf. "to trundle" = "to roll" and O.E. "trindel", a circle). So *Lear*, III. 6. 73: "Or bobtail tike or trundle-tail"; and it is applied contemptuously to a cur-like man in Jonson, *Barthol. Fair*, II. 1: "you dog's head, you trendle-tail".

31. *poor* [*John*]: salted fish, particularly hake, proverbially cheap and nasty. For parallels see Text. Note.

32. *Yeom*[*a*]*n-Fewterer*: dog-keeper, one who led the greyhounds in their leash (Fr. *vaultrier*, from Lat. *veltrum*, greyhound). H.D.S. instances its contemptuous use from Massinger, *Maid of Honour*, II. 2: "You, sirrah sheep's-head...you, yeoman-fewterer".

37–8. *I.e.* though she was taken (to prison), they would not take my bail.

39. *be mine own man*: (1) be my own master (an intentionally absurd platitude); (2) be myself. Cf. Heywood, *A Maidenhead Well Lost*, I. (*Wks.* IV. 116); *A.Q.L.* V. 1. 62.

41–3. *Knight-side*...[*Twopenny*] *Ward*...*Hole.* In the London Counters or prisons there were four divisions, wards, or "sides" in descending order of comfort and of cost—(1) the master's ward; (2) the knight's; (3) the twopenny; (4) the hole (which may perhaps have had a lower depth "the hell"). See Gifford's Massinger IV. p. 7, *Sh.'s Eng.* II. 508; and cf. *The Miseries of Enforced Marriage* (Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, 1875, IX. 514), *Greene's Tu Quoque* (*ibid.* XI. 257–9). There is also a curious first-hand account in Fennor's *Compter's Commonwealth* (1617).

From here to the end of the speech we have a series of obvious *double entendres.*

57. *my hand I'l meet you*: *i.e. that* I'l meet you.

60–1. *cut*: *i.e.* with his riding-whip, ride hard. Cf. *N.Ho!* IV. 1 (p. 235): "spur, cut, and away".

68. *sops of sorrow.* Cf. 2 *Chronicles* xviii. 26: "Feed him with bread of affliction and water of affliction till I return in peace". H.D.S. points out that there is also a pun on "sops of sorrel", a slightly acid plant of the dock family, used for sauces and purges; cf. Middleton, *World Tost at Tennis*, 381: "like pride Serv'd up in sorrel sops". (Sorrel is even called "sorrow" in some southern dialects according to Wright's *Dialect Dictionary*.)

Cf. Rowley, *A Woman never Vext* (printed in 1632: Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, XII. 144): "I'll make you eat sorrel to your supper, though I eat sullen-wood myself". The phrase "sop of sorrow" occurs

as far back as Henryson's *Testament of Cressid*, in the first line of "The Complaint of Cressid":

O sop of sorrow sonken into cair.

Cf. Lyly, *Mother Bombie*, I. 3. 193. Possibly, as Krusius suggests, there is a play also on "sop" and "sob".

IV. 1.

Whole stage.

3. *ranges*: is inconstant. Cf. *Tam. Shrew*, III. 1. 92:

if once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

4. *changes*: a technical term of dancing. *N.E.D.* queries this and quotes in its support only *Love's Lab. Lost*, v. 2. 210. But this is ridiculous; there can be no doubt about it: see, for instance, the famous scene where Calantha dances to her death in Ford's *Broken Heart*, v. 2.

7. *to our merit*: on our merits.

9. *Lethe*: the river of Forgetfulness. Cf. *W.D.* IV. 2. 130.

11. *Rhadamant*: one of the three judges (with Minos and Aeacus) in Hades.

14. *this habit*. According to the custom of defendants in capital cases in the Roman courts, Virginius appears unkempt and dressed in mean clothes (*sordidatus*) in order to excite compassion.

21. *Tryer*: assayer. Cf. *D.L.* IV. 2. 373–4.

29–30. Stoll compares Chapman, *Byron's Trag.* v. 2. 39 ff. (a passage based on Grimeston's *History of France*):

These scarlet robes that come to sit and fight
Against my life, dismay my valour more
Than all the bloody cassocks (*i.e.* scarlet uniforms) Spain hath brought
To field against it.

33. *forfeit*: "penalty for the loss of that freedom"; Blackstone defines "forfeiture" as a punishment annexed by law to some illegal act or negligence, on the part of the owner of lands, tenements, or hereditaments, whereby he loses all interest therein.

Virginia is of course guiltless of any negligence; none the less she is, I feel, thinking of this legal sense and of death as the forfeiture and atonement due for loss of her liberty and honour.

47. *Tenerife*: 12,200 feet high, in the largest of the Canaries; Donne tells how he saw its summit—

Rise so high like a rock that one might think
The floating moon would shipwreck there and sink.

50–1. S.D. The six Senators are witnesses for the prosecution. Cf. 220 below.

52. *quit*: requite (for his negligence in letting Virginius leave the camp).

60. We should expect Virginius himself to answer the question: "Where

is your daughter?" But perhaps he hesitates and the conciliatory Numitorius hastens to answer for him.

61. *Your habit*: Virginia, like her father, is dressed "bond-slave like" *ad misericordiam*.

68–9. *any...many*: conceivably this repetition of the same feminine rhymes from 55–6 is meant to express the dazed indignation of a mind hunting in bewildered circles. It is as likely, however, to be carelessness. The frequency of rhyme here, again, *might* be intended to mark the simple, sententious soldier.

84. *stand you*: face you, confront, withstand you. Cf. *W.D.* IV. 2. 53.

88. *in an ignorant mist*. Cf. III. 2. 398–9 and note.

91. *pursenet*: snare. See on *D.L.* IV. 1. 32.

105–7. This attempt to appeal to the self-interest of Numitorius and divide the house of Virginius against itself, is not unskilful.

111–4. Cf. *D.L.* III. 3. 191–3.

114. *imposterous*: a rare word, found some half dozen times in Heywood. Note how it occurs embedded in a passage of the most obvious Webster.

117. *Bumbasted with a cushion*. Cf. *D.L.* III. 3. 199–200. *Bumbasted* means stuffed with bombast, *i.e.* cotton wool.

119. *it skils not*: makes no difference. (O. Norse *skilja*, divide.)

121. *fellow i'th' night-cap*: the lawyer, with his sergeant's coif. See on *D.M.* II. 1. 21.

142–3. Cf. *D.M.* I. 1. 367–8: *F.M.I.* IV. 2. 225.

160–1. Cf. *Hamlet*, II. 2. 183–4.

163. *spruce*: brisk, smart. Cf. *D.L.* IV. 1. 83: "*Enter Contilupo, a spruce Lawyer*".

166. *glosses*: there are two distinct words of this form, which tend to coalesce:

(1) (Gk. γλῶσσα) "an explanatory note", thence "a sophistical explanation". Cf. Dr Pangloss in *Candide*.

(2) (M.H.Germ. *glos*, *glose*—glow, shine) "surface-lustre", thence "specious appearance".

178. *give colour to*: lend countenance to.

202. *have it drest*: put in order and made ready. Cf. *Tam. Shrew*. III. 1. 84: "to dress your sister's chamber up".

210–3. There is something peculiarly satisfactory about the way this thrust goes home.

211. *Janus*: this Roman god (as his name implies etymologically) of going, of gates, and of beginnings (cf. January), was traditionally represented with two faces looking opposite ways—an idea perhaps originally copied from such Greek conventions as the double Hermes.

230. A clear echo of *Othello*, V. 2. 345:

> one whose hand
> Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
> Richer than all his tribe.

234. *by th' hand*: probably "by the bargain". See on *D.L.* IV. 2. 151.
252. *writ in snow*. Cf. *Mon. Col.* 110: *D.M.* V. 5. 140.
255. *hot livers*: sensual natures. Cf. *D.L.* IV. 2. 541.
267–8. *That place . . . sanctuary*: the high seat which holds you as judge is really the sanctuary that shields your felony.
275–6. Repeated from *D.M.* IV. 2. 329–30.
283–5. This fable is No. 324 in the Teubner Aesop (ed. Halm). H.D.S. quotes Hall, *Meditations and Vows* (1606), III. 63: "The Rich man hath many friends; although in truth Riches have them, and not the man; As the Asse that carryed the Egyptian Goddess, had many bowed knees, yet not to the Beast, but to the Burthen".
288. *in hold*: under arrest.
290. *lye*: the apparent quibble with *truth* in the previous line may be merely due to unconscious association in Webster's mind as he wrote.
291–3. Krusius compares *Romans* xii. 19: "Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine: I will repay, saith the Lord".
301. *thy opinion old Pythagoras*: the belief in transmigration of souls.
308 ff. A translation of this passage into Greek iambics by Walter Headlam will be found in his *Book of Greek Verse*, pp. 138–43.
312. *wink*: shut their eyes.
327. *burganet*: "helmet" (O.Fr. *bourguignotte* from *Bourgogne*). *N.E.D.* quotes Barret, *Theorike and Practike of moderne Warres*. Gloss. 249: "Burganet is a certaine kind of head-peece, either for foote or horsemen, covering the head, and part of the face and cheeke".
335–6. Cf. *W.D.* V. 6. 273–4.
347. *Bury her in thy bowels*: a last faint echo of the literal Thyestean banquets of human flesh affected by Senecan revenge-tragedies. Stoll quotes Peele (?), *Alphonsus Emperor of Germany*, IV. 3, where the Duke of Saxony, having dashed out the brains of his grandchild, whom Edward has refused to acknowledge as his son, cries:

> There murderer! take his head and breathless limbs.
> There's flesh enough, *bury it in thy bowels*,
> Eat that or die for hunger.

Which goes back in its turn, ultimately, to Seneca's *Thyestes* (*e.g.* 890–1: "impleto patre Funere suorum").

IV. 2.

Outer stage.

8. *Comrague*: a variant of "comrade", more often spelt "comrogue". Cf. Jonson, *Masque of Augurs*: "You and the rest of your comrogues shall sit disguised in the stocks"; Heywood and Brome, *Lanc. Witches*, v. (1634: *Wks.* IV. 244). H.D.S. points out that it occurs three times in *The Welsh Embassador* (Malone Soc.).
9. *Acteon*: a hunter, changed to a stag by Diana, whom he chanced to surprise bathing, and torn to pieces by his own hounds.

10. *Cattel*: (Lat. *capitale*, possession: cf. "chattel") is not uncommon in this extended sense of "vermin". Cf. W. Cave, *Prim. Christianity*, II. 7. 169: "Flies, Wasps, and such little Cattel"; and *Lear*, III. 4. 142: "mice and rats and such small deer".

"Cattel", applied to dogs, is however unusual. Cf. Googe, *Heresbach's Husbandry*, 153 b: "The Dogge (though the Lawyer alloweth him not in the number of cattel)".

12. *My stomack has struck twelve*. Cf. Heywood, *Eng. Trav.* (printed 1633), I. 1: "I know not how the day goes with you, but my stomach hath struck twelve". And again in his *Lanc. Witches* (1634), I. 1. (H.D.S.)

20. *struck in years*: for the commoner "stricken". The literal meaning is "advanced in years" (from the old intrans. sense of "strike" = "go"), not "hard hit with age". There is a similar phrase "stepped in years".

22. *frighted*: as though the cheese had been congealed by terror.

27. *Gentles*: maggots, larvae of blue-bottles, etc. ("gentle" = "soft").

31. *strong water*: (1) spirits; (2) rank, fetid water.

39. *As Dutch men feed their souldiers*: a bitter memory, probably, of the rations enjoyed by English soldiers in the Low Countries; just as the starving of the Roman army by its home authorities recalls the stinginess of Elizabeth towards the men who fought for her. See on I. 4. 6 and Introd. p. 125.

40. *Leaguerers*: not, as has been suggested, "besiegers". Just as "leaguer" was introduced into English from the Dutch *lager*, meaning "camp", *leaguerer* signifies "a (Dutch) trooper". Cf. Glapthorne, *Hollander*, II.: "My natural Dutch, too, is a clownish speech, and only fit to court a leaguerer in".

74. *frighted*: distracted.

77. *uncouth*: unfamiliar; cf. *Locrine*, II. 1:

> What uncouth novelties
> Bring'st thou unto our royal majesty?

79. *novel*: news, novelty. A Heywoodian use; cf. *Brazen Age* (*Wks.* III. 210): "the novel? speak" and repeatedly elsewhere.

88. *thrill*: "hurl" is the regular meaning. Heywood often uses it, *e.g.* in *Britain's Troy*, XIII. 70: "He thrild a javelin at the Dardan's breast". Similarly Quarles, *Sion's Elegies*, II. 4 (1624): "Darts, thrill'd from heaven". A partisan, however, in spite of Dyce, is "*thrust*", not "hurled" as a missile.

102. *obdure*: again a regular Heywoodian word, rare elsewhere, and occurring more than twenty times in his works. He uses it also as a verb, transitive and intransitive; and similarly "obdureness".

141. *agree them well*: an answer to Minutius' "How agrees this? love her and murder her?" Virginius replies "I will reconcile the two, explain the apparent inconsistency".

146. *Sessions-house*: court of justice.

147. *fore-Spousals*: betrothal.

157–8. Cf. the exclamations of the crowd in *Jul. Caes.* at Antony's speech, especially III. 2. 204–6: "O noble Caesar!"—"O woeful day!"—"O traitors, villains!"

165. *fry*: (1) offspring; (2) especially the spawn of fish; (3) the young of other creatures produced in large numbers; (4) (as here) large numbers of animals or insignificant people. So Milton speaks of "that undigested heap, and frie of Authors".

V. 1.

Outer stage.

6–7. *Hedghog...tempest drives*: for this belief cf. Bartholomew, *De Propr. Rerum*, XVIII. 62: "In Urchins is wit and knowing of coming of winds north or south; for he maketh a den in the ground when he is ware that such winds come. And so sometime was one in Constantinople, that had an Urchin, and knew and warned thereby that winds should come and of what side, and none of his neighbours wist whereby he had such knowledge and warning". Similarly Topsell, Sir T. Browne (*Pseudodoxia*, III. 10), Montaigne II. 12 (whence, as Crawford suggests, Webster may have derived it).

8–9. *Bear-whelp...head*: bears were supposed to have peculiarly tender heads (cf. our "bear with a sore head"). H.D.S. quotes Holland's Pliny VIII. 36: "beares be...weake and tender there; and therefore when they be chased hard by hunters and put to a plunge, ready to cast themselves headlong from a rocke, they cover and arme their heads with their fore-feet and pawes as it were with hands".

12. *shelf*: shoal.

20. *Court of Guard*: an anglicized form of *corps de garde*— (1) body of troops on guard; (2) guard-house (the local sense being helped by the corruption of *corps* to "court").

Cf. Sir J. Smyth, *Discourses* (1590), 2 b: "The bodie of the watch also or standing watch (as we wont to terme it) they now call after the French, or Wallons, *Corps du gard*".

22. *strange dogs uncoupled*: *i.e.* Virginius and Icilius are let slip to hunt him down.

25. *distaste*: make distasteful.

48. *dead payes*: (1) payments continued to soldiers retired from service; or such soldiers themselves.

(2) (as here) payments continued to soldiers actually dead and embezzled by their captain. (A certain number of these "dead pays" per company were permitted as the captain's lawful perquisite; but naturally this number was always being exceeded.)

Cf. Donne, *Sat.* I. 18, on the captain "Bright parcell-gilt with forty dead mens pay"; Massinger, *Unnat. Combat*, IV. 2; *Char.* "Coward", 2. H.D.S. appositely quotes also Davenant's *Siege*, III:

Can you not gull the state finely,
Muster up ammunition cassocks stuff'd with straw,
Number a hundred forty-nine dead pays
And thank Heaven for your arithmetic?

53. *shake-rags*: ragamuffins.

54. *Helmet...spider*: an ancient image. Thus the spider's web upon the spear appears in a famous fragment of Euripides' *Erechtheus* which helped to make Athens conclude peace with Sparta, according to Plutarch, *Nicias*, 9. Though here, of course, the spider symbolizes the change, not from the use of war to the dusty neglect of arms in peace, but, less aptly, from neglected hardship and squalor to revelry and ease. It looks almost like a garbled recollection of the classical phrase.

57. *Proteus*: the old man of the sea, in Greek mythology, who could change himself from shape to shape when attacked.

68. *leaguer*: camp, army in the field.

78. *Wilt a*: he addresses his convulsive fit, as though it were a demon possessing him.

105. Cf. *W.D.* v. 3. 223.

120. *teach*: punish. See on *C.C.* iv. 3. 41.

125. *Here's a fury*: *i.e.* his fever.

150. *Want of sleep*: used for taming hawks, elephants, etc. See on *D.M.* ii. 4. 42–3: *A.Q.L.* i. 1. 158–60. The point of 152–3 is that the tamer had himself to keep awake to prevent the creature sleeping.

164–5. *Towrs of stone...Flax-shops*. Cf. *D.L.* iv. 2. 226 ff.: and see Introd. p. 126.

175–7. *No...borrowed Pre[ce]dent*. Cf. Bosola's declarations of independence in *D.M.* v. 4. 94–6.

181–2. Cf. *Char.* "Usurer", 22–3: "like the *Jakesfarmer* that swouned with going into Bucklersbury" (where spices were sold).

V. 2.

Inner stage, representing the prison; then whole stage.

7. *Avees*: acclamations (Lat. *ave*, hail!). A Heywoodian word (found also in *Sir T. Wyat*); cf. *Golden Age*, i. (*Wks.* iii. 8):

the people with lowd *suffrages*
Have shrild their Avees high.

Heywood also uses it as a verb. At the same time this is an excellent example of the danger of such evidence. For an even closer parallel is that with Shakespeare himself, pointed out by Krusius—*Meas. for Meas.* i. 1. 70: "Their loud applause and Aves vehement". If the line was borrowed at all, surely this is the likely source.

11. *conscionate*: "make a speech". It should be "concionate" (Lat. *concio*, a public assembly, speech), the *s* being doubtless due to false analogy with words formed from *scire*, to know, like "conscionable".

12. *Ora[t]orize*. Cf. Heywood, *Eng. Trav.* iv. (*Wks.* iv. 68), where the verb "to orator" occurs.

20. *impart*: share. Cf. Heywood, *Fort. by Land and Sea*, iii. (*Wks.* vi. 398): "impart his loss". And frequently elsewhere in Heywood.

46. *convince*: convict.

61–2. *Make some use . . . bondage*. Cf. *W.D.* i. 1. 60.

62. *indifference*: impartiality.

66–7. *but yesterday his breath Aw'd Rome*. Cf. *Jul. Caes.* iii. 2. 124:

> But yesterday the word of Caesar might
> Have stood against the world. (Stoll.)

67. *torved*: a false formation as though from a verb "to torve". It should be "torvid" (Late Lat. *torvidus*, fierce). "Torvity" occurs in Heywood's *Londini Speculum* (*Wks.* iv. 307).

100. *wounds still bleeding*: with allusion to the superstition that a murdered victim's body would bleed afresh on the approach of the murderer. See *Encyclop. Brit. s.v.* "Ordeal"; and cf. the bleeding of Siegfried's corpse before Hagen, Henry II's before Richard his son ("ac si indignaretur spiritus in adventu eius qui eiusdem mortis causa esse credebatur, ut videretur sanguis eius clamare ad Deum"—Matthew Paris, under A.D. 1189), and Henry VI's before Richard III (*Rich. III*, i. 2. 55). So too in the ballad of Young Redin:

> O white, white were his wounds washen,
> As white as a linen clout;
> But as the traitor she came near,
> His wounds they gushed out.

It is said to be possible that the disturbance of air and temperature by a press of people standing round might cause slight lesions of blood-vessels.

It is curious to note that in 1629 one Norcott was executed, together with his mother, for the murder of his wife, partly because her corpse, when disinterred on suspicion, was said to have bled in their presence "before many witnesses". (*Newgate Calendar*, 1926, i. 47.)

103–4. *soul . . . in the blood*: a world-wide and immemorial belief. Cf. Frazer, *Taboo and Perils of the Soul*, 240–1, 247, 250; and Servius on Virgil, *Aen.* v. 79. H.D.S. suggests that the idea may have been taken from Montaigne ii. 12, where the belief is ascribed to Empedocles, and to Moses, who on that account forbade blood in food. It is to be noticed that it recurs in Heywood's *Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels* (1635: ix. 586):

> Some grant a Soule, but curiously desire
> To have th' essence thereof deriv'd from Fire . . .
> Empedocles would have it understood
> The Sole place she *resides in* is the Bloud.

108. *operant powers*: faculties. Cf. *Hamlet*, iii. 2. 186: "My operant powers their functions leave to do".

122. *lust-burnt*: again Heywoodian. Cf. *Silver Age* (1613) (*Wks.* III. 143): "lust-burn'd and wine-heated monsters"; *Eng. Trav.* (1633), III. (*Wks.* IV. 58), and several times elsewhere.

122. *confine*: expel. So used a dozen times by Heywood (though found also in *Winter's Tale*, II. 1. 193 and Webster's undisputed *Mon. Col.* 254).

124. *levell'd*: directed. One would indeed expect *crooked paths* to be straighten'd; *levell'd* seems more appropriate to rough ones. Is it a confused reminiscence of *Isaiah* xl. 4?

128. *strage*: slaughter (Lat. *strages*).

Twenty times or more in Heywood, *e.g.* (H.D.S.) *London's Jus Honorarium* (1631) (*Wks.* IV. 271): "shipwrake, spoyle, and strage".

136–7. *my family Then which a nobler hath not place in Rome*: it has been justly pointed out that this nobility of Appius (cf. 160, 174 below) is not easy to reconcile with the low birth ascribed to him in IV. 1. 298. To some, diversity of authorship will seem, as usual, the simplest explanation; though the habitual inconsistency of Elizabethan dramatists would really be explanation enough in itself.

142. *Read me*: study the lesson of my fate.

150. *not-being*. Cf. *D.M.* IV. 2. 324 (Stoll). The general contrast between the courage of the noble and the cowardice of the base may recall the similar difference between the deaths of the Duchess and Cariola; and the insistence on the importance of dying game is very typical of Webster.

175. *a man both wayes knowing*: knowing how to behave nobly as well as basely? Brooke quotes Heywood, *Eng. Trav.* (*Wks.* IV. 94), "each way noble" (? = every way); *Fort. by Land and Sea* (*Wks.* VI. 386): "Come! I am both waies armed against thy steel" (*i.e.* whether I kill you or you me). It is, however, possible, I think, that we should compare rather *D.L.* V. 4. 125: "You know not how to live, nor how to dye" (whereas Appius was like one who knew both).

177. *apprehensive of*: able to conceive. Cf. *D.L.* V. 4. 102.

186–8. Virginius and Icilius were actually elected tribunes, not consuls.

192. Cf. Heywood, *Love's Mistress*, I. 1 (*Wks.* V. 95):

> shee alone
> Of three most faire is most unfortunate.

196. *Rome*: pronounced, as it was often spelt, "Room". Cf. the punning in *Jul. Caes.* I. 2. 155; *K. John*, III. 1. 180.

TEXTUAL NOTES

APPIUS AND VIRGINIA

For details of editions see Bibliography. In the notes that follow

Q = the Quarto of 1654. (Brit. Mus. E. 234. (3).)
D = Dyce.
H = Hazlitt.

I. 1.

3. Ends with *attend* in Q.
9–18. Verse in Q. D points out that Minutius and Appius speak nowhere else in prose: but that is insufficient reason for supposing, as he suggests, that the text is here corrupt because unmetrical.
53. *Rome?* D: *Rome.* Q.
119. [*a*] D adds.
131. D puts a comma after *businesse*, a colon after *acquaintance*. This makes good sénse, but the alteration is quite unneeded: and we should expect in that case *our acquaintance* rather than *my*.
135. *'fore* Q: *before* D (*metri gratia*: not seeing that the *i* of *Algidon* is here long).
135. [*Algidon*] *Agidon* Q: *Algidum* D (certainly wrong: see Commentary).

I. 2.

24. *Enter, etc.*] Opposite 25 in Q.

I. 3.

19. [*ear*] D: *ever* Q.
19–20. One line in Q.
60. *t*[*w*]*o*] *too* Q (modernized for clearness).
64. *L*[*ord*]] *L.* Q. So at II. 3. 31 below.
68–9. One line in Q.

I. 4.

37. *presc*[*r*]*ib'd*] *prescib'd* Q.
121–2. S.D. *Virgini*[*a*]] *Virginius* Q.
128. *th*[*e*]*se*] *those* QD. But surely V. is speaking of Valerius and Icilius, present before him. For confusion of *these* and *those*, cf. *W.D.* III. 2. 287.
146–8. Two lines in Q, ending—*much* | *Virginia*. D alters to three, ending—*could* | *such* | *Virginia*.

II. 1.

1. [*Calphurnia*]] *Calpharina* Q.
9. *Lor*[*d*]*ships*] *Lorships* Q.
20. [*Calphurnia's*]] *Calpharniaes* Q.
26–7. S.D. Q has *Enter Clodius and Musicians*: which does not agree very well with the direction at the opening of the scene. It seems better he should lurk in the background.
35. [*r*]*ate* Dilke (1816): *wate* Q. Collier's assumption that the corruption

is due to the line being delivered by a person who could not pronounce *r* is quite wild. There is no ground for supposing dictation; we should have expected *wait* from such a cause, not *wate*; and it is enough to look at Elizabethan handwriting to see how easily *w* could be confused with *r*, *n*, or *v*: *e.g. nowe* for *none*, *showe* for *shove* (*Hamlet*, III. 3. 58). See Kellner, p. 120. Cf. too III. 4. 41 below, where *Twopenny* has become *Troping*.

57. *fill*['*d*] H: *fills* QD.

II. 2.

29–30. One line in Q.

57. [*to*] Q omits.

109–10. D inserts here *Enter Valerius*: but it is much simpler to suppose that Virginius' Lieutenant has already entered with him at 96.

119–20, 154–5. One line in Q.

*188. *obedien*[*ce*]] *obedient* QD: which does not seem to me to make the right sense. For the confusion of *t* and *ce*, cf. *Hen. VIII*, v. 1. 140: *precipit* F_1: *precipice* F_2; *Hamlet*, II. 2. 451: *valiant* F: *vallanced* Qq. (Kellner p. 106.)

202. [*breed*] D supplies.

220. *doe, I pray*] *doe I pray* Q.

II. 3.

*S.D. [*The House of Appius*]] D is perplexed about the scene, arguing that it here takes place in an outer apartment, whereas in 177 Appius speaks of it as his "closet". But this would never have worried an Elizabethan audience, which was much less troubled in the theatre by any bump of locality. Possibly at 34 Icilius and Appius betook themselves to the "study". But in any case the stage might easily be at first an ante-chamber or the like, then when Appius and Icilius are left alone there becomes, by the mere fact of privacy, his closet. Indeed the placing of chairs already suggests the eighteenth-century method of putting a couple of these well to the front of the stage for any intimate dialogue.

98. [*guifts*]] *guests* Q: *gifts* D.

173. *Panthean* Q: *Pantheon* D (wrongly: here it is the *adjective*).

III. 1.

17–8. S.D. *Horatio*] D alters to *Horatius* throughout.

21. [*who's*]] *whose* Q.

*22. [*master's*]] *most*— Q: *most dear* (? *foster*) D: *foster* H. Brinsley Nicholson (*N.Q.* 3. IX. 506) suggests the stage-direction "*Kisses her*" to fill the gap; and compares a similar gap in *Northward Ho!* II. 2 (p. 211). But if the second syllable of *master's* were blurred, it is not hard to suppose that the first syllable might become *most*; and *-er* is not infrequently omitted by mistake, being sometimes contracted to a flourish above the line. Thus we have *travels* for *travellers* (*Othello*, I. 3. 139): *flicking* for *flickering* (*Lear*, II. 2. 114): *islands* for *islanders* (*Tempest*, III. 3. 29): *murder* for *murderers* (*Tit. Andron.* V. 2. 52). See Kellner, pp. 128–9. Confusion of *o* and *a* is, of course, too common to need instances.

96. *fingar*] recognized as a sixteenth-century form by *N.E.D.*

III. 2.

53. *banquet*,] Q misleadingly has a comma not here but after *rule*.

125. [*s*]*ease*] *cease* Q (a variant spelling).

133. *confidence?*—] Q has a comma, DH a colon.

138. In QD ends with comma.
140–1. One line in Q.
149. Ends with *Lord* in Q.
155. *come*] *come* [*here*] D.
162–3, 166–7. One line in Q.
185. *the*[*n*]] *them* Q.
203. *justice, so; if* D: *justice so, if* Q.
248. *Most cunningly, it brake* D: the comma (there is none in Q) should just possibly go before *Most cunningly* instead of after.
267. *suspected* Q: ? *suspect* D.
272–3. One line in Q.
288. [*Sertorius*] D: *Valerius* Q. Cf. 223: perhaps the same actor played both.
305. *sl*[*e*]*ights*] *slights* Q (a variant spelling).
357–8. One line in Q.
398. [*to*] D adds.
398. *at once*] *of ill* J. Mitford (*Gent. Mag.* June, 1833, p. 491), in order to keep rhyme throughout: similarly in 401 *stroke* for *wind* (quite unjustified).
*400–6. I do not feel sure that these lines ought not to be given to Virginia: they are a continuation of her speech rather than of Icilius', which they seem to answer. The division of a couplet between two speakers is a difficulty in Webster: but we may cf. *W.D.* I. 2. 258–9. And omission of speakers' names occurs several times in the plays, *e.g.* in *C.C.* V. 1. 245.

III. 3.

15–6. One line in Q.

III. 4.

3–4. Prose in Q.
28. [*do*]] *did* Q.
**31. *poor* [*John*]] *poor Iper* QDH: *viper* Deighton. *Iper* is nonsense. Hazlitt indeed writes: "*Iperuquiba* is a name sometimes given to the sucking-fish or remora; and *iper*, I presume, is a contraction of the term". But he produces no authority: and *N.E.D.* gives neither word. Besides, if *iper* means "remora", why "poor"? The remora has no claims on our compassion; little is ever heard of it, apart from its supposed power of holding ships immovable, so that it is related to have arrested the galley of an emperor. Similarly, why "poor" viper? There is no doubt, I think, that the right reading is *poor John*.

Jests about this form of dried and salted hake, which was proverbially cheap and nasty, are only too familiar: cf. *Rom. and Jul.* I. 1. 35 (Gregory to Sampson): "'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John"; Shirley, *Lady of Pleasure*, V. 1: "You had store of fish under water, Jack.—It has made a poor John of me"; *D.L.* IV. 2. 155: "He rates you now at poore John"; Heywood, *Captives*, IV. 1: "What art thou, a shrimpe, a dogg-fysh or a poore Jhon?"

The change is easier than might seem. The MS. had *Iohn* or, more probably, *Ihon*: and confusions of *h* and *p*, *o* and *e*, *n* and *r* are of the commonest.
32. *Yeom*[*a*]*n*] *Yeomen* Q.
41. [*Twopenny*]] *Troping* Q.

[1] The slight probability that this was the spelling used, might be in its turn a *slight* argument for Heywood's authorship here (cf. the spelling in the example quoted from *The Captives*). But cf. too *Malcontent*, title-page (p. 296)—"Ihon Webster".

IV. 1.

S.D. *Calphur*[*ni*]*a*] *Calphurina* Q.
50–1. S.D. [*Orator*] Q omits: *Advocate* D.
61. [*App.*]] QD assign this sentence to Numitorius: but it is far more appropriate to Appius; and Numitorius has already remarked on her father's similar clothing (14). To repeat the same criticism of the daughter would be a little too tedious even for Numitorius. Besides Appius is clearly firing off a whole train of remarks, which is interrupted if we give this one to N.
79. *O Virginius*] D makes a separate line.
116. [*a*] D supplies.
151–2. One line in Q.
184–6. Two lines in Q, ending—*Witness* | *uprightness?*
203–4. One line in Q.
272. *Do, but do it* D: no comma in Q.
275. *of Justice* D: *of a Justice* QH.
277–8, 305–6. One line in Q.
326–31. Q, misunderstanding the construction, has a comma after *Target*, a period after *thee* (330), a comma after *speak*.

IV. 2.

8–9. One line in Q.
13. *provant*] Walter Headlam, in a marginal note to his copy of Dyce (in King's College Library, Cambridge), suggests *provander* (*metri gratia*).
19–20. One line in Q.
100. [*I*] Q omits.
134. *But how? I lov'd* QH: *But how I lov'd* D.
143. *ingag'd* QH: *gag'd* D (needlessly). If D was going to alter the text, he should at least have changed *oft* also to *often* (*oft ingag'd—often gag'd*); the change would be slighter and the metre better.
150. [*Paramour*]] *Permour* Q.
178. *A General*] D makes a separate line.

V. 1.

38. *pal*[*p*]*ably*] *palbably* Q.
61. Here DH make a fresh scene (v. 2).
78–9. *wilt a? Give me some wine.*] *wilt a Give me some wine?* QD: *wilt a! Give me some wine?* H.
81–5. *Why so are...poison.* D: *Why so? are...poison?* Q.
120. *teach*] *tax* D (needlessly). See Commentary.
122. *And, sure, posterity* D: *And sure posterity* Q.
137. *you'le*] *you will* D.
147. *wi*[*re*]*d*] *wierd* Q.
150–1. One line in Q.
170. [*good*] D's suggestion, to fill the line. *D.M.* I. 1. 437 seems slightly, but definitely, to support him; cf. the recurrence of *first* in both passages.

v. 2.

S.D. *Appius...*[*are discovered*]] *Enter Appius, etc.* Q.
12. *Ora*[*t*]*orize*] *Ororarize* Q.
16. *th' Judges folly*] *the judge fully* D. W. Headlam (in marginal note) suggests: *the judge solely*. This is much better. But no alteration is required.
23. *cl*[*o*]*mb* D: *climb* Q: *climb'd* H.
32. Ends with *dejection* in Q: with *two* in D.
45. Q absurdly places the comma after, instead of before, *peice-meal.*
51. *damn*[*e*]*d*] *damn'd* Q.
102. *st*[*a*]*nch*] *stench* Q (a recognized variant spelling).
139. *studie*[*d*]*st*] *studiest* Q.
158. *For mercy, mercy*] *For mercy; mercy* D (less naturally).
161. *Pleb*[*e*]*ian*] *Plebian* Q.
192. [*Ladies fair, but*]] *fair, but Ladies* QDH.
197. [*Corse*]] *Course* Q (a regular variant, but confusing here).

MINOR WORKS

SHORTER POEMS
A MONUMENTAL COLUMN
THE INDUCTION TO THE MALCONTENT
MONUMENTS OF HONOUR

SHORTER POEMS

To my kinde friend, Ma. An. Mundy*.

THE sighes of Ladies, and the spleene of Knights,
The force of Magicke, and the Map of fate:
Strange Pigmey-Singlenes in Giant-fights,
Thy true translation sweetly doth relate.
Nor for the fiction is the worke lesse fine:
Fables have pith and morall discipline.

Now *Palmerin* in his owne language singes,
That (till thy studie) maskt in unknowne fashion,
Like a fantastick Brittaine, and hence springs
The Mappe of his faire life to his owne Nation.
Translation is a traffique of high price:
It brings all learning in one Paradise.

JO. WEBSTER.

Ode†.

Triumphes were wont with swet and bloud bee croun'd:
To every brow
They did allow
The living laurer, which begirted round
Their rusty Helmets and had power to make
The Souldier smile, while mortall wound did ake.

But our more civill passages of state
(like happy feast
of In-ur'd rest,
Which bels and woundlesse Canons did relate,)

* Prefixed to the Third Part of Munday's translation of *Palmerin of England*. (1602.)

† Prefixed to S. Harrison's *Arch's of Triumph, Erected in honour of... James the First... upon the 15th day of March*, 1603. (1603–4.)

Stood high in Joy: since warlike Triumphes bring
Remembrance of our former sorrowing.

The memory of these should quickly fade,
(for pleasure's streame
is like a dreame,
Passant and fleet, as is a shade,)
Unlesse thy selfe which these faire Models bred,
Had given them a new life when they were dead.

Take then (good Countryman and friend) that merit,
which folly lends,
(not judgement sends,)
To forraine shores for strangers to inherit:
Perfection must be bold, with front upright,
Though Envy gnash her teeth, whilst she would bite.

JOH. WEBSTER.

To his beloved friend, Master Thomas Heywood*.

Sume superbiam quaesitam meritis.

I cannot, though you write in your owne cause,
Say you deale partially; but must confesse
(What most men wil) you merit due applause,
So worthily your worke becomes the presse.

And well our Actors may approve your paines,
For you give them authority to play,
Even whilst the hottest plague of envy raignes;
Nor for this warrant shall they dearly pay.

What a full state of poets have you cited
To judge your cause; and to our equal view
Fair monumentall theatres recited,
Whose ruines had bene ruined but for you!

* Prefixed to Heywood's *Apology for Actors*. (1612.)

Such men who can in tune both raile and sing,
  Shall, viewing this, either confesse 'tis good,
Or let their ignorance condemn the spring,
  Because 'tis merry and renewes our blood.

Be, therefore, your owne judgement your defence,
  Which shall approve you better than my praise,
Whilst I, in right of sacred innocence,
  Durst o'er each guilded tomb this knowne truth raise:
Who dead would not be acted by their will,
It seems such men have acted their lives ill.

By your friend,
JOHN WEBSTER.

To his industrious friend, Master Henry Cockeram*.

To over-praise thy Booke, in a smooth line,
(If any errour's in't) would make it mine:
Onely, while Words for paiment passe at Court,
And whilst loud talke and wrangling make resort
I'th Terme to Westminster, I doe not dread
Thy leaves shall scape the Scombri, and be read.
And I will adde this as thy friend, no Poet,
Thou hast toild to purpose, and the event wil shew it.

JOHN WEBSTER.

* Prefixed to *The English Dictionarie . . . by H. C., Gent.* (1623.)

COMMENTARY

SHORTER POEMS

TO MY KINDE FRIEND, MASTER *ANTHONY MUNDY*

Prefixed to the Third and last Part of Munday's translation of *Palmerin of England* 1602.

Munday (*c.* 1553–1633) was the son of a draper, then became an actor, then (1576) prentice to a stationer, then an author. He appears to have gone to Rome in 1578–9 to spy on the English Catholics there; he wrote attacks on the Jesuits; and was officially employed against recusants. From 1579–84 he was closely connected with the Earl of Oxford's Servants, then became Queen's Messenger, though continuing to write for the stage; his name recurs in Henslowe's Diary from 1594–1602; and in 1598 Meres speaks of him as among "the best for comedy". Others, however, thought less favourably of him if, as is probable, Munday is meant to be represented by the Poet Nuntius in *Every Man in his Humour*, by Antonio Balladino in *The Case is Altered*, by Posthaste in *Histrio-Mastix*, and by Anthony Dull in *Love's Labour's Lost*. In addition to his plays, his ready pen turned out pageants, ballads, lyrics, and translations of romances—*Palladino of England* (1588), *Amadis de Gaul* (1589 and 1595). *Palmerin* (in Southey's words, "the Grub St Patriarch's worst piece of work") is entered in the *Stationers' Register* under Feb. 13th 1581; but no perfect copy is known earlier than this 1602 edition, though an imperfect one is conjecturally assigned to 1596.

In this year 1602 Munday was, according to Henslowe, collaborating with Webster and others in a play called *Caesar's Fall*.

Some may be amused by this epitaph, quoted from *Witt's Recreations* by Southey in the preface to his own version of *Palmerin* (1807: 1. xli):

> Hallowed be the Sabbath,
> And farewell all worldly pelfe:
> The weeke begins on Tuesday
> For Monday hath hang'd himselfe.

"Whether it was old Anthony," Southey continues, "who occasioned this confusion of the days of the week I do not know; but if he had hanged himself before he translated Palmerin of England, he would have saved me a great deal of labour of which I had no expectation when I began to revise his version". For in that version "all the pictures of the original

are blotted out and, literally and strictly speaking, every beauty of every kind totally destroyed".

3. *Strange Pigmey-Singlenes, etc.*: a reference, presumably, to the combats of knights single-handed against giants which occur in the romance.
5. *for the fiction*: *i.e.* because the story is not historically true.

ODE

Prefixed, together with a much superior Ode by Dekker, to *The Arch's of Triumph, Erected in honour of the high and mighty prince James, the First of that name King of England, and the Sixt of Scotland, at his Maiesties entrance and passage through his Honorable Citty and Chamber of London, upon the 15th day of March, 1603*[1]. *Invented and published by Stephen Harrison Joyner and Architect, and graven by William Kip.* This is a beautiful and very rare folio (1604); it is well worth looking at the copy in the British Museum, for it gives an idea of the refinements of Stuart pageantry such as pages of description would not convey. It contains seven engravings of the seven Triumphal Arches (one of which is reproduced in Sir S. Lee's *Life of Shakespeare* (1908), p. 190), and nine leaves of descriptive text. Over three hundred workmen were employed on these Arches from April to August 1603; then came the plague; and the preparations had to be postponed to February 1604.

4. *laurer*: laurel.
7–12. *I.e.* our civil triumphs at the entry of James were more joyful even than warlike ones, since these last are saddened to some extent by the memory of past privations.
11. *Stood*: Dyce not seeing that the allusion is here to events of 1604 in particular, altered this to the present—*Stand.* The general sense would be clearer if, for *high*, Webster had written *higher.*
19–22. A hit at rivals, foreign in their birth or their fashions; we might conjecture Inigo Jones to be meant, but his English career seems only to have begun with *The Masque of Blackness*, produced on Twelfth Night, 1604–5.

TO HIS BELOVED FRIEND, MASTER THOMAS HEYWOOD

Prefixed to Heywood's *Apology for Actors*, 1612.

T. Heywood (*c.* 1570–1641), one of the most prolific of the Elizabethans (he claimed that there were over 220 plays of which he was sole, or at least principal, author), had collaborated with Webster in the first part of *Lady Jane* (1602—see Henslowe) and certainly influenced him a good deal at different times. He is mentioned as one

[1] *I.e.* 1603–4.

of those by whose light Webster wished to be read, in the preface to *The White Devil*, printed in this same year, 1612; and perhaps shared with him in the authorship of *A Cure for a Cuckold* and *Appius and Virginia*.

The *Apology for Actors* was adorned with commendatory verses not only from the author of *The White Devil* and *The Duchess of Malfi*, but also from Richard Perkins, the original Brachiano, and R. Pallant, who was soon to play Cariola.

This poem seems to me to have far more force and point than the others.

Sume superbiam quaesitam meritis: (Horace, *Odes*, III. 30. 14—the famous "*Exegi monumentum*" ode). The poet, addressing his own Muse, bids her

Wear the due pride that thy deserts have won.

7. *plague of envy*: with allusion to the prohibition of plays when the weekly deaths from plague in London rose above a certain number (thirty, *c.* 1603–*c.* 1607: forty from *c.* 1607 onwards).

11. *recited*: given an account of.

TO HIS INDUSTRIOUS FRIEND, MASTER HENRY COCKERAM

Prefixed to *The English Dictionarie, or, an Interpreter of Hard English Words, by H. C., Gent.* 1623. (*Stationers' Register*, Feb. 15th 1622–3.)

Cockeram's *English Dictionary* was the first of its kind—a small pocket volume, containing only difficult words: the second part of it is a sort of *thesaurus* giving high-falutin' synonyms for simple words—"the fustian termes used by too many who study rather to be hearde speake, than to understande themselves", as the author frankly puts it.

Webster's lines were omitted from all subsequent editions (the eleventh was reached in 1658). They were no great loss.

2. *it*: the error.

5–6. *I doe not dread Thy leaves shall scape*: *i.e.* I am confident they will.

6. *Scombri*: "mackerel" (Lat. *scomber*); with reference to the repeated witticisms of Roman poets on the final doom of poetasters' writings, as destined to wrap up fish or groceries. Thus Catullus XCV: "Volusi annales...laxas scombris saepe dabunt tunicas". Cf. Hor. *Ep.* II. 1. 269 ff.; Persius I. 43; Martial III. 50, IV. 86, XIII. 1.

7. *no Poet*: because poets write what is not true—fiction.

A MONUMENTAL COLUMN

A MONUMENTAL COLUMN

DATE

THE date on the title-page is 1613; and Prince Henry had died on Nov. 6th 1612. But there has been a good deal of discussion about the exact month of composition, which is of some importance owing to the intimate resemblances between this elegy and *The Duchess of Malfi*. Thus Crawford (*Collectanea*, II. 50–1) saw in 102–5 (see note) a borrowing from Chapman's *Masque of the Inner Temple* (produced Feb. 15th 1613). Such parallels are always dangerous evidence of date; we cannot be sure, even if there was borrowing at all, which was the borrower; or whether the borrowing did not take place before either work was printed, in cases where the authors were personal friends. And in the present instance Webster adds a detail wanting in his supposed source—the name of Marcellus. It is true that Webster's elegy was not the first in the field; for he alludes with his usual acrimony (260–8) to rivals who had outstripped him. On the other hand he does say of his own piece—"I hasted... let the speed excuse". So that there was not much reason for the lateness of the limits fixed by Rupert Brooke—"December 1612–May 1613, with a slight preference for February–March 1613"; especially as 303 clearly alludes to the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth (Feb. 14th 1613) as still in the future. But the question is really settled by the simple fact (noted by Fleay, but apparently forgotten after him) that this Elegy, together with those of Tourneur and Heywood, was entered in the *Stationers' Register* on December 25th 1612.

A MONVMENTAL COLVMNE

A
MONVMENTAL
COLVMNE,
Erected to the liuing Memory of the euer-glorious HENRY, late *Prince of Wales.*

Virgil. *Oſtendent terris hunc tantum fata.*

By IOHN WEBSTER.

[Printer's device]

LONDON,
Printed by *N.O.* for *William Welby*, dwelling in
Pauls Church-yard at the ſigne of the
Swan. 1613.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR ROBERT CARRE VISCOUNT ROCHESTER,

Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter, and one of his Majesties most Honourable Privy Councell.

MY Right Noble Lord: I present to your voidest easure of Survey, these few sparkes, found out in our most glorious Prince his ashes: I could not have thought this worthy your view, but that it aimes at the preservation of His fame; then which, I know not any thing, (but the sacred lives of both their Majesties, and their sweete Issue) that can be dearer unto you. Were my whole life turned into leasure, and that leasure accompanied with all the Muses, it were not able to draw a Map large enough of him: for his praise is an high-going sea, that wants both shore and bottome. Neither do I (my Noble Lord) present you with this night-peece, to make his death-bed still floate in those compassionate rivers of your eyes: you have already, (with much lead upon your heart) sounded both the sorow Royal, and your Owne: O that care should ever attaine to so ambitious a Title! Onely heere (though I dare not say you shall find him live: for that assurance were worth many kingdomes,) yet you shall perceive him draw a little breath, such as gives us comfort His Critticall day is past, and the glory of a new life risen, neither subject to Physicke, nor Fortune. For my defects in this undertaking, my wish presents it selfe with that of Martials.

O utinam mores animumq; effingere possem!
Pulcrior in terris nulla tabella foret.

Howsoever: your protection is able to give it noble lus[tr]e, and bind me by that honourable courtesy to be ever

Your Honours truely

devoted servant,

JOHN WEBSTER.

A FUNERAL ELEGY.

THe greatest of the Kingly Race is gone,
Yet with so great a reputation,
Layd in the earth, we cannot say hee's dead,
But as a perfect Diamond set in lead,
(Scorning our foyle) his glories do breake forth,
Worne by his Maker, who best knew his worth:
Yet to our fleshly eyes, there does belong
That which we thinke helps griefe, *a passionat tongue.*
Me thinkes I see mens hearts pant in their lips;
"*We should not grieve at the bright Sunnes Ecclips*
"*But that we love his light.* So travellers stray
Wanting both guide, and conduct of the day:
Nor let us strive to make this sorrow old,
"*For wounds smart most, when that the bloud growes cold.*
If Princes thinke that Ceremony meet,
To have their corps imbalm'd to keepe them sweet:
Much more they ought to have their Fame exprest
In *Homer*, though it want *Darius' Chest:*
To adorne which, in her deserved Throne,
I bring those colours, which *Truth* calles her owne.
Nor gaine, nor praise, by my weake lines are sought,
"*Love that's borne free, cannot be hir'd nor bought.*
Some great inquisitors in nature say,
Royall and Generous formes sweetly display
Much of the heavenly vertue, as proceeding
From a pure essence, and elected breeding.
How ere, truth for him thus much doth importune,
His forme, and vertue, both deserv'd his fortune:
For 'tis a question, not decided yet,
Whether his *Mind*, or *Fortune* were more great.
Me thought I saw him in his right hand weild
A *Caduceus*; in th'other *Pallas'* shield:
His minde quite voyd of ostentation,
His high-erected thoughts look't downe upon
The smiling valley of his fruitfull heart.
Honour and *Curtesie* in every part

Proclaim'd him, and grew lovely in each lim,
He well became those vertues which grac'd him.
He spread his bounty with a provident hand;
And not like those that sow th'ingratefull sand.
His rewards followed reason, nere were plac't
For ostentation; and to make them last,
He was not like the mad and thriftlesse Vine,
Simile. That spendeth all her blushes at one time:
But, like the *Orange* tree, his fruits he bore;
Some gather'd, he had greene, and blossomes store.
Wee hop't much of him, till death made hope erre,
Wee stood as in some spacious Theater
Musing what would become of him; his flight
Reacht such a noble pitch above our sight:
Whilst he discretly wise, this rule had wonne,
Not to let fame know his intents, till done.
Men came to his Court as to bright Academies
Of vertue and of valour; all the eies
That feasted at his Princely exercise,
Thought that by day *Mars* held his launce, by night
Minerva bore a torch to give him light.
As once [on] *Rhodes Pindar* reports of old,
Soldiers expected 'twould have raign'd down gold:
Old husbandmen i'th Country gan to plant
Lawrell in steed of *Elme*, and made their vaunt
Their sons and daughters shold such *Trophies* weare
Whenas the Prince return'd a Conquerer
From Forraine Nations: For men thought his star
Had markt him for a just and glorious war.
And sure his thoughts were ours, he could not reade
Edward the blacke Princes life, but it must breed
A vertuous emulation to have his name
So lag behind him both in *Time* and *Fame*.
Hee that like lightning did his force advance,
And shook to th' Center the whole Realm of *France*,
That of warme bloud open'd so many sluces,
To gather and bring thence sixe *Flower de Luces*:
Who ne're saw feare but in his enemies flight,
Who found weak numbers conquer arm'd with right,
Who knew his humble shadow spread no more

The Character of *Edward* the blacke Prince.

After a victory then it did before:
Who had his breast instated with the choice
Of vertues, though they made no ambitious noise
Whose resolution was so fiery still,
It seem'd he knew better to die then kill:
And yet drew Fortune, as the Adamant, Steele,
Seeming t'have fixt a stay upon Her wheele:
Who jestingly, would say it was his trade
To fashion death-beds, and hath often made
Horror looke lovely, when i'th' fields there lay
Armes and legges, so distracted, one would say
That the dead bodies had no bodies left:
He that of working pulce sicke *France* bereft,
Who knew that battailes, not the gaudy show
Of ceremonies, do on Kings bestow
Best Theaters, t'whom naught so tedious as Court sport:
That thought all fa[n]ns and ventoies of the Court
Ridiculous and loathsome to the shade
Which (in a March) his waving Ensigne made:
Him did He strive to imitate, and was sorry
Hee did not live before him, that his glory
Might have bene his example; to these ends,
Those men that followed him were not by friends
Or letters prefer'd to him: he made choice
In action, not in complementall voice.
And as *Marcellus* did two Temples reare
To *Honour* and to *Vertue*, plac't so neare
They kist; yet none to *Honours* got accesse,
But they that past through *Vertues*: So, to expresse
His Worthinesse, none got his Countenance
But those whom actuall merite did advance.
Yet, alas! all his goodnesse lies full low.
O Greatnesse! what shall we compare thee to?
To Giants, beasts, or Towers fram'd out of Snow,
Or like wax-guilded Tapers, more for show
Then durance? Thy foundation doth betray
Thy frailty, being builded on such clay.
This shewes the al-controuling power of Fate,
That all our Scepters and our Chaires of State
Are but glasse-mettall, that we are full of spots,

And that like new-writ Copies, t'avoid blots,
Dust must bee throwne upon us: for in him
Our comfort sunke and drown'd, learning to swim.
And though he died so late, hee's no more neere
To us, then they that died three thousand yeare
Before him; onely memory doth keepe
Their *Fame* as fresh as his from death or sleepe.
Why should the *Stag* or *Raven* live so long?
And that their age rather should not belong,
Unto a righteous *Prince*? whose lengthned yeares,
Might assist mens necessities and feares.
Let beasts live long, and wilde, and still in feare,
The *Turtle Dove* never out-lives nine yeare.
"Both life and death have equally exprest
"Of all, the shortest madnesse is the best.
Wee ought not thinke that his great triumphs need
Our withred [laurels]—Can our weake praise feed
His memory, which worthily contemnes
Marble and *Gold* and *Orientall Gemmes*?
His merits passe our dull invention,
And now me-thinkes I see him smile upon
Our fruitlesse tears—bid's us dispeirce these showers,
And say's his thoughts are farre refin'd from ours.
As *Rome* of her beloved *Titus* said,
That from the body the bright soule was fled
For his owne good and their affliction,
On such a broken *Columne* we leane on
And for our selves, not him, let us lament,
Whose happinesse is growne our punishment.
But surely God gave this, as an allay
To the blest union of that nuptiall day
Wee hop't—for feare of surfet, thought it meete
To mittigate, since we swell with what is sweete.
And for sad tales suite griefe, 'tis not amisse,
To keepe us waking, I remember this.
Jupiter [on] some businesse once sent downe
Pleasure unto the world, that shee might crowne
Mortals with her bright beames, but (her long stay
Exceeding farre the limite of her day,
Such feasts and gifts were numbred to present her,

That shee forgot heaven and the God that sent her,)
Hee cals her thence in thunder, at whose lure,
Shee spreds her wings and to returne more pure,
Leaves her eye-seeded roabe wherein shee's suited,
Fearing that Mortall breath had it polluted.
Sorrow that long had liv'd in banishment,
Tug'd at the oare in *Gallies*, and had spent
Both mony and her selfe in Court delaies,
And sadly numbred many of her daies,
By a prison Kalender, (though once she brag[g]'d
She had bene in great mens bosomes:) now all rag[g]'d
Crawl'd with a Tortoise pace or somewhat slower,
Nor found shee any that desired to know her:
Till by good chance, (ill hap for us) shee found,
Where *Pleasure* laid her garment: from the ground
Shee takes it, [dons] it, and to adde a grace,
To the deformity of her wrinkled face,
An old Court Lady, out of meere compassion,
Now paints it o're or puts it into fashion—
When straight from *Country*, *Citty*, and from *Court*,
Both without wit or number there resort
Many to this imposter—all adore
Her haggish false-hood, *Usurers* from their store
Supply her and are cosened, *Citizens* buy
Her forged titles, riot and ruine flye,
Spreading their poison universally.
Nor are the bosomes of great *Statesmen* free
From her intelligence, who let's them see
Themselves and fortunes in false perspectives;
Some landed Heires consort her with the[ir] wives,
Who being a baud corrupts their all-spent oathes—
They have entertain'd the divill in *Pleasures* cloaths.
And since this cursed maske, which to our cost
Lasts day and night, we have entirely lost
Pleasure, who from heaven wils us be advis'd,
That our false *Pleasure* is but *Care* disguis'd.
Thus is our hope made frustrate, ô sad ruth!
Death lay in ambush for His glorious *Youth*;
And finding him prepar'd was sternely bent,
To change his love into fell ravishment

O cruell Tyrant, how canst thou repaire
This ruine? though hereafter thou shouldst spare
All mankind, break thy Dart & Ebon Spade,
Thou canst not cure this wound, which thou hast made.
Now view his death-bed; and from thence let's meet
In his example our owne winding-sheete.
There his humility, setting apart
All titles, did retire into his heart.
O blessed solitarinesse that brings,
The best content, to meane men and to Kings!—
Manna the[re] [falls] from heaven, the *Dove* there flies
With *Olive* to the *Arke* (a sacrifice
Of Gods appeasement), *Ravens* in their beaks
Bring food from heaven, Gods preservation speaks
Comfort to *Daniel* in the Lyons den—
Where contemplation leads us, happy men
To see God face to face: and such sweete peace
Did he enjoy, amongst the various [preace]
Of weeping visitants, it seem'd he lay
As Kings at Revels sit; wisht the crowd away,
The tedious sports done, and himselfe asleepe;
And in such joy did all his sences steepe,
As great Accountants (troubled much in mind)
When they heare newes of their *Quietus* sign'd.
Never found prayers, since they converst with death,
A sweeter aire to flye in then his breath.
They left in's eyes nothing but glory shining,
And though that sickenesse with her overpining
Looke gastly, yet in him it did not so,
He knew the place to which he was to go
Had larger titles, more triumphant wreathes,
To instate him with; and forth his soule he breaths
Without a sigh; fixing his constant eie,
Upon his triumph, immortality.
He was raign'd downe to us out of heaven, & drew
Life to the spring, yet like a little dew
Quickly drawne thence; so many times miscarries
A Christall glasse whilst that the workeman varries
The shape i'th' furnace (fixt too much upon
The curiousnesse of the propor[t]ion)

Yet breakes it ere't be finisht, and yet then
Moulds it anew, and blowes it up agen,
Exceeds his workemanship and sends it thence,
To kisse the hand and lip of some great Prince.
Or like a dyall broke in wheele or screw,
That's tane in peeces to be made go true:
So to eternity he now shall stand,
New form'd and gloried by the All-working hand.
Slander which hath a large and spacious tongue,
Farre bigger then her mouth, to publish wrong:
And yet doth utter't with so ill a grace
Whilst she's a-speaking no man sees her face:
That like dogges licke[s] foule ulcers, not to draw
Infection from them, but to keepe them raw:
Thogh she oft scrape up earth from good mens grav[e]s
And wast it in the standishes of slaves,
To throw upon their inke, shall never dare
To approach his Tombe—be shee confin'd as farre
From his sweete reliques as is heaven from hell!
Not witchcraft shall instruct her how to spell
That barbaro[u]s language which shall sound him ill;
Fames lips shall bleed, yet nere her trumpet fill
With breath enough—but not in such sicke aire,
As make[s] waste Elegies to his Tombe repaire,
With scraps of commendation more base
Then are the ragges they are writ on—ô disgrace
To nobler Poesie! This brings to light,
Not that they can, but that they cannot write;
Better, they had nere troubled his sweet trance,
So, silence should have hid their ignorance:
For hee's a reverend subject to be pen'd
Onely by his sweet *Homer* and my frend.
Most savadge Nations should his death deplore;
Wishing he had set his foot upon their shore,
Onely to ha[v]e made them civill. This blacke night
Hath falne upon's b[y] Natures over-sight:
Or while the fatall sister sought to twine
His threed, and keepe it eeven, she drew it so fine,
It burst. O all compos'd of excellent parts,
Yong, grave *Mecænas* of the noble Arts,

Whose beames shall breake forth from thy hollow Tombe,
Staine the time past, and light the time to come!
O thou that in thy owne praise still wert mute,
Resembling trees, the more they are tane with fruit,
The more they strive to bow and kisse the ground!
Thou that in quest of man, hast truly found,
That while men rotten vapours do persue,
They could not be thy friends, and flatterers too:
That despight all injustice wouldst have proved
So just a *Steward* for this Land, and loved
Right for it owne sake: now ô woe the while,
[Fleet'st] dead in teares, like to a moving Ile!
Time was when Churches in the land were thought
Rich Jewel-houses, and this Age hath b[r]ought
That time againe—thinke not I faine—go view
Henry the sevenths Chappell, and you'le find it true,
The dust of a rich Diamond's there inshrin'd
To buy which thence, would begger the *West-Inde.*
What a darke night-peece of tempestious weather,
Have the inraged clouds summon'd together,
As if our loftiest Pallaces should grow
To ruine, since such Highnesse fell so low!
And angry *Neptune* makes his Pallace groane,
That the deafe Rockes may Ecco the Land's moane.
Even senceles things seeme to have lost their pride,
And looke like that dead month wherein he died,
To cleare which, soone arise that glorious day,
Which in her sacred Union shall display
Infinite blessings that we all may see
The like to that of *Virgils* golden Tree!
A branch of which being slipt, there freshly grew
Another that did boast like forme and hew.
And for these worthlesse lines, let it be said,
I hasted, till I had this tribute paid
Unto his grave, so let the speede excuse
The zealo[u]s error of my passionate *Muse.*
Yet though his praise heere beare so short a wing,
Thames hath more *Swannes*, that will his praises sing
In sweeter tunes, bee-pluming his sad Hearce,
And his three fethers, while men live, or verse.

And by these signes of love let great men know,
That sweete and generous favour they bestow
Upon the *Muses*, never can be lost:
For they shall live by them, when all the cost
Of guilded Monuments shall fall to dust;
"They grave in metle that sustaines no rust.
"Their wood yeelds hony and industrious Bees,
"Kills Spiders, and their webs, like Irish Trees.
"A Poets pen like a bright Scepter swaies
"And keepes in awe dead mens dispraise or praise.
Thus tooke He acquittance of all worldly strife,
"*The evening showes the day, and death crownes life.*

My Impresa to your Lordship, a Swan flying to a Lawrell for shelter; the Mot.

Amor est mihi causa.

FINIS.

COMMENTARY

A MONUMENTAL COLUMN

TITLE-PAGE

Henry: Henry Frederick, eldest son of James I and Anne of Denmark, was born at Stirling on Feb. 19th 1594; matriculated at Magdalen College, Oxford, in August 1605; was made free of Webster's Company, the Merchant Taylors in 1607; became Prince of Wales in 1610; died, probably of typhoid, on Nov. 6th 1612; and was buried two days later in Westminster Abbey. No heir to the throne had been more popular; indeed his father had peevishly exclaimed "Will he bury me alive?" His boyhood had perhaps suggested to Webster some traits of the Prince Giovanni (see on *W.D.* II. I. 112); and twelve years after his death his memory received from the same writer, at the close of *Monuments of Honour*, a tribute all the more genuine in that it could no longer look for reward.

Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata: "Fate shall give the world but a glimpse of him" (Virg. *Aen.* VI. 869). The line occurs in the famous scene at the end of Aeneas' visit to the Underworld where the spirit of his father Anchises shows him, among the long pageant of the unborn souls of future Roman greatness, the young nephew and chosen heir of Augustus—the brilliant Marcellus who died in his twentieth year, 23 B.C. There is a tradition that the dead prince's mother swooned away when Virgil read at court the passage about her son, and in grateful pride gave the poet ten thousand sesterces for each line of it.

N.O.: Nicholas Okes. See on *W.D.* Title-page.

William Welby: bookseller 1604–18.

DEDICATION

Sir Robert Carre: the famous favourite of James I and husband of the wicked Countess of Essex. He came of the Kers of Ferniehurst and after serving as James's page became a follower of Lord Hay; it was now that he first fascinated the attention of the King, when one day he chanced to break a leg at tilting in the royal presence. His rise was swift and continuous. In 1607 he was made Knight; in 1609, lord of the manor of Sherborne, wrested from the family of Raleigh; in 1611, Viscount Rochester (so becoming the first Scotsman to sit in the House of Lords); and in 1613, Earl of Somerset. Meanwhile he had fallen in love with Lady Frances Howard, Countess of Essex, whose husband was the son of Elizabeth's favourite. Carr's friend

Overbury tried to dissuade him from such an alliance; but only gained for himself the mortal hatred of the Countess, who after successful and scandalous proceedings for the annulment of her former marriage, wedded Rochester in Dec. 1613 amid the most extravagant festivities. The King's displeasure was sedulously excited against Overbury and he was thrown into the Tower where he died; and there seems little doubt that he was poisoned by the Countess, with or without her husband's complicity. But Somerset's star now commenced in its turn to decline. George Villiers began to replace him in the affections of the King; in 1615 the murder of Overbury leaked out; and in the next year he and his Countess were condemned to death, though reprieved by the King and released in 1622. He died in 1645.

1–2. *present to your voidest leasure of Survey*. Cf. the dedication of Chapman's *Seven Penitential Psalms* (1612) to Sir Edward Phillips —"prefer to your emptiest leisure of reading". (C.)

11. *night-peece*: "painting of a nocturnal subject"; hence "gloomy, tragic composition". Cf. *W.D.* v. 6. 299.

12–3. *lead...heart*. Cf. *D.M.* III. 2. 131–2.

21–2. *O utinam...foret*. (Martial x. 32. 5–6):

> Ah could I paint his mind, his spirit as they were!
> No picture in the world would seem one half so fair.

Martial's line actually runs: "*Ars* utinam...*posset*!" (If only *Art* could depict...); his epigram being written on a portrait of Martial's friend, M. Antonius Primus, the fiery Vespasianist soldier familiar to readers of Tacitus.

A FUNERAL ELEGY

5. *foyle*: setting. See on *W.D.* I. 2. 138–9.

10–1. The inverted commas, as in some of the plays, mark only the gnomic nature of the utterance (similarly the italics). It is *not* the reported utterance of the men whose "hearts pant in their lips"; cf. 14 below. To make this clearer I have changed the comma after *lips* in Q to a semicolon.

16. *to keepe them sweet*. Cf. *D.M.* II. 1. 62.

18. *Darius' Chest*: see Plutarch, *Alexander*, 26, where Alexander is related to have found among the spoils taken from the defeated Darius one of the costliest of caskets. After much discussion with his friends what treasure he should keep in it, he finally destined it to hold his Homer. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI*, I. 6. 25.

23–30. Crawford points out the resemblance of this passage to the dedication of the Quarto of Jonson's *Masque of Queens* (1609) to Prince Henry:

> Sir,
> When it hath been my happiness (as would it were more frequent) but to see your face, and, as passing by, to consider you; I have with as much

joy, as I am now far from flattery in professing it, called to mind that doctrine of some great Inquisitors in *Nature*, who hold every royal and *heroic* form to partake and draw much to it of the heavenly virtue. For, whether it be that a divine soul, being to come into a body, first chooseth a palace for itself; or, being come, doth make it so; or that *Nature* be ambitious to have her work equal; I know not: but what is lawful for me to understand and speak, that I dare; which is, that both your virtue and your form did deserve your fortune.

Cf. Spenser's *Hymn in Honour of Beauty*, 120–40, which is inspired in its turn by Plato.

24. *sweetly display*. Cf. a few lines lower in Jonson's dedication quoted above, "it comes near a wonder to think how sweetly that habit flows in you".

28. Cf. *D.M.* III. 2. 294.

32. *Caduceus*: the magic serpent-wand of the herald Mercury, which is here apparently contrasted with the Gorgon-headed shield of Pallas, as the emblem of peace opposed to that of war. Cf. A. Gellius x. 27. 3: "hastam et caduceum, signa duo belli aut pacis".

33–6. From *Arcadia*, I.: "a piercing witte quite voide of ostentation"—"high erected thoughts seated in a harte of courtesie". (C.) The same phrases are imitated in *Char.* "Housekeeper", 16–7.

45–6. Cf. *D.M.* II. 2. 13–4.

48–50. Cf. Donne, *Of the Progress of the Soul, Second Annivers.* 67–9:

> Shee, to whom all this world was but a stage,
> Where all sat harkening how her youthfull age
> Should be emploi'd. (C.)

58–9. A reference to Pindar, *Olymp.* VII. 34–8: "(Rhodes) where once the Lord of Heaven snowed on the city golden snow, what time by the arts of Hephaestus Athena leapt to the light from her father's brow, when it was sundered with an axe of brass; and she cried with an exceeding great cry, and the Heavens shuddered at her, and Earth the Mother".

When it is realized that the birth of Athena from the axe-split skull of Zeus and the loud cry that followed it are probably a symbol of the riving of the thunder-cloud by the lightning, and the thunder-clap that follows it, the connection with the fall of snow (or hail) becomes clear. See Text. Note.

76–7. Cf. *Char.* "Commander", 8–9; and Bacon, *Apophthegms* (1624), 192 (*Wks.* ed. Spedding VII. 152): "Archidamus King of Lacedaemon, having received from Philip King of Macedon, after Philip had won the victory of Chaeronea upon the Athenians, proud letters, writ back to him; *That if he measured his own shadow, he would find it no longer than it was before his victory*".

79. Cf. *D.M.* III. 2. 297–8.

82. Cf. *D.M.* III. 5. 66.

84–8. Surely the most detestable lines in all Webster.

90–2. Cf. *Char.* "Commander", 12–3.

93. *ventoies*: fans (Fr. *éventail*).

94. *to*: compared with.

97–8. *his...his*: *i.e.* Prince Henry wished he had lived before the Black Prince so that his own glory might have been an example for the Black Prince.

102–5. Crawford compares Chapman, *Masque of the Middle Temple* (Feb. 15th 1613), 207–8 (Plutus is speaking to Eunomia standing in the gates of the temple of Honour):

> And since to Honour none should dare access
> But help'd by Virtues hand....

This he regarded as Webster's source and so dated our poem *after* Chapman's Masque. But whence in that case comes Webster's allusion to Marcellus, whom Chapman does not mention? In any case, considering that *A Monumental Column* was certainly written *before*, not after, the Masque (see Introd.), the indebtedness, if there was any on either side, is much more likely to be Chapman's. (One cannot be absolutely sure on grounds of date, for Webster *might* have seen Chapman's manuscript.)

Marcellus, the famous Roman general of the second Punic War, vowed a temple to Honour and Virtue during the battle of Clastidium against the Gauls (222 B.C.); and ten years later, after the capture of Syracuse, he repeated his vow. The Pontifices, however, forbade the erection of one temple to both deities on technical religious grounds; and it was on this account, not for any allegorical reason such as Webster suggests, that the two shrines were erected side by side. (Livy XXVII. 25; Valer. Max. I. 1. 8.)

116. *glasse-mettall*: strictly "molten glass". But Webster may mean "made of a metal as brittle as glass".

117–8. *t'avoid blots, Dust must bee throwne upon us*: sand was used in place of blotting-paper.

120–2. From Montaigne III. 9: "They (Lucullus, Metellus, and Scipio) are deceased; and so is my father as fully as they: and is as distant from me and life in eighteene yeeres as they were in sixteene hundred". (C.) The idea of course comes originally from Lucretius (the last three lines of Bk. III):

> Nec minus ille diu iam non erit, ex hodierno
> Lumine qui finem vitai fecit, et ille
> Mensibus atque annis qui multis occidit ante.

124. Cf. Donne, *Anat. of the World, First Annivers.* 115–6.

> When Stagge, and Raven, and the long-liv'd tree,
> Compar'd with man, dy'd in minoritie. (C.)

125. *And that their age rather should not belong...? I.e.* "why should their age not rather belong?" For this use of *that* as a substitute for repeating a previous conjunction, cf. the Fr. use of *que*; and in English such passages as 1 *Chronicles*, xiii. 2: "If it seem good unto you and *that* it be of the Lord our God...".

129. Cf. Pliny x. 35: "Turtles live eight yeeres".

140–2. Cf. Suetonius, *Titus*, 10: "Inter haec morte praeventus est, maiore hominum damno quam suo".

And for the comparison with Titus, cf. Burton, *Anat.* 1. 2. 4. 7: "How were we affected here in England for our Titus, *deliciae humani generis*, Prince Henry's immature death, as if all our dearest friends' lives had exhaled with his!"

147. *that nuptiall day*: the wedding of the Princess Elizabeth and the Elector Palatine, which took place on Feb. 14th 1613.

150–1. *amisse... I remember this*: *i.e.* amisse *that*... I remember this.

152–98. One of Webster's characteristic parables; and characteristically inapposite. For after all the hollowness of worldly pleasures has very little to do with the failure of the hopes so justly attached to Prince Henry's youthful promise.

160. *eye-seeded*: sown or strewn with eyes, like a peacock's tail. There can be no connection with "eye-seed", a kind of seed supposed to clear the eye of foreign bodies, probably *Salvia Verbenaca*.

163. Cf. *D.M.* IV. 2. 30.

166. *prison Kalender*. Baron Bourgeois, quite impossibly, explains this as "list of convicts". It is true that "Calendar" (*e.g.* "Newgate Calendar") can mean a list of prisoners for trial at the assizes; and this association may have suggested the phrase to Webster. But a calendar by which days are numbered must be a calendar in the common sense of "almanac". Cf. *A.V.* III. 2. 12.

185. *perspectives*: distorting glasses. See on *W.D.* 1. 2. 100–1.

207. [*falls*]: see Text. Note.

212. *Where* clearly refers back to *Solitarinesse*, not to *the Lyons den*.

214. [*preace*]: by-form of "press".

219. *Accountants*: here "officers who have to give an account".

220. Cf. *D.M.* 1. 1. 532.

222. From *Arcadia*. Cf. *D.L.* 1. 1. 146 and note.

224. *overpining*: not in *N.E.D.*

241–2. From Donne. Cf. *D.M.* III. 5. 76–8 and note.

252. *standishes*: "ink-stands", with a receptacle for the sand used instead of blotting-paper.

254. *confin'd*: banished, expelled. Cf. *A.V.* v. 2. 122.

268. *my frend*: Chapman, who had dedicated his version of *Iliad* I.–XII. to Prince Henry in 1609.

278. Cf. *D.M.* 1. 1. 214.

287. *it*: for *its*—a N.W. dialect form which became common about 1600.

295–302. Cf. Stowe: "In the moneths of October, November, and December, this yeere 1612. there hapned many great Winds, violent Stormes, and Tempests, as well by land as Sea, which did exceeding great damage, with extreame shipwracke throughout the Ocean, chiefely upon the coast of Spaine and Portugall, where there perished

above an hundred ships within the space of two houres: and in the spring time following, yea even untill Saint James' tyde, there fell rayne continually, which caused great flouds, which did great damage upon the earth".

The *Stationers' Register* for Jan. 1612–3 names several pamphlets on the subject, *e.g.* "lamentable reportes of this wyndy Wynter in the iiij last monethes and parte of this January".

295. *night-peece*. Cf. Dedication, 11.

303. *that glorious day*: the Princess Elizabeth's wedding.

306. *Virgils golden Tree*: a reference to the tree with the golden bough of *Aeneid* VI. This bough had to be plucked, as a sort of passport, by whoever would visit the world below; and the moment it had been taken from the tree, another grew in its place—

primo avulso non deficit alter
Aureus, et simili frondescit virga metallo. (*Aen.* VI. 143–4.)

321. *guilded Monuments*. Cf. Shakesp. *Sonnets*, LV:

Not marble nor the gilded monuments
Of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme.

322. *They*: the Muses.

324. *Irish Trees*: see on *W.D.* II. 1. 298–9. This belief about Irish timber was widespread; Westminster Hall was said to be built of it and to enjoy this immunity. Cf. Dryden, *MacFlecknoe*, 201–2:

In thy felonious heart though venom lies,
It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies.

Impresa: device.
Mot: motto.
Amor est mihi causa: "love is my reason".

TEXTUAL NOTES

A MONUMENTAL COLUMN

For editions, see Bibliography. In the notes that follow

Q = the Quarto of 1613. (Brit. Mus. C. 34. f. 21.)
D = Dyce.
H = Hazlitt.

The punctuation of Q is at times imbecile (such topical pieces were liable to be printed in haste): and is only recorded where there is any doubt about the sense, though it has been retained whenever possible.

A FUNERAL ELEGY

2. D omits the comma: with, I think, a slight loss of point. The sense is, as the text stands: "He has died so glorious *that, though* laid in the earth, we cannot say he is dead".

*58. [*on*]] *one* Q. DH make utter nonsense by omitting the comma at the end of 58 and putting a comma instead of a colon at the end of 59, so that the passage means "as soldiers once expected a rain of gold in Rhodes, so husbandmen began to plant laurel". The true sense is, of course, "*English* soldiers expected from this generous, warlike prince a rain of gold (*i.e.* lavish bounties) to descend on them, just as Pindar says it once rained gold in Rhodes".

80. *fiery still*] *fiery-still* D. D makes this alteration without comment: it is ingenious; but I do not think we are justified in changing the text without clearer evidence.

93. *fa*[*n*]*ns*] *faun's* Q.

111. *wax-guilded*] DH omit hyphen, very possibly rightly.

133. [*laurels*]] *taunts* Q: *t* and *l*, *n* and *re* are easily confused in the writing of the time.

152. [*on*]] *one* Q.

166. (*though once*] *though* (*once* Q.

166–7. *brag*[*g*]*'d, rag*[*g*]*'d*] *brag'd, rag'd* Q.

172. [*dons*]] *done's* Q.

187. *all-spent*] *all spent* Q.

*207. *the*[*re*] [*falls*]] *their fates,* Q (which puts comma before, instead of after, *from heaven*). The confusion of *t* and *l* is of course common enough: cf. *taunts—laurels* above. *Sates* (leaving the comma as in Q) is even easier than Dyce's correction: and we then have a symmetrical chiasmus: "from heaven the *Dove*...*Ravens*...from heaven". But, on the whole, I think Dyce's suggestion more probable than mine, since *from heaven* certainly is rather more appropriate to the manna than to Noah's dove.

214. [*preace*] D (for the rhyme): *presse* Q.

249. *licke*[*s*]] *licke* Q. Sense and grammar demand *lickes*; but Q *may* be right; for we have similar attractions of the number of the verb in *D.M.* I. 1. 82–3, *D.L.* IV. 2. 131–3. See Commentary there.

260. *make*[*s*]] *make* QDH (but with what meaning? We might understand "such sick air as waste Elegies make, *which* repair to his tombe"; or possibly "such sick air as waste Elegies make repair to his tomb *in*" (cf. *D.L.* IV. 2. 271–3): but the harshness seems intolerable).
272. *b*[*y*]] *be* Q.
288. [*Fleet'st*]: *Flet'est* Q.
290. *b*[*r*]*ought*] *bought* QD. The confusion is easy: cf. *D.M.* V. 2. 145—*brought* Qq, *bought* Dyce.

THE INDUCTION TO THE MALCONTENT

THE INDUCTION TO THE MALCONTENT

DATE

THE play was acted by the Children of the Queen's Revels, the "little eyases" of *Hamlet*, at Blackfriars; then the book of the play was lost; and the King's Men, getting hold of it, resolved to play it piratically themselves in retaliation for the acting by the Children of *Jeronimo*,[1] which had belonged to the Men's *répertoire*. The adult company could not, however, reproduce the music which the Children gave between the Acts; and so, to fill up an equivalent time, Webster wrote this Induction, which must, then, have been composed at some time before its publication in the third[2] edition of the play (second half of 1604), but after the first performance. When was this performance? Fleay (II. 78) and Stoll (60) suggest 1600: chiefly because in I. 3. 20 of the play there is an allusion to "the horn growing in the woman's forehead twelve years since". Now in 1588 there did appear a pamphlet, entitled:[3]

A miraculous and monstrous, but yet most true and certayne Discourse of a Woman, now to be seen in London, of the age of threescore yeares or thereabouts, in the midst of whose forehead there groweth out a crooked Horne of four ynches long.

Add twelve to 1588 and you have 1600. How simple! But can we really be sure that "twelve" is so precise? May it not mean "a dozen"? Nor do I see why the said horn should be supposed to have modestly vanished the moment it was written about. It may have flourished between the brows of dame Margaret Griffith for years afterwards. No doubt this allusion is rather more likely to refer to the date of its first becoming

[1] *The First Part of Jeronimo* rather than *The Spanish Tragedy*. See on 74–5.

[2] Often called the second edition; but the so-called "first" edition was really two separate ones. The entry in the *Stationers' Register* on July 5th, 1604, probably refers to the first: as the same publishers published every edition, it is likely that they entered the book at once, if they were going to enter it at all.

[3] Bullen's *Marston* I. 233: *Stationers' Register*, Oct. 28th (not 15th, as Fleay), 1588.

a subject of literature: but one cannot base arguments on anything so flimsy.

Chambers, on the other hand, argues that Marston's connection with the Blackfriars boys appears only to have begun in 1604 (II. 50: III. 432). There are also two possible allusions in the play to *Hamlet* (I. 1. 350: III. 1. 250) and another to the Scotch adventurers of James I (V. 3. 24: cf. *Ind.* 91); though of course such things are always liable to be later insertions. On the whole, 1604 seems a likely date for the completion of *The Malcontent*, and a still likelier one for its *Induction*. This is slightly confirmed, for the latter, by an echo (*Ind.* 33) of a speech of Osric's found only in Q_2 of *Hamlet* (1604).[1]

[1] See also on 86, which seems indebted to Holland's *Plutarch* of 1603.

The "Additions" to *The Malcontent*

AUTHORSHIP

There is no question that Webster wrote the Induction. But there are also about a dozen passages inserted in this third edition of the play.[1] Who wrote these—Webster or Marston? The uncertainty is due to the ambiguity of the title-page of this third edition; and this ambiguity is due in its turn to the desire of an economical or conservative printer to alter as little as possible in the title-page of the first edition. There the title had run as follows:

The
Malcontent.

By John Marston.

In the third edition this becomes—

The
Malcontent.

Augmented by *Marston.*

With the additions played by the Kings
Maiesties servants.

Written by *Ihon Webster.*

The Induction itself is headed: *The Induction to The Malecontent, and the additions acted by the Kings Majesties servants. Written by John Webster.* After the Induction follows the play proper, headed simply *The Malecontent.*

Now it is clear, to begin with, that in the heading of the Induction itself just quoted, "The Induction...*and* the additions..." is a sort of hendiadys, meaning "The Induction... *i.e.* the additions...": and in the light of this we can interpret

[1] I. 1. 56–7, 146–88, 195–212, 256–303; I. 3; II. 2. 34, 57–71; III. 1. 33–156; IV. 2. 123–37; V. 1; V. 2. 10–39, 164–94, 212–26; V. 3. 180–202. (The references are to Bullen's edition: according to him "some copies of ed. 1" also contain IV. 2. 123–37.)

the title-page itself to the following effect—"The Malcontent. By Marston. Enlarged by the Author. (Together with the additional Induction, as acted by His Majesty's Servants. By John Webster.)" This is certainly not easy; but any other interpretation involves even worse difficulties. Besides, if Webster wrote also all the insertions in the body of the play, why "*Augmented* by Marston"?

Until Stoll propounded the above view, it was widely assumed that the title-page meant the inserted passages to be Webster's. But not only does Stoll's seem a more reasonable interpretation, but the passages themselves on the whole bear him out. It is true that these are sometimes exceedingly like Webster's later work;[1] but then Webster was deeply influenced by Marston (*e.g.* cf. *Malc.* I. 1. 103 and *D.M.* II. 1. 67; and see Stoll 132); and these insertions also contain things typical of Marston and unlike Webster.[2] Besides, a general comparison of the editions reveals here minute changes which give much more the impression of an author carefully revising his own work, than of one writer padding out another's in order to kill time in the theatre. Why, for instance, should a padder insert stray lines of no particular point like I. 1. 56–7 and II. 2. 34? Or make trifling changes of phrase, such as adding after "at variance" the words "within herself" or replacing "I'll go pray" by "I'll go to church"?[3] Fleay and Stoll indeed suggest that Marston was restoring cut passages from his MS.; and this may be true of some of the longer additions. At all events the theory that Marston was himself revising this edition is further supported by the fact that it also shows slight *omissions* as compared with its predecessors. Stoll indeed at this point trots out his horned woman[4] again to prove that one supposed "addition" must have been penned by Marston as early as 1600. But I distrust her evidence completely. On the other hand, there is not

[1] *E.g.* cf. *Malc.* I. 1. 256–303 with the scene between Flamineo and Lodovico in *W.D.* III. 3; I. 3. 38 with *D.M.* II. 1. 34; I. 3. 41 with *D.L.* IV. 2. 404–5; III. 1. 81 with *D.L.* III. 2. 174.

[2] Cf. Stoll 58–9: some of the stylistic reasons there given seem to me sound, others exaggerated. After all we know very little about Webster's style at this early date.

[3] See I. 1. 25, 36: I. 2. 84.

[4] The passage alluding to her (I. 3. 18–21) first occurs in the third edition. See above, p. 294.

much in the argument of R. A. Small (*The Stage-Quarrel of Ben Jonson and the so-called Poetasters*) that Marston could not possibly have added passages to a play thus pirated from the Children for whom he wrote, and now printed with the pirates' Induction. After all it was being issued by the same publisher as before; so that one may doubt if the "theft" and reprisals were really very serious.

In short it seems to me pretty clear that Marston himself revised this edition of the play; on the other hand, I see no reason, on general grounds, why Webster may not have helped in that revision and contributed *some* of the insertions. The evidence in favour of this is not the statement on the title-page, which is fairly satisfactorily explained by the ascription to him of the *Induction* alone, but the style of some of the inserted passages. But it would not, I think, be much use trying to distinguish fragments of Marston from possible fragments of Webster imitating Marston. All we can with certainty assign to Webster is the *Induction*; which, as complete in itself, has accordingly been included here.

THE INDUCTION TO THE MALECONTENT

THE
INDUCTION TO
THE MALECONTENT, AND
the additions acted by the Kings Majesties servants.

Written by *John Webster.*

Enter W. Sly, a Tyre-man following him with a stoole.

TY[RE]-MAN.

SIR, the Gentlemen will be angry if you sit heare.

SLY. Why? we may sit upon the stage at the private house: thou doest not take me for a country gentleman, doest? doest thinke I feare hissing? Ile holde my life thou took'st me for one of the plaiers.

TYRE. No sir.

SLY. By gods slid if you had, I would have given you but six pence for your stoole: Let them that have stale suites, sit in the galleries—hisse at mee! he that will be laught out of a Taverne or an Ordinarie, shall seldome feede well or be drunke in good company. Where's Harry Cundale, D: Burbidge, and W: Sly?—let me speake with some of them.

TYRE. An't please you to go in sir, you may.

SLY. I tell you no; I am one that hath seene this play often, & can give them intellegence for their action: I have most of the jeasts heere in my table-booke.

Enter Sinkclow.

SINK. Save you Coose.

SLY. O Coosin, come you shall sit betweene my legges heare.

SINK. No indeede coosin, the audience then will take me for a viol de gambo, and thinke that you play upon me.

SLY. Nay, rather that I worke upon you, coose.

SINK. We staied for you at supper last night at my coosin

Hony-moones the woollen Draper: After supper we drew cuttes for a score of Apricoks, the longest cut stil to draw an Apricoke: by this light 'twas Mistris Franke Hony-moones fortune, still to have the longest cut: I did measure for the women. What be these coose?

Enter D: Burbidge, H: Cundale, J: Lewin.

SLY. The Plaiers. God save you!

BUR. You are verie welcome.

SLY. I pray you know this Gentleman my coosin, 'tis Master Doomesdaies sonne the userer.

CUN. I beseech you sir be coverd.

SLY. No in good faith for mine ease—looke you my hat's the handle to this fanne: Gods so, what a beast was I, I did not leave my f[e]ather at home. Well, but Ile take an order with you.

Puts his feather in his pocket.

BUR. Why do you conceale your feather sir?

SLY. Why? do you thinke Ile have jeasts broken upon me in the play to be laught at: this play hath beaten all your gallants out of the feathers: Blacke friars hath almost spoild Blacke friars for feathers.

SINK. Gods so, I thought 'twas for somewhat our gentlewomen at home counseld me to weare my feather to the play, yet I am loth to spoile it.

SLY. Why coose?

SINK. Because I got it in the tilt-yard: there was a Harralde broke my pate for taking it up: but I have worne it up & downe the [S]trand, and met him fortie times since, and yet hee dares not challenge it.

SLY. Do you heare sir, this play is a bitter play.

CUN. Why sir, tis neither Satyre nor Morall, but the meane passage of a historie: Yet there are a sort of discontented creatures that beare a stingelesse envie to great ones, and these will wrest the doings of any man to their base malitious appliment: but should their interpretation come to the teste, like your marmasite, they presently turne their teeth to their taile & eate it.

SLY. I will not go so farre with you, but I say, any man that hath wit, may censure (if he sit in the twelve-penny roome:) and I say againe, the play is bitter.

BUR. Sir you are like a Patron that presenting a poore scholler

to a benefice, injoynes him not to raile against any thing that standes within compasse of his Patrons follie: Why should not we injoy the antient freedome of poesie? Shall we protest to the Ladies that their painting makes them Angells, or to my yong gallant, that his expence in the brothell shall gaine him reputation? No sir, such vices as stand not accountable to law, should be cured as men heale tetters, by casting inke upon them. Would you be satisfied in any thing else sir?

SLY. I, marry woud I. I would know how you came by this play?

CUN. Faith sir the booke was lost, and because twas pittie so good a play should be lost, we found it and play it.

SLY. I wonder you would play it, another company having interest in it?

CUN. Why not Malevole in folio with us, as Jeronimo in Decimo sexto with them? They taught us a name for our play, wee call it *One for another*.

SLY. What are your additions?

BUR. Sooth not greatly needefull, only as your sallet to your greate feast, to entertaine a little more time, and to abridge the not received custome of musicke in our Theater. I must leave you sir. *Exit Burbidge.*

SINK. Doth he play the Malecontent?

CUN. Yes sir.

SINK. I durst lay foure of mine eares, the play is not so well acted as it hath beene.

CUN. O no sir, nothing *Ad Parminonis Suem.*

LEW. Have you lost your eares sir, that you are so prodigall of laying them?

SINK. Why did you aske that, friend?

LEW. Marry sir because I have heard of a fellow would offer to lay a hundred pound wager, that was not worth five bau-bees: and in this kinde you might venter foure of your elbowes: yet God defende your coate should have so many.

SINK. Nay truly, I am no great censurer, and yet I might have beene one of the Colledge of Crittickes once: my coosin heere hath an excellent memory indeede sir.

SLY. Who I? Ile tell you a strange thing of my selfe, and I can tell you, for one that never studied the art of memory, tis very strange too.

CUN. Whats that sir?

SLY. Why Ile lay a hundred pound Ile walke but once downe by the gold-smiths row in Cheape, take notice of the signes, and tell you them with a breath instantly.

LEW. Tis verie strange.

SLY. They beginne as the world did, with Adam and Eve. Theres in all just five and fiftie.

I do use to meditate much when I come to plaies too.

What do you thinke might come into a mans head now, seeing all this company?

CUN. I know not sir.

SLY. I have an excellent thought: if some fiftie of the Grecians that were cramd in the horse-belly had eaten garlike, do you not thinke the Trojans might have smelt out their knavery.

CUN. Very likely.

SLY. By God I would [they] had, for I love Hector horribly.

SINK. O but coose coose!

Great Alexander when he came to the toombe of Achilles

Spake with a big loude voice, O thou thrice blessed & happy.

SLY. Alexander was an asse to speake so well of a filthy cullion.

LEW. Good sir will you leave the stage?—Ile helpe you to a private roome.

SLY. Come coose, lets take some Tobacco. Have you never a prologue?

LEW. Not any sir.

SLY. Let me see, I will make one extempore. Come to them and fencing of a congey with armes and legges, be round with them.

Gentlemen, I could wish for the womens sakes you had all soft cushins: and Gentlewomen, I could wish that for the mens sakes you had all more easie standings. What would they wish more but the play now?—and that they shall have instantly.

[*Exeunt.*]

COMMENTARY

THE INDUCTION TO THE MALCONTENT

Outer stage.

s.D. *Tyre-man*: property-man who looked after the dresses and their putting-on, stools, lights, etc.

2. *sit upon the stage*. This habit is first mentioned about 1596 and soon became the regular practice. Chambers quotes *Epigram* 3 of Sir John Davies (probably before 1596), attacking one Rufus who insisted on sitting on the stage,

> For that the clamorous frie of Innes of Court
> Filles up the private roomes of greater prise:
> And such a place where all may have resort
> He in his singularitie doth despise.

The practice seems to have become particularly prevalent at the Blackfriars theatre, where *The Malcontent* was originally acted (hence the allusion here to "the private house"); but it maintained itself in the public theatres too, and was not finally abolished till late in the eighteenth century, though naturally unpopular both with the actors and with the less fortunate part of the audience. Hence protests like Jonson's in *The Devil is an Ass* at the cast being compelled to act "in compass of a cheese-trencher"; and Dekker's description in his *Gull's Horn-book*—"on the very Rushes where the Commedy is to daunce, yea and under the state of *Cambises* himselfe must our fethered Estridge, like a peece of Ordnance, be planted, valiantly (because impudently) beating downe the mewes and hisses of the opposed rascality". (See Chambers, *Eliz. Stage*, II. 534–8.)

4. *feare hissing*. Cf. Dekker's description of his gallant in the *Gull's Horn-book*: "Neither are you to be hunted from thence (his place on the stage) though the Scar-crows in the yard hoot at you, hisse at you, spit at you, yea throw durt even in your teeth".

8. *six pence for your stoole*. Cf. Dekker, *ibid.*: "You may...have a good stoole for sixpence...then (when the play is about to begin) it is time...to creep from behind the Arras, with your Tripos or three-footed stoole in one hand, and a teston mounted betweene a fore-finger and a thumbe in the other".

10. *Ordinarie*: eating-house.

11. *Cundale, Burbidge*: see on *Dramatis Personae* of *D.M.* "D: Burbidge" stands for "Dick Burbidge"; he was playing Malevole in *The Malcontent*.

12. *W: Sly* first appears in the cast of *The Seven Deadly Sins*, Pt. II. (1590–1), as one of Strange's or The Admiral's Men. From 1598

to 1605 he is found in lists of the Lord Chamberlain's company; in 1605 or later he became a shareholder of the Globe and in 1608 of the Blackfriars house. In this same year he died. (Chambers, *Eliz. Stage*, II. 340.)

16. *table-booke*: note-book for memoranda. Cf. Hamlet's "tables".

16–7. S.D. *Sinkclow*: a minor actor belonging to various companies at different times—Strange's (?), 1590–1; Pembroke's (?), 1592–3; Lord Chamberlain's, 1594 (?)–1604. He appears also in 3 *Hen. VI*, III. 1; in *Tam. Shrew*, *Induct.* 1. 88, as one of the players; and in 2 *Hen. IV*, v. 4 (in the Quarto stage direction), where he played First Beadle. As this official is abused by Doll and the Hostess as a "paper-faced villain", a "thin man in a censer", a "starved blood-hound", "thou atomy", and "you thin thing", we have some reason for believing Sinkclow to have been, then at least, something of a skeleton. (Cf. Chambers, *Eliz. Stage*, II. 339: K. Elze, *Notes on Elizabethan Dramatists*, 2nd series, p. 160.)

20. *viol de gambo*: more correctly "viol da gamba", a large viol, so called because held between the legs when played.

23. Of course with a *double entendre*. "Drawing cuts" is a form of drawing lots, in which sticks or straws of various lengths are held by one person so that their lengths cannot be seen, and drawn by another. "Cut" in this sense seems to have in origin no connection with the ordinary noun "cut" = "something cut": see *N.E.D.*

27–8. S.D. *J: Lewin*: see on *Dramatis Personae* of *D.M.*

33. *No...for mine ease*: possibly an echo of Osric's affected refusal to put on his hat in *Hamlet*, v. 2. 110: "Nay, good my lord; for mine ease, in good faith". Dowden in his note on that passage in the Arden edition finds other (somewhat unconvincing) parallels to *Hamlet* in 18, "sit betweene my legges" (cf. *Hamlet*, III. 2. 126), and 20, "you play upon me" (cf. *Hamlet*, III. 2. 387).

"For mine ease" seems to have been a current polite expression: it recurs in Florio's *Second Frutes* (1591) and Massinger's *New Way to Pay Old Debts*, II. 3.

33–4. *the handle to this fanne*: his hat has such a bush of a feather on it that it seems merely like the handle of a feather-fan.

34. *Gods so*: not, probably, for *God's soul*. It appears to be a variant of *Gadso*, a perversion (due to false analogy with other oaths containing *Gad*) of *Catso* (Ital. *cazzo*, *membrum virile*).

37–40. *jeasts...feathers*: referring to *Malcontent*, v. 2. 134–7: "For as now-a-days no courtier but has his mistress, no captain but has his cockatrice, no cuckold but has his horns, and no fool but has his feather...". (Collier.)

39–40. *Blacke friars...feathers*: *i.e.* the acting of this play at the Blackfriars theatre has almost ruined the Blackfriars feather-makers. These people were, incongruously enough, largely Puritans; and form a frequent subject of jesting allusion. Cf. Jonson, *Alchem.* I. 1;

Barth. Fair, v. 3 (the puppet-showman is arguing with Rabbi Busy): "What say you to your feather-makers in the Friars that are of your faction of faith?"

43. *to spoile it*: by putting it in his pocket like Sly.

45. *tilt-yard*: see on *W.D.* I. 2. 27–8.

54–5. *marmasite...teeth to their taile*: this seems a confused recollection of the beaver's supposed habit, when hunted for its stones, of biting them off itself (cf. Pliny XXXII. 3).

57. *censure*: judge.

57. *twelve-penny roome*: the price for a place in a "private room" in the first decade of the seventeenth century seems to have ranged from sixpence to a shilling. Cf. Dekker, *Gull's Horn-Book* (1609): "When at a new play you take up the twelve-penny rome next the stage..."; "Overbury's" Proud Man, again, "If he have but twelvepence in's purse...will give it for the best room in a play house". The twelve-penny room would seem to have been a sort of large box, in the lowest tier of galleries, directly adjoining the stage. (See Chambers II. 534–7.)

66. *tetters*: eruptions of the skin. Cf. *D.L.* IV. 1. 61–2 and note.

69–76. See Introd. p. 294.

74–5. *Malevole in folio...Jeronimo in Decimo sexto*: *i.e.* "why should not our men's company retaliate, by acting *The Malcontent*, for the pirating by the Children's company at Blackfriars of our *Jeronimo*?"

"*Jeronimo*" is probably *The First Part of Jeronimo* (*c.* 1600–2: publ. 1605) a comedy perhaps suggested by the revival of *The Spanish Tragedy* on the part of the Admiral's Men at that time. "*Jeronimo*" is indeed sometimes used to denote *The Spanish Tragedy* itself; but the King's Men could not lay any claim to that. (See Chambers III. 396; IV. 23.)

75. *in Decimo sexto*: *i.e.* acted by children. See on *W.D.* V. 4. 26.

78. *sallet*: salad.

79–80. *abridge...musicke*. Baron Bourgeois explains *abridge* as meaning "make up for", and upbraids the *N.E.D.* for not recording this quite unprecedented meaning. But surely *abridge* can bear its ordinary sense of "cut short", if we realize that the expression is itself somewhat curtailed; the phrase simply means "in order to cut down the long musical interludes of the Children, which are not customary here at the Globe".

As the Children's Companies were primarily Choristers, it was only natural that they should try to turn their musical talent to account. Cf. the account of a visit to Blackfriars in 1602 written by Friedrich Gerschow, one of the suite of the Duke of Stettin-Pomerania: "*Eine ganze Stunde vorher* höret man eine köstliche musicam instrumentalem von Orgeln, Lauten, Pandoren, Mandoren, Geigen, und Pfeiffen, wie denn damahlen ein Knabe cum voce tremula in einer Basgeigen so lieblich gesungen, dasz wo es die Nonnen zu Mailand ihnen

nicht vorgethan, wir seines Gleichen auf der Reise nicht gehöret hatten" (quoted in Chambers II. 47). For music *between* the acts cf. Marston's *Sophonisba* (1605–6), also acted by boys, which has detailed directions for the four intervals: "cornets and organs playing loud full music", "Organs, Viols, and Voices", etc.

The public theatres did not however entirely dispense with music of this kind; there had been music between the acts of *Sejanus*, acted at the Globe in the previous year (1603). So that "shorten", rather than "replace", is quite the appropriate sense for *abridge*.

86. *Ad Parminonis Suem*: "compared with the pig of Parmeno". Cf. Plutarch, *Symposiaca problemata*, v. 1 (Holland's translation): "This Parmenon was by report one that counterfeited passing well the grunting of an hogge; for which his singular grace and gift therein his concurrents, upon an envious humour, would needs assay to doe as much in despight of him: but men being already forestalled with a prejudicate opinion of him would say thus: Well done; but nothing to *Parmenon's* hogge: and therefore one of them having got a little porket indeed under his arme, made it for to squeake and crie; but the people hearing the noise of a swine indeed: All this (say they) is nothing to Parmenon's hog; whereupon the partie let the said live hog run among them all, for to convince them of their corrupt judgement, caried away with an opinion, and not grounded upon trueth and reason". Holland's version had appeared in the previous year (1603). A similar tale occurs in Phaedrus v. 5: but without the name Parmeno.

Here the point of Cundale's remark is, of course, as in the story, to convince Sinkclow "of his corrupt judgement, carried away with an opinion".

87. *lost your eares*: with insolent allusion to the ear-cropping of felons. Cf. *A.V.* II. 3. 20.

91. *bau-bees*: a Scotch coin of base silver, worth about an English halfpenny. The name is probably derived from the Laird of Sillebawby, a Scotch mint-master of the mid-sixteenth century. There may be an allusion, in the fellow "not worth five bau-bees", to James's needy Scotch followers.

106. *five and fiftie*: Dyce points out that this appears to be an exaggeration, since according to Stowe (1603: ed. Kingsford (1908) I. 345) there were only "ten fair dwelling-houses and fourteen shops".

111–3. This "excellent thought" is of course a hit at the groundlings: being obviously suggested to Sly's mind by the reek of garlic rising from them.

117–8. These hexameters (not "Alexandrines", as Hazlitt calls them) are, as Dyce points out, the work of John Harvey, Gabriel's younger brother. Cf. Gabriel's letter to Spenser in *Three Proper, and wittie familiar Letters: lately passed betweene two Universitie men: touching the Earthquake in Aprill last, and our English refourmed versifying*

(1580—Grosart's edit. I. 89–90). Here Gabriel explains that he set John to translate Petrarch's lines (*Sonnet* CLIII):

> Giunto Alessandro ala famosa tomba
> Del fero Achille, sospirando disse,
> O fortunato, che si chiara tromba
> Trovasti.

"Within an houre, or there aboutes, he brought me these foure lustie Hexameters, altered since not past in a worde, or two.

> Noble *Alexander*, when he came to the tomb of *Achilles*,
> Sighing spake with a bigge voice: O thrice blessed *Achilles*
> That such a Trump, so great, so loude, so glorious, hast found,
> As the renowned, and surprizing *Archpoet Homer*.

Uppon the viewe whereof, Ah my Syrha, quoth I, here is a gallant exercise for you in deede".

The incident here alluded to is the visit of Alexander to the supposed tomb of Achilles, on his first landing in Asia. He laid a wreath upon it, ran thrice naked round it, as the local custom was, and exclaimed how he envied the ancient hero such a friend as Patroclus and such a poet as Homer. (Plut. *Alex.* 15: Arrian, *Anab.* I. 12.)

123. *Tobacco*: for smoking on the stage Bullen compares *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, where the Citizen's Wife complains—"Fie, this stinking tobacco kills me". Cf. too T.M. *Black-book* (1604): "Barnaby Burning-glass, arch tobacco-taker of England, in ordinaries, upon stages both common and private".

127. *fencing of a congey*: making an elaborate bow. "Congey", from its original sense of "parting bow", comes to be used also of "bows of salutation"; and "fencing" presumably implies a ridiculously elaborate gesture, with as much flourishing of arms and shuffling of feet as in a fencing match.

127. *be round*: brisk, fluent, bold.

129–32. Reed, apparently followed by Dyce, Hazlitt, and Bullen, considers this a burlesque of the epilogue of *As You Like It*. But the resemblance seems very slight.

TEXTUAL NOTES

THE INDUCTION TO THE MALCONTENT

For editions, see Bibliography. In the notes that follow—

Q = the third augmented Quarto of 1604, which alone contains the Induction. (Brit. Mus. C. 34. e. 17.)
D = Dyce.

Ty[re]-man] *Tyer-man* Q (a variant spelling, now obscure).
9. *galleries—hisse at mee!*] *galleries. Hisse at mee!* D (with same meaning): *galleries, hisse at me:* Q.
35. *f[e]ather*] *father* Q.
47. [*S*]*trand*] *strand* Q.
115. [*they*] D: *he* Q.
126–8. *Come...them.*] D and Bullen, following Collier, make this a stage direction: but I see no need to alter the text. It is quite in character for Sly to teach the actors, in his ridiculous way, not only what to say, but how to say it: and *fencing of a congey* is perhaps rather elaborate phrasing for a mere stage direction. Besides we are explicitly told by Sly in 15 above that he can give the actors "intellegence for their action".

MONUMENTS OF HONOR

Monuments of Honor.

Deriued from remarkable Antiquity, and Celebrated in the Honorable City of *London*, at the ſole Munificent charge and expences of the Right Worthy and Worſhipfull Fraternity, of the Eminent MERCHANT-TAYLORS.

Directed in their moſt affectionate Loue, at the *Confirmation of their right Worthy Brother* IOHN GORE in the High Office of His *Maieſties Li[eu]tenant ouer this His Roy[a]ll* Chamber.

Expreſſing in a Magnificent Tryumph, all the Pageants, *Chariots of Glory*, *Temples of Honor*, *beſides a* ſpecious and goodly Sea Tryumph, as well particularly to the Honor of the City, as generally to the Glory of this our Kingdome.

Invented and Written by Iohn Webſter Merchant-Taylor.

------*Non norunt hæc monumenta mori.*

Printed at London *by* Nicholas Okes. 1624.

TO THE RIGHT
Worthy Deserver of this so Noble
a Ceremony this Day Confirde upon Him, JOHN GORE Lord Maior and Chancelor of the renowned City of *London*.

MY Worthy Lord, these presentmentes which were intended principally for your Honor, and for Illustrating the worth of that worthy Corporation (whereof you are a Member) come now humbly to kisse your Lordships handes; and to present the Inventor of them to that service, which my ability (exprest in this) may call me to (under your Lordships favor) to ^ do you honor, and the City service, in the quality of a Scholler: assuring your Lordship, I shall never either to your eare, or table presse unmannerly, or impertinently. My indevours this way have received grace, and alowance from your worthy brothers (that were supervisors of the cost of these Tryumphs) & my hope is, that they shall stand no lesse respected in your eye, nor under-valued in your worthy Judgement: which favours done to one borne free of your Company, and your servant, shall ever be acknowledged by him stands interrested

To your Lordship in all duty,

JOHN WEBSTER.

MONUMENTS OF HONOR.

I Could in this my Preface (by as great light of Learning as any formerly imployed in this service can attaine to) deliver to You the Original and cause of all Tryumphes, their excessive cost in the Time of the *Romans*: I could likewise with so Noble Amplification make a survey of the worth, and glory of the Triumphs of the precedent times in this Honorable City of *London*: That, were my work of a bigger bulke, they shold remaine to all Posterity: but both my Pen, and ability this way are confin'd in too narrow a Circle: Nor have I space enough in this so short a Volume to expresse onely with rough lines, and a faint shadow (as the Painters phrase is) First the great care and alacrity of the right Worshipful the Master and Wardens, and the rest of the selected and Industrious Commi[t]tees; both for the curious and judging election of the Subject for the present Spectacles; and next that the working or mechanicke part of it might be answerable to the Invention: Leaving therefore these worthy Gentlemen to the embraces, and thankes of the right Honorable and worthy Pretor; and my selfe under the shaddow of their Crest, (which is a safe one, for 'tis the Holy Lambe in the Sunne-beames:) I do present to all modest and indifferent Judges these my present endeavours.

I fashioned for the more amplefying the shew upon the water two Eminent Spectacles, in maner of a Sea-Triumph. The first furnisht with fower Persons; In the front *Oceanus* and *Thetis*, behind them, *Themesis* and *Medway*: the two rivers on whom the Lord Mayor extends his power, as farre as from *Stanes* to *Rochester*. The other shew is of a faire Terrestiall Globe, Circled about, in convenient Seates, with seaven of our most famous Navigators: as, Sr. *Francis Drake*, Sr. *John Haukins*, Sr. *Martine Furbisher*, Sr. *Humfery Gilbert*, Captaine *Thomas Cavendish*, Captaine *Christopher Carlile*, and Captaine *John Davis*. The conceite of this Device to be, that in regard the two Rivers pay due Tribut of waters to the Seas, *Oceanus* in gratefull recompence returnes the memory of these seaven worthy Captaines, who have made *England* so famous in remotest partes of the world. These two spectacles, at my Lord Maiors taking

water at the *Three Cranes*, aproaching my Lords *Barge*: after a peale of Sea-thunder from the other side the water; these speeches betweene *Oceanus* and *Thetis* follow.

Oceanus *and* Thetis.

THETIS.

What brave Sea-Musicke bids us Welcome, harke!
Sure this is Venice, *and the day Saint* Marke,
In which the Duke *and* Senats *their course hold*
To wed our Empire *with a Ring of Gold.*

OCEANUS.

No Thetis, *y'are mistaken, we are led*
With infinite delight from the Lands head,
In ken of goodly shipping and yon bridge—
Venice *had* [*ne'er*] *the like; survey that ridge*
Of stately buildings which the river Hem,
And grace the silver streame, as the streame them:
That beautious seate is London, *so much fam'd,*
Where any Navigable Sea is nam'd;
And in that bottome Eminent Marchants plac't,
As rich, and venturous as ever grac't
Venice *or* Europe; *these two Rivers heare,*
Our followers, may tell you where we are;
This Thamesis, *that* M[e]d-way, *who are sent*
To yo[n] most worthy Pretor to present
Acknowledgment of duty [*ne'er*] *shall err,*
From Stanes *unto the Ancient* Rochester;
And now to grace their Tryumph, in respect
These pay us tribute, we are pleasd to select
Seven worthy Navigators out by name,
Seated beneath this Globe; whose ample fame
In the remotest part a'the earth is found,
And some of them have circled the Globe round:
These you observe are living in your eye,
And so they ought, for worthy men [*ne'er*] *dye:*
Drake, Hawkins, Furbisher, Gilbert, *brave Knights,*
That brought home gold, and honor from sea fights,
Candish, Carlile, *and* Davis, *and to these,*

So many worthies I could adde at Seas,
Of this bold Nation, it would envy strike,
Ith' rest ath' World, who cannot shew the like;
Tis action valews honor as the flint
Look[s] blacke and feeles like ice, yet from within't
Their are strooke sparkes which to the darkest nights
Yeeld quicke and percing food for severall lights.

THETIS.

You have quickned well my memory, and now
Of this your gratefull Tryumph I allow;
Honor *lookes cleare and spreads her beames at large*
From the grave Senate seated in that Barge;
Rich Lading swell your bottomes, a blest Gale
Follow your ventures that they never faile;
And may you live successively to weare
The Joy of this day, each man his whole yeare.

This Shew having tendred this service to my Lord uppon the Water, is after to be conveyed a-shore, and in convenient place employed for adorning the rest of the Triumph. After my Lord Maiors landing, and comming past *Paules* Chaine, there first attends for his Honor in *Pauls* Church-yarde, a beautifull Spectacle, called the *Temple of Honor*, the Pillars of which are bound about with Roses, and other beautifull Flowers, which shoot up to the adorning of the Kings Majesties Armes on the top of the Temple.

In the highest seate a Person representing *Troynovant* or the City, inthroned, in rich Habilaments; beneath her, as admiring her peace and felicity, sit five eminent Cities, as *Antwerpe*, *Paris*, *Rome*, *Venice* and *Constantinople*: under these sit five famous Schollers and Poets of this our Kingdome, as Sir *Jeffery Chaucer*, the learned *Gower*, the excellent *John Lidgate*, the sharpe-witted Sr. *Thomas Moore*, and last as worthy both Souldier and Scholler, Sir *Phillip Sidney*, these being Celebrators of honor, and the p[re]servers both of the names of men, and memories of Cities above, to posterity.

I present riding afore this *Temple*, *Henry de Royall*, the first Pilgrime or Gatherer of quartridge for this Company; and *John of Yeacksley*, King *Edward* the thirds Pavillion-maker, who

purchast our Hall in the sixt yeare of the aforesayd Kings government: These lived in *Edward* the firsts time likewise, (in the sixt of whose Raigne, this Company was confirmed a Guild or Corporation by the name of Taylors and Linnin Armore[r]s, with power to choose a Maister and Wardens at Midsomer:) these are decently habited and hooded according to the ancient manner: My Lord is heere saluted with two Speeches, first by *Troynovant* in these lines following.

The speech of Troynovant.

History, Truth, and Vertue seeke by name
To celebrate the Merchant-Taylors *fame;*
That Henry de Royall, *this wee call*
Worthy John Yeacksley *purchast first their Hall;*
And thus from low beginnings the[re] oft springs
Societies claime Brother-hoods of Kings.
I Troynovant *plac't eminent in the eye*
Of these admire at my felicity:
Five Cities, Antwerpe *and the spacious* Paris,
Rome, Venice, *and the* Turkes Metrop[o]lis:
Beneath these, five learned Poets, worthy men,
Who do eternize brave acts by their pen;
Chaucer, Gower, Lidgate, Moore *and for our time*
Sr. Phillip Sidney, *glory of our clime*;
These beyond death a fame to Monarckes give,
And these make Cities and Societies live.

The next delivered by him represents Sir *Phillip Sidney.*

To Honor by our Wrightings Worthy men
Flowes as a duty from a judging pen,
And when we are emploid in such sweet praise,
Bees swarme and leave their honey on our bayes:
Ever more Musically Verses runne,
When the loth'd v[e]ine of flattery they shun.
Survey, most Noble Pretor, what succeedes—
Vertue low-bred aspiring to high deedes.

These passing on, in the next place, my Lord is incountred with the person of S. *John Hawkwood* in compleate Armour,

his plume and Feather for his Horses shafforne of the Companies colours, white and Watchet: this worthy Knight did most worthy service, in the time of *Edward* the third in *France*, after served as Generall divers Princes of *Italy*, went to the Holy-land, and in his returne backe, dyed at *Florence*, and there lyes buried with a faire Monument over him: This worthy Gentleman was Free of our Company; and thus I prepare him to give my Lord entertainment.

Sir *John Hawkwoods* Speech.

My birth was meane, yet my deservings grew
To eminence, and in France *a high pitch flew,*
From a poore common Souldier I attaind
The stile of Captaine, and then Knight-hood gaind;
Servd the Blacke Prince *in* France *in all his warrs;*
Then went t'the Holy-land, thence brought my scars
And wearied body which no danger feard,
To Florence *where it nobly lyes Inteerd,*
There Sir John Hawkewoods *memory doth live,*
And to the Merchant-Taylors *fame doth give.*

After him followes a Triumphant *Chariot* with the Armes of the Merchant-Taylors, colored and guilt in several places of it, and over it, there is supported for a Cannopy, a rich and very spatious Pavillion, coloured Crimson, with a Lyon Passant: this is drawne with fower horses, (for Porters would have made it move tottering and Improperly.) In the *Chariot* I place for the honor of the Company (of which Records remaine in the Hall:) Eight Famous Kings of this Land, that have bin free of this Worshipfull Company.

First the Victorious *Edward* the Third, that first quartered the Armes of *France* with *England*, next the Munificent *Richard* the Second, that kept Ten-Thousand daily in his Court in *Checkroule*, By him the Grave and discreet *Henry* the *Fourth*, in the next Chayres the Scourge and Terrour of *France*, *Henry* the Fifth, and by him his religious, though unfortunate Sonne, *Henry* the sixt: the two next Chayres are supplied with the Persons of the Amarous and Personable *Edward* the Fourth (for so *Phillip Commineus*, and Sir *Thomas Moore* describe him) the

other with the bad man, but the good King, *Richard* the third, for so the Lawes he made in his short Government doe Illustrate him; But lastly in the most Eminent part of the *Chariot* I place the wise and politique *Henry* the Seaventh, houlding the Charter by which the Company was Improved from the Title of Linin-Armorers into the name of Master and Wardens of Merchant-Taylors of Saint *John Baptist.* The Chayres of th[o]se Kings that were of the House of *Lancaster* are garnisht with artificiall Red Roses, the rest with white, but the Uniter of the devision and houses, *Henry* the Seaventh, both with White and Red, from whence his Royall Majesty now raigning tooke his *Motto* for one peice of his Coyne, *Henricus rosas regna Jacobus.*

The speaker in this *Pageant* is *Edward* the third, the last Line of his speech is repeated by all the rest in the *Chariot.*

Edward the Third.

View whence the Merchant-taylors honor springs—
From this most Royall Conventicle of Kings:
Eight that Successively wore Englands *Crowne*
Held it a speciall honor, and renowne
(The Society was so worthy, and so good)
T'unite themselves into their Brotherhood.
Thus Time, and Industry attaine the prise,
As Seas from Brookes, as brookes from Hillocks rise,
Let all good men this sentence oft repeate,
By unity the smallest things grow great.

THE KINGS.

By unity the smallest things grow great.

And this repetition was proper, for it is the Companies Motto: *Concordia parvæ res crescunt.*

After this Pageant rides Queene *Anne*, wife to *Richard* the second, free likewise of this Company, nor let it seeme strange, for besides her, there were two Dutchesse[s], five Countesses, and two Barronnesses free of this Society, seventeene Princes and Dukes, one Arch-bishop, one and thirty Earles, (besides those made with Noble Prince *Henry*,) one Vicount, twenty foure Bishops, sixty six Barons, seven Abbotts, seven priors or sub-

prior[s], and with Prince *Henry* in the yeare 1607. the Duke of *Linox*, the Earles of *Nottingham*, *Suffolke*, *Arundel*, *Oxford*, *Worcester*, *Pembrooke*, *Essex*, *Northampton*, *Salisbury*, *Montgomery*, the Earle of *Perth*, Vicount *Cranborne*: Barons, the Lord *Evers*, *Hunsden*, *Hayes*, *Borley*, Mr. *Howard*, Mr. *Sheffield*, Sir *John Harrinton*, Sir *Thomas Chaliner*, besides States of the Low-Countries, and Sir *Noel Caroone* their Legier Embassadour.

And in regard our Company are stild Brethren of the Fraternity of St. *John Baptist*, and that the ancient Knights of St. *John of Jerusalem*, (to which now demolisht House in St. *Johns* Streete our Company then using to go to offer, it is recorded *Henry* the seventh then accompan[y]ing them, gave our M[r]. the upper hand,) because these Knights, I say, were instituted to secure the way for Pilgrimes in the desert, I present therefore two of the Worthiest Brothers of this Society of St. *John Baptist* I can find out in Hystory. The first, *Amade le Graunde*, by whose ayde *Rhodes* was recovered from the *Turkes*, and the order of Anuntiade or Salutation instituted with that [Motto] of foure letters FERT, signifying, *Fortitudo Eius Rhodum Tenuit*; and the other, *Mounsieur Jean Valet*, who defended *Malta* from the *Turkes* inva[s]ion, and expeld them from that impregnable Key of Christendome; this stild, Great Maister of *Malta*, that, Governour of *Rhodes*.

Next I bring our two Sea-Tryumphs, and after that, the Shippe called the *Holy-Lambe*, which brings hanging in her Shrowdes the Golden-Fleece, the conceite of this being that God is the Guide and Protector of all Prosperous Ventures.

To second this, follow the two beasts, the Lyon and Cammell, proper to the Armes of the Company; on the Camell rides a *Turke*, such as use to Travaile with Caravans, and [on] the Lyon a Moore or wild *Numidian*.

The fourth eminent Pagiant, I call the *Monument of Charity* and *Learning*—this fashioned like a beautifull Garden with all kind of flowers, at the foure Corners foure artificiall Bird Cages, with variety of Birds in them: this for the beauty of the Flowers, and melody of the Birds, to represent a Spring in Winter: in the middest of the Garden, under one Elme-tree, sits the famous and worthy Patriot Sir *Thomas White*; who had a dreame that hee should build a Colledge where two bodies of an Elme sprang from one roote, and beeing inspired to it by

God, first rod to *Cambridge*, to see if he could find any such; Failing of it there, went to Oxford and surveighing all the grounds, in and neere the University, at last in Gloster-Hall-garden, he found one that somewhat resembled it, upon which he resolved to endow it with larger revenew, and to increase the foundation: having set men at worke upon it, and riding one day out at the North-Gate at Oxford, he spied on his right hand the selfe same Elme had bin figurd him in his dreame, whereupon he gives o're his former purpose, of so amply inlarging Gloster-Hall (yet not without a large exhibition to it:) purchases the ground where the Elme stood: and in the same place built the Colledge of *Saint John Baptist*; and to this day the Elme growes in the Garden, carefully preserved; as beeing under God a motive to their worthy foundation.

This I have heard Fellowes of the House of approved credit, and no way superstitiously given, affirme to have bin delivered from man to man, since the first building of it, and that Sir *Thomas White* inviting the Abbot of *Osnye* to dinner in the aforesayd Hall, In the Abbots presence, and the hearing of divers other grave persons affirm'd by Gods Inspiration in the former [recited] maner, he built and endowed the Colledge.

This relation is somwhat with the largest, only to give you better light of the figure: the cheife person in this is Sir *Thomas White*, sitting in his Eminent Habit of Lord Maior; on the one hand sits *Charity* with a Pellican on her head, on the other *Learning* with a booke in one hand, and a Lawrel Wreath in the other; behind him is the Colledge of St. *John Baptist* in *Oxford* exactly modeld, two Cornets which for more pleasure answere one and another interchangably, and round about the Pageant sit twelve of the foure and twentie Cities, (for more would have over-burthened it) to which this worthy Gentleman hath beene a charitable Benefactor: when my Lord approaches to the front of this peece, *Learning* humbles her selfe to him in these ensuing verses.

The Speech of Learning.

To expresse what happinesse the Country yeilds,
The Poets faign'd Heaven in th'Elizian fields;
We figure here a Garden, fresh and new,
In which the chiefest of our blessings grew:
This worthy Patriot here, Sr. Thomas White,
Whilst he was living had a dreame one night,
He had built a Colledge and given living too't,
Where two Elme-bodies sprang up from [one] root;
And as he dreamt, most certaine tis he found
The Elme neare Oxford, *and upon that Ground*
Built Saint Johns *Colledge—Truth can testifie*
His merrit, whilst his Faith and Charity
Was the true compasse, measur'd every part,
And tooke the latitude of his Christian heart;
Faith kept the center, Charity walkt this round,
Untill a true circumference was found;
And may the Impression of this figure strike
Each worthy Senator to do the like!

The last, I call the *Monument of Gratitude*, which thus dilates it selfe.

Uppon an Artificiall Rocke, set with mother of Pearle, and such other precious stones, as are found in quarries, are placed foure curious P[i]ramids charged with the Princes Armes, the three Feathers, which by day yeeld a glorious shew, and by night a more goodly, for they have lights in them, that at such time as my Lord Maior returnes from *Pauls*, shall make certaine ovals and squares resemble pretious stones; the Rocke expresses the riches of the Kingdome Prince *Henry* was borne Heire to, the Piramids, which are Monuments for the Dead, that hee is deceased: on the top of this rests halfe a Celestiall Globe, in the middest of this hangs the Holy Lambe in the Sun-beames, on either side of these, an Angell; upon a pedestall of gold stands the figure of Prince *Henry* with his Coronet, George and Garter; in his left hand hee holds a Circklet of Crimson Velvet, charged with foure Holy Lambes, such as our Company choose Masters with; in severall Cants beneath sits, first, Magistracy tending

a Bee Hive, to expresse his Gravety in Youth, and forward industry to have proved an absolute Governour: Next, Liberality, by her a Dromedary shewing his speed and alacrety in gratifying his Followers: Navigation with a *Jacobs* Staffe and Compasse, expressing ∧ his desire that his reading that way might in time grow to the practicke, & building to that purpose one of the goodliest Ships was ever launcht in the River: in the next Unanimity with a Chaplet of Lyllies, in her lap a sheafe of Arrowes, shewing he loved Nobility, and Communalty with an intire heart. Next, *Industry* on a hill where Antes are whording up Corne, expressing his forward inclination to all Noble exercise: Next, *Chastity*, by her a Unicorne, shewing it is guide to all other vertues, and cleares the Fountaine-head from all poyson: *Justice* with her properties: Then *Obedience*, by her an Elephant, the strongest Beast, but most observant to man of any Creature: Then *Peace* sleeping upon a Canon, alluding to the eternall Peace he now possesses: *Fortitude*, a Pillar in one hand, a Serpent wreath'd about the other, to [express] his height of minde, and the expectation of an undaunted resolution. These twelve thus seated, I figure *Loyalty*, as well sworne Servant to this City, as to this Company, and at my Lord Maiors comming from *Pauls*, and going downe *Wood-streete*, *Amade le Graunde* delivers this Speech unto him.

The Speech of Amade le Graunde.

Of all the Triumphs which your eye has view'd
This the fayre Monument of Gratitud,
This cheefly should your eye, and eare Imploy
That was of al your Brother-hood *the Joy—*
Worthy Prince Henry, *fames best president,*
Cald to a higher Court of Parliament,
In his full strength of Youth and height of blood,
And, which Crownd all, when he was truely good:
On Vertue, and on Worth he still was throwing
Most bounteous sh[o]wers, where e're he found them growing,
He never did disguise his wayes by Art
But [suited] his intents unto his hart,
And lov'd to do good, more for goodnesse sake,
Then any retribution man could make.

Such was this Prince, such are the noble hearts,
Who when they dye, yet dye not in all parts:
But from the Integrety *of a Brave mind,*
Leave a most Cleere and Eminent Fame behind.
Thus hath this Jewell not quite lost his Ray,
Only cas'd up 'gainst a more glorious day.
And bee't rememberd that our Company
Have not forgot him who ought ne're to dye:
Yet, wherfore should our sorrow give him dead,
When a new [Phaenix] *springs up in his stead:*
That as he seconds him in every grace,
May second him in Brother-hood, *and place?*
Good rest my Lord!—Integrity *that keeps*
The safest Watch and breeds the soundest sleeps,
Make the last day of this your houlding seate,
Joyfull as this, or rather, more compleate.

I could a more curious and Elaborate way have exprest my selfe in these my endeavors, but to have bin rather too teadious in my Speeches, or too weighty, might have troubled my Noble Lord, and pusled the understanding of the Common People; suffice it, I hope 'tis well, and if it please his Lordship, and my Worthy Imployers, I am amply satisfied.

FINIS.

COMMENTARY

MONUMENTS OF HONOUR

TITLE-PAGE

Iohn Gore: Sir John Gore, Merchant Taylor, Sheriff of London 1615, Lord Mayor 1624. He was sworn in on the usual day, Oct. 29th—the date when this "triumph" was performed.

Roy[a]ll Chamber: for this title of London cf. Jonson, *Part of King James's Entertainment*: "Camera Regia, which title immediately after the Norman Conquest it began to have". This use of *Chamber* seems to be based on the idea of the capital as the royal residence.

Non norunt hæc monumenta mori: the same motto as closes the preface to the *W.D.*; see note there (45). It also stands on the title-page of the Sixth Impression of "Overbury's" *Characters*, which was perhaps edited by Webster.

The arms are those of the Merchant Taylors' Company.

MONUMENTS OF HONOR

18. *Pretor*: the Lord Mayor. The Praetors were Roman magistrates, mainly judicial, and subordinate to the Consuls. When the Consuls were absent in the field, the care of the city passed to them; hence the word became applied to the civic magistrates of modern cities (cf. the Ital. *pretore*).

19. *their Crest.* In 1480 the Company was granted arms, containing "Silver, a pavilion between two mantles imperial purple garnished with gold in a chief azure, an holy lamb set within a sun". The crest on the helm was a purple pavilion with the Virgin and a naked Christ before her, holding "a vesture called *tunica inconsutilis*" (*i.e.* the seamless coat). These last religious emblems were removed in 1586, and the new arms were as follows—"the field silver, a pavilion with two mantles imperial purple garnished with gold on a chiffe azure, a lion passant gold, and to the crest upon the helm on a wreath silver and azure, on a mount (*vert*), a lamb silver in the sunbeams gold, mantled gules doubled silver, and supported with two camels gold". (Clode, *Early Hist. of the Merchant Taylors' Company*, 1888, I. 126, 173.)

27. *Terrestiall*: a by-form, due to false analogy with *celestial.*

29. *Sr. Francis Drake* (1540?–1596), circumnavigator (1577–80), knighted 1581.

29. *Sr. John Haukins* (1532–95), initiator of the negro slave-trade; suffered disaster in an attack from the Spanish fleet in the harbour of St Juan de Lua, 1568; recovered his men who had been taken

prisoners, together with £40,000 and a patent of grandee of Spain, from Philip II by pretending, with Burghley's connivance, to plot for a Spanish invasion; knighted after the battle off the Isle of Wight, 1588.

30. *Sr. Martine Furbisher* or Frobisher (1535?–1594), the hero of three voyages in search of the N.W. Passage (1576–8).

30. *Sr. Humfery Gilbert* (1539?–1583), step-brother of Raleigh, and founder of the first English colony of Newfoundland; lost off the Azores, 1583.

30–1. *Thomas Cavendish* (1560–92); circumnavigated the globe (1586–8).

31. *Christopher Carlile* (1551?–93), son-in-law of Sir Francis Walsingham, and commander of the land forces in Drake's W. Indian expedition of 1585.

31–2. *John Davis* or Davys (1550?–1605) of Sandridge in Devon; sought for N.W. Passage 1585–7, and in the last year penetrated by Davis' Straits into Baffin's Bay; author of *Seaman's Secrets* (1594) and *World's Hydrographical Description* (1595); treacherously killed by Japanese pirates near Singapore. (There was also a less distinguished John Davis of Limehouse (d. 1622), whose *Ruter...for Readie Sailings into the E. India* is in *Purchas his Pilgrims*.)

37. *Three Cranes*: a famous tavern in Upper Thames St, so called from the three cranes of timber on the Vintry Wharf near by. Its sign depicted three birds of that species.

The Lord Mayor, coming from the Guildhall, used to take boat here to go to Westminster where he was sworn in, in the Court of Exchequer; thence he would return to Baynard's Castle, near Blackfriars, and go by land to the Guildhall, or some other hall, for the Banquet. The day closed with a service in St Paul's and the Mayor's return to his own home.

38. *Sea-thunder*. Cf. the entry in the Company's accounts (Clode, *Memorials of the Guild of M. T.*, 1875, p. 610): "Item paid for double discharging one hundred and fforty chambers and ffireworks in the little shipp upon ye triumph day, 33 l. 6 s. 8 d." Which, especially considering the then value of money, seems a heavy expenditure on noise.

52. *that bottome*: the Lord Mayor's Barge.

74. *valews*: "finds the true worth of".

89. *Paules Chaine*: "a lane running S. from the S. side of St Paul's Churchyard to Carter Lane" (Sugden); so called because it used to be closed to traffic with a chain during services.

95. *Troynovant*: New Troy, a name for London popular with writers of the time and based on the legend (see especially Geoffrey of Monmouth) which derived "British" from "Brut", the supposed great-grandson of Aeneas. Similarly "Trinobant", from Trinobantes, an actual Essex tribe of Roman times, was tortured into "Troy Novant".

99–100. *Sir Jeffery Chaucer*: the "Sir" is of course Webster's addition.

105–6. *Henry de Royall, the first Pilgrime*. Stowe records that Edward I licensed the Company, in the twenty-eighth year of his reign (1299–1300), to adopt the title of "Taylors and Linen Armourers of the Fraternity of St John the Baptist", with a yearly feast and election of Master and Wardens on Midsummer Day (St John Baptist's Day). Accordingly at midsummer 1300 a Master (Henry de Ryall) was chosen, together with four Wardens. Up to the eleventh year of Richard II, the Master was called the "Pilgrim" and the Wardens "Purveyors of Alms" or "Quarterages"; the Company being in origin a religious and charitable organization. (Clode, *Memorials*, p. 2.)

106. *quartridge*: a fixed sum was contributed every year by every brother or freeman, to a fund whence quarterly bounties were given to poorer members of the Fraternity.

106–7. *John of Yeacksley* purchased a dwelling-house on the future site of the Merchant Taylors' Hall in Threadneedle St in 1331.

131–2. S.D. *him represents*: of course, "him that represents".

141. *S. John Hawkwood* (d. 1394), whom Hallam calls "the first real general of modern times" and Muratori "il prode e l'accortissimo capitano", was the son of a gentleman-tanner in Essex. The tradition related that he began life as a tailor's apprentice in London, but, being pressed for the French War, "turned" in Fuller's phrase "his needle into a sword and thimble into a shield". This story has been disputed; J. M. Rigg in *D.N.B.* regards it as based on the form which Hawkwood's name takes in Villani, "Gianni della Guglia", "John of the Needle"; Temple-Leader, on the other hand, maintains della Guglia to have been a different person. The Merchant Taylors' tradition may surely carry some weight.

In any case Hawkwood appears in Gascony in 1359 as a commander of free-lances; in 1362 after the Peace of Bretigny he migrated to Italy with The White Company, a thousand lances strong, and entered the service of the Marquis of Monferrato. This was the first of a series of masters whom he incessantly changed through thirty years of warfare. The last two years of his life were spent quietly in the city of Florence, to which he had given his best and least inconstant services. And so Florence repaid him with a magnificent funeral, a tomb in the Duomo, and a fresco (still extant) by Paolo Uccello. One of his daughters married, it appears, J. Shelley, Member of Parliament for Rye and an ancestor of the poet. The pilgrimage to the Holy Land, however, seems to be a myth. Hawkwood was represented again in the Lord Mayor's Shows of 1680 and 1693.

142. *shafforne*: chaffron or chamfron, the frontlet of a barded or armed horse.

143. *Watchet*: pale blue.

163. *Lyon Passant*: see on 19 above.

164–5. *Porters...Improperly.* Dekker in his *Troia-Nova Triumphans* grows violent on this subject of porters in pageants—"the trouble and pestering of porters, who with much noyse and little comlinesse, are every yeare most unnecessarily imployed".

167. *Eight Famous Kings*: to whom were subsequently added Charles I, James II, and (in 1814) Alexander of Russia and Frederick of Prussia.

Edward III's enrolment is traditional; Richard II and his Queen appear from the records to have paid the regular 20*s.* for admission; Henry IV was a member in 1390–1; Henry V was admitted in 1414, Henry VI in 1436–7, Edward IV in 1460, and Richard III while still Duke of Gloucester.

176. *Amarous and Personable Edward the Fourth.* Cf. de Comines, *Mémoires*, III. 5: "Le Roy Edouard n'estoit point homme de grand ordre, mais fort beau, plus que nul Prince que j'aye jamais veu en ce temps-là, et très vaillant". So Sir T. More, *Hist. of Rich. III* (1821 ed., p. 3): "He (Edward) was of visage lovely, of bodie myghtie, stronge, and clean made...of youthe greatelye given to fleshlye wantonnesse".

178–9. *Richard the Third...Lawes.* His Parliament of 1484 was allowed to condemn Benevolences and make regulations for the benefit of trade. But clearly Webster was rather hard put to it to find some good to say of him.

181. *Henry the Seaventh*: his charter of 1502 was considered as amounting to the grant of a "new corporation", so that he was prayed for thenceforth as "the first founder of the said Fraternity of St John Baptist of Merchant Taylors of London". (Clode, *Hist.* I. 37.)

184. *Saint John Baptist.* It was in his name that the Fraternity was founded; curiously inappropriate as so ill-clad a saint may seem for the patron of a company of tailors.

189. *Henricus rosas regna Jacobus*: "Henry (united) the roses, James the realms"—the legend on the gold Britain crowns first struck in 1604.

204. *Concordia...crescunt*: this motto was adopted in 1586 from Sallust, *Jugurtha*, x. 6: "Concordia parvae res crescunt, discordia maxumae dilabuntur". (By concord the smallest things grow great, by discord the greatest are dissolved.)

207 ff. When James I and Prince Henry were banqueted by the Merchant Taylors in 1607, their Clerk presented to the King a vellum list of the honorary members of the Company, in which the total numbers of each kind of dignitary were added up as here (with one or two slight discrepancies); and a copy of this list was probably Webster's authority.

It did not seem worth while to give the actual names of these persons; they may be found in Clode, *Hist.* I. 292 ff.

212. *in the yeare* 1607: *i.e.* at the above banquet; for which a speech of welcome was composed by Ben Jonson, to be delivered by a child dressed as an angel.

213. *Linox*: Ludovick Stuart, second Duke of Lennox, and Duke of Richmond (1574–1624).

213. *Nottingham*: Charles, second Baron Howard of Effingham, Lord High Admiral and commander against the Armada (1536–1624).

213. *Suffolke*: Thomas, first Baron Howard de Walden (1561–1626).

213. *Arundel*: Thomas Howard, second Earl of Arundel and Surrey, founder at Arundel House of the first large art collection in England (1586–1646).

213. *Oxford*: Henry de Vere, eighteenth Earl (1593–1625).

214. *Worcester*: Edward Somerset, fourth Earl (1553–1628).

214. *Pembrooke*: William Herbert, third Earl, of the second creation; pupil of Daniel, lover of Mary Fitton, patron of Jonson, of Massinger, and perhaps of Shakespeare (1580–1630).

214. *Essex*: Robert Devereux, third Earl; son of Elizabeth's favourite, husband of the infamous Countess who poisoned Overbury and wedded Somerset, and commander in 1642 of the Army of the Parliament (1591–1646).

214. *Northampton*: Henry Howard, first Earl, the most learned noble of his generation and Chancellor of Cambridge University (1540–1614).

214. *Salisbury*: Robert Cecil, first Earl, son of Lord Burghley, Secretary of State 1596–1608, builder of Hatfield House (1563?–1612).

214–5. *Montgomery*: Philip Herbert, who succeeded his brother William as fourth Earl of Pembroke; patron of Massinger and Vandyck (1584–1650).

215. *Earle of Perth*: James Drummond, first Earl.

215. *Vicount Cranborne*: William Cecil, second Earl of Salisbury (d. 1669).

216. *Lord Evers* or Eure.

216. *Hunsden*: John Carey, third Baron, son of one Lord Chamberlain and brother of another (d. 1617).

216. *Hayes*: a mistake (probably Webster's, not the printer's) for *Hay*. Possibly Webster confused Lord Hay, the favourite of James I, with the Dutch Sir James de Maldere, Lord of Hayes, Councellor of Zealand, who was also admitted on this occasion.

"Heliogabalus Hay", as Carlyle calls him, was born *c.* 1580; he attracted James by his handsome person, was made Lord Hay in 1606, Viscount Doncaster in 1618, Earl of Carlisle in 1622. He died in 1636 "after having spent," says Clarendon, "in a very jovial life above £400,000".

216. *Borley*: William Cecil, Lord Burghley, grandson of the great minister and later Earl of Exeter (1565–1642).

216. *Mr. Howard, Mr. Sheffield*: members of the Prince's household.

217. *Sir John Harrinton* (1561–1612): the godson of Queen Elizabeth, who compelled him to complete his translation of the whole *Orlando Furioso* (published 1591) as a punishment for having circulated among her ladies a version of the least seemly part of it. He was banished the Court for his satires in 1596; served in Ireland with Essex, who knighted him to the great annoyance of the Queen; and wrote an account of Elizabeth's last days. He also composed a tract supporting the succession of James, to whom he sent a lantern cunningly constructed to symbolize the waning of Elizabeth and the waxing of James, with the profane motto "Lord, remember us when thou comest into thy Kingdom". Finally, after he had vainly made the extraordinary proposal that he should be created Archbishop of Ireland, he was given some share in the education of Prince Henry; whence his appearance here.

217. *Sir Thomas Chaliner* (1561–1615): naturalist and scientist. Visiting the Pope's alum works at Puteoli, he noticed the likeness of the local vegetation to that on parts of his estate at Guisborough in Yorkshire; and there (about 1600) discovered alum and opened the first mine of it in England. He became a favourite of James, governor of Prince Henry (1603), and his chamberlain, when the boy was made Prince of Wales (1610). He has an alabaster monument in Chiswick Church.

217. *States*: notables. Cf. Massinger, *Unnatural Combat*, III. 1: "our great Admiral With other states".

These were John Berk, Lord of Godshalckoort and Sir James de Maldere, Lord of Hayes.

218. *Sir Noel Caroone*: Sir Noel de Caron, Lord of Schoonewall (d. 1624–5), thirty-four years representative of the States in England. He founded almshouses at Vauxhall, in 1615. Cf. the Apophthegm in Bacon's *Works* (ed. Spedding), VII. 170: "There was an agent here for the Dutch, called Caroon; and when he used to move the Queen for further succours and more men, my lord Henry Howard would say; *That he agreed well with the name of Charon, ferryman of Hell; for he came still for more men, to increase* regnum umbrarum".

218. *Legier*: resident. Cf. *W.D.* III. 1. 2.

The above list of Webster's leaves out William Knollys, later Viscount Wallingford and Earl of Banbury (d. 1632); and Lord Sanker, or Sanquhar, who was hanged with a silk cord in 1612, for causing the murder of a fencing-master who had accidentally put out one of his eyes. He also omits a mob of obscurer gentlemen.

220–1. *Knights of St. John of Jerusalem.* The Merchant Taylors obtained from John Pavely, Prior of the Order in 1333, the right "to be partners in the right holy Hospital House of St John in Jerusalem". It became customary for the Company to celebrate the Feast of the Decollation of St John Baptist (Aug. 29th) at the church of St John of Jerusalem near Smithfield. This building was however

demolished in 1549, being mined and blown up with gunpowder to provide building-stone for the Protector Somerset's new palace in the Strand.

227–8. *Amade le Graunde*: the supposed expedition of Amadeus V of Savoy ("the Great"; 1249–1323) to Rhodes in 1311 or 1315 is mythical.

229–30. *order of Anuntiade . . . FERT*: these four letters really occur on tombs of princes of the house of Savoy older than Amadeus V. The Order of the Annunziata, on the other hand, was only founded by Amadeus VI in 1362. Its collar still bears the mystic letters, of which various explanations are given, besides this supposed allusion to the defence of Rhodes—"Fert" = "he brings" or "bears"; or again, "Foedere Et Religione Tenemur", which is found on coins of Victor Amadeus I (1630–7). At the time of the Italian Risorgimento the letters were twisted to stand for: "Fiat Emmanuel Rex Tuus".

231. *Jean Valet*: Jean Parisot de la Vallette (1494–1568) was elected Grand Master in 1557. The Ottoman fleet of 159 sail began the siege in May 1565: and even in England prayers were offered for the success of the Knights. When Malta was at last relieved in September by the tardy aid of the Viceroy of Sicily, Dragut the Turkish commander and from twenty-five to thirty thousand of the besiegers had fallen before its walls.

235–6. *the Shippe called the Holy-Lambe*. The connection of this with the Merchant Taylors is not quite clear to me; but it seems to be a regular emblem of the Company. Thus it may be noted that at the entertainment of James I in 1607 there was singing by men sitting in a ship hung from the rafters, who were "apparelled in watchett silke, like seamen"; again, "the little shipp" appears several times in the accounts for the present show. Thus we have payments for taking it from the hall to the barn in Golding Lane, for twice rigging it, for firing 140 chambers out of it, and for hanging it up in the hall again after the triumph day. It would appear, then, that the Company possessed an emblematic vessel, of a size to take part in water-shows and land-shows, but at other times to be kept hung up in the hall.

244–6. *Garden . . . Bird Cages*. Cf. *W.D.* 1. 2. 41 and note.

249. *Sir Thomas White* (1492–1567) was born at Reading and apprenticed to Hugh Acton, a prominent Merchant Taylor, who left him £100 in 1520. With this he prospered so much that he became Master of the Company about 1535. In 1553 he was Lord Mayor and his year of office was a troubled one. For he was on the commission for the trial of Lady Jane Gray; arrested Northampton on the outbreak of Wyatt's rebellion; and repulsed the rebels from the bridge-gate of Southwark. It was perhaps because of the support he had given to the Catholic cause, that an attempt was soon afterwards made to assassinate him in St Paul's (June 10th 1554). On May 1st 1555 he received a license to found a college; and it is

true that, as Webster says, he purchased Gloucester Hall (1559). This he made a hall for a hundred scholars; it was duly opened on St John Baptist's Day, 1560; and in 1714 became Worcester College. The difficulty about Webster's story is that White had *already* founded St John's itself in May 1555. He *may* have cast eyes on Gloucester Hall earlier; but he can hardly have set men to work there before he bought it in 1559. In any case after bearing a considerable part also in establishing the Merchant Taylors' School, he died in honourable poverty (1567), and was buried in the chapel of St John's. The moving letter of farewell which he wrote to the college of his foundation may be read in Chalmers, *Hist. of the Colleges etc. of Oxford* (1810), II. 370. He appears among the characters of Tennyson's *Queen Mary*; although the poet afterwards admitted that he had not done Sir Thomas justice (see the *Life* by his son, II. 176).

250–1. *two bodies of an Elme*: Plot (*Nat. Hist. of Oxfordshire*, 1677, p. 169) says it was, not a double, but a triple elm and still flourished in his day; similarly J. Taylor in his MS. History of the College. This, as a greater rarity, does seem more plausible.

262. *the ground where the Elme stood*: in the grounds of the dissolved Cistercian house of St Bernard.

269. *Osnye*: Osney, in the W. suburbs of Oxford. This monastery was founded in 1129; and, curiously enough, also on account of a tree. For Edith, the wife of Robert D'oilly, was troubled by a great chattering of pyes in a certain tree where she walked by the river. Her confessor ("the wiliest pye of all" says Wood) explained in answer to her anxious questions that they were really not pyes at all, but souls suffering in purgatory; accordingly, in order to give them rest, she gave no rest at all to "old Robin my husband" till he consented to found an Abbey where prayers might be offered for their souls. (Wood, *City of Oxford*, XXXI.)

The Abbot mentioned here must be Robert King, in whose time the monastery was dissolved (1539): he became bishop of the new see of Osney, then in 1545 of Oxford, and died in 1557.

276. *Pellican*: the symbol of charity, because fabled to feed its young with its own blood.

281. *foure and twentie Cities*: White left a benefaction to be enjoyed in turn by twenty-*three* cities—Bristol, York, Canterbury, Reading, Gloucester, Worcester, Exeter, Salisbury, West Chester, Norwich, Southampton, Lincoln, Winchester, Oxford, Hereford, Cambridge, Shrewsbury, Lynn, Bath, Derby, Ipswich, Colchester, Newcastle. The twenty-fourth recipient was the Merchant Taylors' Company itself.

311. *returnes from Pauls*: after the final service, to the Mayor's home.

320. *foure Holy Lambes*: this seems to refer to some now obsolete custom of the Company. At all events the Clerk of the Merchant

Taylors was unable, after kindly taking the trouble to make enquiries, to explain the allusion.

321. *Cants*: niches.

325. *Jacobs Staffe*: for taking the altitude of the sun. See on *W.D.* 1. 2. 94–5.

327. *the practicke*: practical knowledge, as opposed to theory.

327. *& building*: *i.e.* and *his* building? Phineas Pett built a vessel specially for the Prince, who was "extremely curious with regard to ships", in 1603–4, and another of some 250 tons in 1612 (see T. Birch, *Life of Prince Henry*, 1760).

349. *president*: the next line seems to imply that the word here bears the modern sense; but *president* meaning "precedent", as so often in Webster, may also be intended.

355–62. *He never did disguise... Fame behind.* Cf. *Char.* "Housekeeper", 3–13.

368. *new* [*Phaenix*]: Prince Charles.

TEXTUAL NOTES

MONUMENTS OF HONOUR

The text is based on the unique Quarto, once in the Duke of Devonshire's collection at Chatsworth, now in the Henry Huntington Library, San Gabriel, California, and here referred to as Q. Its punctuation is deplorable and has needed more alteration than usual though only those changes are recorded where there is any question of the meaning. In Hazlitt the lines of this piece, instead of being printed, like Q, as straightforward prose, are broken up in the oddest fashion, which has no significance and can only be attributed to temporary madness on the part of his printer.

H = Hazlitt.
D = Dyce.

DEDICATION

6. (*exprest*] Q puts the bracket before *my*.
7. *to* ∧ *do you*] *to you, do you* Q.

MONUMENTS OF HONOR

2. Q puts the bracket after *service*, and a comma after *attaine*.
19–20. Q closes the bracket after *one* instead of after *Sunne-beames*.
45–7. Q has a colon after *head*, a comma after *bridge* and no stop after *like*.
47. [*ne'er*]] *neare* Q (variant-form). And similarly below.
56. *M*[*e*]*d-way*] *Mid-way* Q.
57. *yo*[*n*]] *you* Q (which might just possibly be right).
60. *Tryumph, in respect*] *Tryumph in respect,* Q.
75. *Look*[*s*]] *Looke* Q.
103. *p*[*re*]*servers*] *perservers* Q.
112. *Armore*[*r*]*s*] *Armores* Q.
125. *Metrop*[*o*]*lis*] *Metropilis* Q.
137. *v*[*e*]*ine*] *vaine* Q (a variant spelling).
145. *Generall*] after this word Q makes a full stop and fresh paragraph beginning *Divers*.
184. *th*[*o*]*se*] *these* QD.
207. *Dutchesse*[*s*]] *Dutchesse* Q.
210. *Prince Henry*)] *Prince*) *Henry* Q.
211–2. *subprior*[*s*]] *subprior* Q.
223. *accompan*[*y*]*ing*] *accompaning* Q.
230. [*Motto*] QDH omit. Yet some such word seems needed. A simpler correction would be *Mot* (cf. *Mon. Col.* end), which might have been lost through haplography with *that* preceding.
231. *other,*∧] *other of* Q.
235. *inva*[*s*]*ion*] *invation* Q.
242. [*on*]] *one* Q.
27.1 *foundation:*] comma in Q.
272. [*recited*]]: *receited* Q (a variant spelling, but ambiguous).

293. [*one*]] *on* Q.
308. *P*[*i*]*ramids*] *Paramids* Q.
326. *expressing* ∧] *expressing that* Q.
327. *practicke*,] I have added the comma, so that *building* is governed by *expressing*, not *to*.
339. [*express*] D: *expect* Q.
354. *sh*[*o*]*wers*] *shewers* Q.
356. [*suited*]] *shooted* Q.
368. [*Phaenix*]] *Phnaeix* Q.

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